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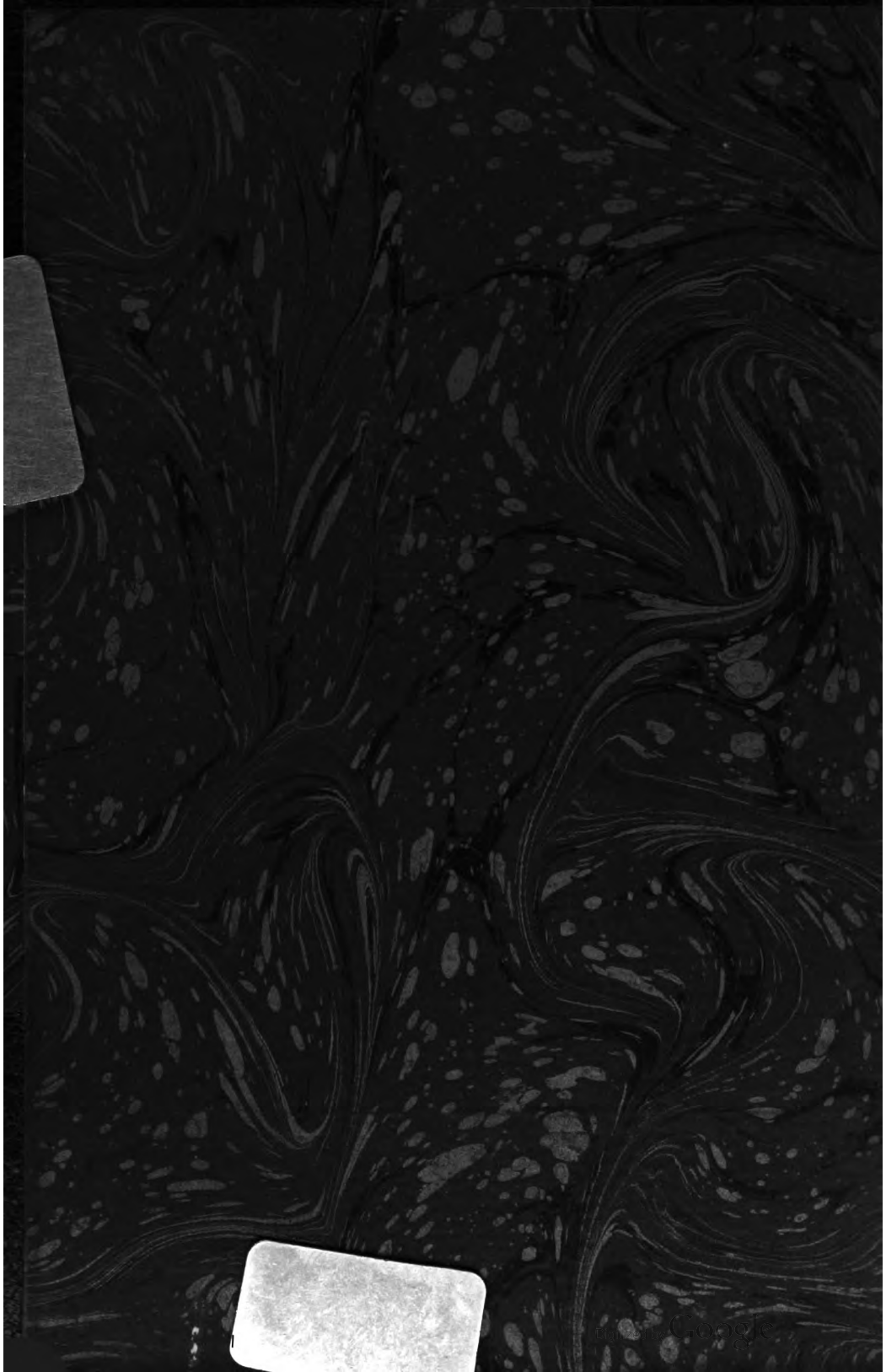

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From a painting by Ch. Cousens. Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Yours affectionately
Anna Maria Pickering

MOIRS OF

Sir SPENCER PICKERING, F.R.S.

ther with Extracts from the journals of his

ding his Travels and Imprisonment under

With six photogravures

LONDON

27 PATERNOSTER ROW

1893

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MEMOIRS OF ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING. Edited by her Son, SPENCER PICKERING, F.R.S. Together with Extracts from the Journals of her Father JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE, F.R.S., describing his Travels and Imprisonment under Napoleon. With six photogravures

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW
1903

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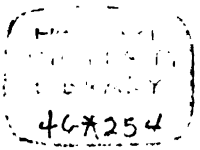

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In the first bitter moments of a return to a widowed home, my mother devoted all that remained to her of life to the good of her children. How steadfastly and bravely she laboured for them, they only can know. It was for her children, and for them alone, that the following pages were written: written during her last two years of feebleness and suffering; her frail body prostrate on a bed of sickness, and her hand scarce able to hold the pen. But, strong in her resolve, she struggled fearlessly and cheerfully, even to the end: true to herself and to her own high sense of duty; true as a woman rarely is, and true as perhaps, a woman alone can be.

Let thy children rise up and bless thee.

S. P.

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Anna Maria Spencer-Stanhope

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CHAPTER I.

My great-grandfather, Walter Spencer Stanhope, [illegible] inherited the estates of his [illegible] Mr. Stanhope of Horsforth [illegible] Cannon Hall.*

Mr. Spencer kept a pack of hounds at [illegible] ted the country regularly. Besides [illegible] he must also [illegible] a man of [illegible] did he plant and lay out the grounds [illegible] but all the books in the library were col[illegible] many of these are of considerable value [illegible] good portrait of him at Cannon Hall.

His establishment was original; it consisted of

Beet, the huntsman;
Spur, the whipper-in;
Peach, the gardener;
Pickle, the boys about;
Driver, the coachman;
Sadler, the groom;
Fisher and Shooter, the gamekeepers.

* A genealogical tree will be found at the end of this volume.

There is a fine portrait of Walter Spencer Stanhope in Reynolds's a group of members of the Society of Dilettanti. The picture [illegible] 1776, and the other figures in it are Sir W. W. Wynne, Sir J. [illegible] Mr. Payne Galway, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Smith of Heath. They are sitting and standing round [illegible] tal on which there is an ancient vase, appropriately under [illegible] the picture is the property of the Society, and is [illegible] at the Grafton Gallery. It has been engraved.

In Sir Joshua Reynolds' private memoranda there is an entry to the effect that Mr. Stanhope sat to him for this picture in 1777, and [illegible] £56 15s. in 1780. Sir Joshua had to give still longer credit to some of his sitters.

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CHAPTER I.

My grandfather, Walter Spencer Stanhope, united the names, and inherited the estates, of his paternal and maternal uncles, Mr. Stanhope of Horsforth Hall, and Mr. Spencer of Cannon Hall.*

Mr. Spencer kept a pack of hounds at Cannon Hall, and hunted the country regularly. Besides being a good sportsman, he must also have been a man of great taste, for not only did he plant and lay out the grounds round the house, but all the books in the library were collected by him, and many of these are of considerable value. There is a very good portrait of him at Cannon Hall.

His establishment was original: it contained—

Beet, the huntsman;
Spur, the whipper-in;
Peach, the gardener;
Pickle, the housekeeper;
Driver, the coachman;
Sadler, the groom;
Fisher and Shooter, the gamekeepers.

---

* A genealogical tree will be found at the end of this volume.

There is a fine portrait of Walter Spencer Stanhope by Reynolds, in a group of members of the Society of Dilettanti. The picture is dated 1776, and the other figures in it are Sir W. W. Wynne, Sir J. Taylor Mr. Payne Galway, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Richard Thompson and Mr. Smith of Heath. They are sitting and standing round a table, on which there is an ancient vase, apparently under discussion. The picture is the property of the Society, and is, at present, in their rooms at the Grafton Gallery. It has been engraved.

In Sir Joshua Reynolds' private memoranda there is an entry to the effect, that Mr. Stanhope sat to him for this picture in 1777, and paid him £36 15s. in 1780. Sir Joshua had to give still longer credit to some of his sitters.

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There is at Cannon Hall a portrait of one of Mr. Spencer's hounds, a curious old picture illustrative of a still more curious story, which is thus recorded by the artist in the corner of the canvas :—

"ROVER,"

"A hound, the property of John Spencer, Esq., in the year 1753, being very mangy and suspected of madness, he was condemned to the gallows, when on the 15th day of August he was hanged for the space of a quarter of an hour by Thomas Beet, the huntsman. Being let down, and some small symptoms of life appearing, he was tucked up for the space of another quarter of an hour, and then thrown into a coal pit thirty yards deep, from which he was extracted on the 13th day of November by Thomas Beet, alive and in perfect health. He was twelve weeks and five days in the coal pit.—GEORGE FLEMING, *pinxit*, 1759." *

There is another curious relic at Cannon Hall, which was brought there about this time—the bow of Little John. This was taken out of Hathersage Church in Derbyshire. Hathersage belonged to the Shuttleworths, one of whom married Miss Spencer. Little John was buried in the church, and his bow and armour were hung above his tomb: when this was opened, a thigh bone of enormous size was taken out of it.

The armour, which was chain armour, was also at Cannon Hall; but, unfortunately, when the family were absent, there were some workmen doing repairs in the house, and

* A prosaic posterity has suggested that a donkey, which the hound had previously killed, had also been thrown down the pit: but, even with this for explanation, the occurrence is a very remarkable one. The field where the pit is, is still known as "The Dog-pit Close."—S. P.

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they carried off a few links at a time, till, gradually, the whole of it disappeared.

My grandfather's paternal uncle, "Lawyer" Stanhope, settled at Horsforth. He was a man of very remarkable ability, but he preferred the country and his hunting, to glory, and more than once refused a Judgeship, because he did not wish to live in London. Nor, perhaps, would he have gained much by accepting such promotion; for, as it was, he was well known from one end of the county to the other, and swept the West Riding of briefs. The county men all preferred taking their business to "t'ould lawyer," rather than intrusting anyone else with it: all family disputes were referred to him, and people deposited their money with him in preference to putting it into the bank. I was struck by coming across his name in some book I was reading lately, where he was mentioned as being one of the cleverest and most distinguished lawyers of his day. There is a portrait of him at Cannon Hall, in his full-bottomed wig and robes, representing a fine and intellectual face. He died long before I was born.

My grandfather brought with him once from Ireland a clerk called Hardy, who settled at Horsforth, and was followed by so many of his relations that the place became quite peopled with Hardys.

Hardy's son, who became my grandfather's steward, used often to be asked to come into the drawing-room at Cannon Hall, but he would never do so; he kept entirely to the steward's room, and would never even sit down in my grandmother's presence.

One day he said to my grandfather, "Mr. Stanhope, I don't know what you think, but it seems to me that, as I have been to London on a deputation to Mr. Pitt, I ought

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to have a carriage." "By all means, Hardy," said my grandfather; and the carriage was got accordingly: but it was very seldom used.

He proposed to my grandfather that he should put money in the Low Moor Iron Works. He said there was a large fortune to be made in them, and that it would be a very great mistake, and a great pity, if he did not invest in them. But my grandfather positively refused. Then Hardy went to my grandmother, and urged her to exert her influence to persuade her husband to do so. She said, "No, Hardy, Mr. Stanhope has twelve children; I can say nothing in favour of it." "Then, Mr. Stanhope," said Hardy, "if you positively refuse to go into it yourself, should you object to my doing so?" My grandfather answered, "Certainly not, Hardy; I am very glad you have the money for the purpose." And that is how the fortune of the Hardys was made.

When Hardy had become a rich man, and had a good house in London, if he wanted a frank, he used to send round to Grosvenor Square with, "Mr. Hardy's *duty* to Mr. Stanhope, and he would be much obliged if he would give him a frank."

I well remember his son, who was an attorney. Soon after I married he asked us to dinner, and I made a point of our going. He was so delighted, took me into dinner, and told me many stories of the life in former days at Horsforth. This was the father of Gathorne Hardy, now the Earl of Cranbrook, whose brother is Lord Medway.

The day my father was born (May 27th, 1787) my grandfather was sitting in his study in Grosvenor Square; there was a ring at the hall door; he asked who it was, and was told, "Mr. Pitt, the minister." He went immediately into the library to receive Pitt, with, no doubt, visions of a

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peerage, or at least of some good appointment; but, instead of finding the great Mr. Pitt, the minister of the crown, he found only a certain little Mr. Pitt, a minister of religion, who had come to baptise the weakly infant.

My grandfather was forty years in the House of Commons. He was popular, and very witty. Once at some election, going with Lord Effingham from one town to another in a post-chaise, they wrote a very clever squib on all the well-known people on the other side. I have heard it, but can only remember the first verse :—

"Fitzwilliam, Fitzwilliam,
Your faithful friend still I am,
In advising you'd quit this dispute:
What Yorkshire man true
Can bear to see you
Leagued with Fox, North, Burke and Lord Bute?"

My grandfather used to drive his four-in-hand up and down the Yorkshire hills; and very rough and steep hills some of them were in those days. He, of course, knew many people, and kept regular open house both at Cannon Hall and in Grosvenor Square. My father, then a young man, used to be sent out by his mother to bring someone back to dinner, and he said that he used often to walk up and down the street, not liking to go back without having "captured his man."

Once, when the bills were complained of as being high, the *chef* said, "Does Mr. Stanhope know how many people dined in his house last week?—a hundred."

Lord Rosebery, and his brother, Frank Primrose, used regularly to ring the bell every Saturday, and say to the hall-porter, "Does Mr. Stanhope dine at home to-morrow?" The porter used, consequently, to call them "Roast Beef and Plum Pudding."

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In a letter to one of his sisters, dated 1832, Hugh Spencer Stanhope (one of the sons) says :—

"I dined with Baron Vaughan last Sunday *en famille*, there being only Lady St. John, Miss—— (I know not what to call her, but she called Vaughan, 'Papa'), another lady visitor, the Baron, and your humble servant. I found it very pleasant. Among other subjects, they were ardent in praise of the grey horses, and evidently thought the family at No. 8 the gayest and most dissipated people in London. They said they conceived that there must be a party every night at Mrs. Stanhope's, and whenever their coachman complained that his horses were knocked up, they held up to his wondering imagination the greys next door. If they had been black, I am sure they would exclaim with Lewis [? Scott],* 'Whence those sable coursers came, well might I guess, but dare not tell.' Having taken you to so pretty a place, I must leave you to get out of it as well as you can.

"Ever yours,

"Hugh S. S."

The same thing went on at Cannon Hall. Nothing pleased my grandfather better than to hear it called Roast Beef Hall. My uncles said that whenever they returned there, after having been away, they always said, "I wonder whom we shall find there?" it being so very unlikely that there should be no guests present.

---

* In the "Wild Huntsman," or "The Chase," Scott has—

"Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell."

also—

"What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell."—S. P.

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Wilberforce was constantly at Cannon Hall. He was a very agreeable person, with the most cheerful sunny temper. One day he was singing in the joyousness of his heart, when my father, who was then a little boy, said, "Singing on Sunday, Mr. Wilberforce; I thought you were such a *good* man!"

My father told me that when he was a young man, he used to keep a list of "wivables," and ran his pen through those who would not do. One day he went with his father to see Holkham, and while walking in the park, they met Mr. Coke and his daughter—my mother that was to be. When they had passed, his father turned round to him, and said, "There, John, there's the wife for you, you could not do better." This was curious, because he was then quite a young man, and it was not till years afterwards that he became acquainted with my mother.

In those days at the drawing-room and levee, the King and Queen always walked about the room and spoke to those whom they knew. Once at the levee, George III. said to my grandfather, "I suppose you are going back to Yorkshire, Mr. Stanhope? A very ugly county, Yorkshire!"

This was too much for a Yorkshireman to stand. "Oh, Sir!" said my grandfather, "we always consider Yorkshire a very picturesque county."

"What, what, what!" said the King, "a coalpit a picturesque object! What, what, what! Yorkshire coalpits picturesque! Yorkshire a picturesque county!"

At the time when the question of the Regent's debts was under discussion in Parliament, my grandfather made a very powerful and telling speech, strongly protesting against the nation paying these debts. The Regent was furious, and swore that "nothing of the name of Spencer Stanhope should ever darken his doors." Accordingly, when his family went

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to Brighton, as they did every winter, they enjoyed the distinction of being the only family in the town who were never asked to the Pavilion.

The following letter, which I have found, was written by my grandfather to his uncle, Mr. Spencer, and gives an interesting account of his having been present at the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette :—

"Paris,
"May 29th, 1770.

"Dear Uncle,

"I am much obliged to you for your letter of y^e^ 16th, y^e^ more so as it was so early an answer to mine. I am just going to sup with Sir Michael Fleming, and from thence shall go at midnight to a Masqued Ball which y^e^ Imperial Ambassador gives on the occasion of y^e^ marriage; but I hope to have time to finish this letter first, and to give you some account of what has been already. Early on y^e^ morning of y^e^ 16th, I sett off to Versailles, and got there time enough to dress and get a good seat in y^e^ Chapel in order to see y^e^ ceremony. About one, y^e^ Dauphin entered y^e^ Chapel, with y^e^ Dauphiness in his hand on y^e^ right side: y^e^ King followed him, and, when they were arrived at y^e^ Altar, took her hand and led her with great gracefulness to y^e^ other side of y^e^ Dauphin, and then joined their hands, retiring afterwards through two double rows of Bishops, all on their knees, to his own chair, about twelve yards off y^e^ altar. Then began y^e^ ceremony, which was performed with all y^e^ pomp of Romish superstition, y^e^ Archbishop being arrayed in his mitre, crozier, etc., etc. It was upon y^e^ whole very striking, and often very absurd, according to y^e^ spirit of that religion. In y^e^ evening

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we assembled in y^e^ great gallery of y^e^ palace, where y^e^ King played at cards in public: I forget at what games. Then it was that when y^e^ Court were sat down to play, a man might boast of seeing a gayer spectacle than y^e^ western world had ever seen before, even in y^e^ time of y^e^ Romans. I believe I told you something in my last, as I remember, about y^e^ Dauphin's coat. It was most astonishingly rich: y^e^ buttons all single diamonds, y^e^ seams studded with diamonds, and all over embroidered with spangles of different colours. It may be fairly allowed him to boast of y^e^ finery of his coat for two reasons: first, I believe there never was a finer, and besides, it is y^e^ only thing he has to boast of. He is a tall, awkward, ungainly figure, very thin, and stoops not a little. He has a dark, dead eye, and y^e^ colour of his complexion is like that of y^e^ peel of a decaying walnut. Y^e^ Dauphiness is almost y^e^ reverse of her spouse. She is rather under y^e^ middle size, fair, has lively blue eyes, agreeable features, and a very tolerable person. Some time or other it is probable she will have great influence in this country. Not that I prophesy this from any appearance of a remarkable fondness in y^e^ Bridegroom; for at y^e^ Chapel, instead of showing any tender regards or fond attention towards his wife, he seemed to me to be only anxious of saying his part *true;* and in y^e^ gallery, when he sat next to her, if ever he endeavoured to look at her tenderly, he put me in mind of Cymon, who gasped, but said nothing.

"I am quite at a loss how to give you any tolerable idea of y^e^ magnificence of y^e^ dresses, which were more grand this evening than ever after. Y^e^ men wore, in general, gold or silver stuffs, with broad different-coloured embroideries, most of them down y^e^ seams

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likewise. Y^e^ women were still finer, not reckoning their diamonds, and I dare say there were some tenths of all y^e^ diamonds in France here in y^e^ gallery. I had y^e^ King's hat in my hand, with y^e^ Pitt diamond in it, by way of button; it is full as big as a common sized walnut.

"From thence we went to y^e^ theatre, where y^e^ Royal Family supped in public. It is much bigger than y^e^ Opera House in London, and, in y^e^ grandeur of its decorations, excells it twice as much as that does y^e^ little theatre. I have since seen at Versailles a Bal Paré, Bal Masqué, and Opera, and a Play, all equally supurb in their kind. Y^e^ Play was y^e^ *Athalie* of Racine; Mlle. Clairon in y^e^ character of Athalie. I am rather inclined to prefer Mrs. Pritchard to her, but, nevertheless, y^e^ Play was nobly supported in every character.

"Y^e^ Opera was Persée; it gives room for great display of scenery, but is in itself a heavy performance. Those who love to pun say y^e^ only reason for having that there was y^e^ conformity of its name to the occasion, and remark that it should be called y^e^ Opera de la Percée.

"My paper fails me, else I should have wrote you to death.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your dutiful Nephew,

"WALTER STANHOPE."

The letter is directed to John Spencer, Esq., Tom's Coffee House, Devereux Court, Temple Bar, London, Angleterre.

The chief potentate in our part of the West Riding at that time was Mrs. Beaumont, of Bretton, known by the people throughout the country as Madame Beaumont. She was the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Blacket, her mother being the daughter of his gamekeeper.

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My grandmother used to say that, when she first married, she remembered this girl always riding every market-day to Penistone to sell butter and eggs.

She used to be allowed to run wild in the kitchen, until Sir Edward had his attention called to her. He took a fancy to her, and, being lonely and dull, he adopted her.

She eventually married Colonel Beaumont.

But the Colonel drank, and had to be placed in his butler's care, so there was nothing to interfere with Madame Beaumont's rule.

She was a vulgar, purse-proud woman, very ambitious, and very ostentatious. She was particularly jealous of Cannon Hall, and used to drive over in her carriage-and-four to find out who was staying there; and, if she thought it was worth while, she used to leave nothing untried to decoy them away to Bretton.

As there was no line of demarcation of the properties between the lodge at Bretton and that at Cannon Hall, she always gave out to her guests that the land was all hers up to the park at Cannon Hall.

When she had a party in the house, she used to ring a bell and say, "Order round some more carriages."

It was fabulous what she spent on her conservatories and the building of her stables.

One day she wrote to beg, as a very great favour, that some grapes should be sent to her from Cannon Hall. My uncle Charles, knowing that she would display them as her own, wrote back,—

"DEAR MRS. BEAUMONT,

"Grapes is sour.

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES SPENCER STANHOPE."

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She and my grandfather had a dispute as to whom a particular tree belonged: the next morning the tree was gone: Mrs. Beaumont had had it cut down in the night.

Mr. G. W. Russell, who has lately published his reminiscences, tells the following story about her:—

> "A by-election was impending in Yorkshire, and Mr. Pitt, paying a social visit to the famous Mrs. B., one of the Whig Queens of the West Riding, said banteringly, 'Well, the election is all right for us. Ten thousand pounds, for the use of our side, go down to Yorkshire by a safe hand.'
>
> "'The Devil they do!' responded Mrs. B.: and that night the bearer of the precious burden was stopped by a highwayman on the great North road, and the ten thousand guineas were used to procure the return of the Whig candidate."

She was very anxious to get a peerage. One day she thought to impress Pitt, who was staying at Bretton, with her riches; she had the most splendid service of plate at dinner, and, waving her hand, she said, "There, Mr. Pitt, that's all from the mines" (the Beaumonts having considerable *lead* mines in Northumberland). "Indeed," answered Pitt, "if you had not told me, Mrs. Beaumont, I should have thought it was *silver*."

Mrs. Beaumont always went to Court, and this was not considered etiquette by Queen Charlotte. At the drawing-room, the Queen would go up to my grandmother, when Mrs. Beaumont was near at hand, and say to her in a loud voice, "Mrs. Stanhope, pray can you tell me who that woman is?" This was repeated more than once.

My mother said that, when she married, a grand dinner was given in her honour at Bretton. Wearied out with

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the ostentation and length of it, she fell fast asleep before it was over, and woke up hearing herself say, "What would I give to make a smash of all these things!"

My grandfather took a great interest in the Yeomanry question, and for many years commanded the local Yeomanry Cavalry, and led the celebrated march of the Staincross troop in 1805.

He was one of the first promoters of the volunteer force, and attended a county meeting, held at York, convened for that purpose in 1802, and, as a newspaper of the time says, "he delivered on that occasion an eloquent speech in support of the proposal to raise volunteers in all parts of the country." An extract is given in the paper in question, which I will transcribe here:—

"SIR,

"Upon your summons to call us together on this day, to consider on the conduct which it becomes this great country to hold in the present perilous crisis, I had not the least doubt but you would be attended by a very numerous and respectable meeting. But one so unanimous, so highly respectable as the present, has as much exceeded my expectations as it gives comfort and satisfaction to my heart. When I signed my name to the requisition that was sent to you from Leeds, I did it under the impression that the feelings of the country were not sufficiently awakened, that they were not enough apprized of the danger, the immediate, pressing, actual, and hourly danger, of the invasion of this Island, with such a force as was never before drawn up against it. What has since passed in the Houses of Parliament, in the metropolis, and in almost every part of the Kingdom,

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must have awakened and aroused it, as with the shrill call of the Trumpet, when it sounds, 'Every man to arms!'

"It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to see so large a meeting, because I am sure that there is not a man that hears me, who thinks that, in holding up his hand for the address which has been so ably moved and seconded, he is holding up his hand for a common address at the beginning of a common war; that he will have nothing further to do than to meet a room full of his neighbours at dinner, to drink the King's health, and the 'Wooden Walls of Old England,' with three times three; to join in the chorus of 'Rule, Britannia,' and to pay his taxes with as little grumbling as may be. No, Sir; we, by this address, publicly and solemnly, before God and our Country, pledge our fortunes, persons, and lives in defence of our Sovereign, and all the blessings of our glorious constitution. There is not a man that hears me, I am persuaded, who is not prompt and eager to redeem that pledge. There is not, there *cannot* be, a man here who would leave undefended our good, our tried, and brave old King, in the hour of danger. No, Sir; we need now no warning voice, no stirring of eloquence, no thoughts that heat, nor words that burn, to raise a host of hardy men, when the King, the Parliament, and the Country are in distress. Call out to Yorkshire, 'Come forth to battle'; our answer will be, one and all, 'We are ready; shew us the enemy!'

"Sir, that enemy is not far off. A very numerous, well-appointed, ably-commanded army, to whom is promised the plunder of England, are now hovering round, and part of them in daily sight of the pro-

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mised land. They view it as so many famished wolves, cruel as death, and hungry as the grave, panting for an opportunity at any risk to come into our sheepfold. But, an if they should, is it not our business to have such a guard of faithful English mastiffs of the old breed, as shall make them quickly repent of their temerity?

"The Chief Consul of France tells us that we are but a nation of shopkeepers. Let us, then, as shopkeepers, melt our weights and our scales, and return him the compliment with bullets. Sir, we have a firm reliance on the exertions of as gallant a fleet as ever sailed; but that fleet cannot perform impossibilities; it cannot be in all places at once; it cannot conquer the winds or subdue the storms. Though our old tars can do much, they cannot do everything; and it would be unfair and dastardly to be skulking behind them. With the blessing of God and a good cause, we can do wonders; but if we depend upon our naval prowess alone, we have much to fear. No, Sir; England will never be perfectly safe until she can defend herself by land as well as by sea; until she can defy the haughty foe, even if there was ever a bridge between Calais and Dover, and that bridge in the possession of the enemy; until she can say, in the words of a good old English boxing match, 'a fair field and no favour,' or, in the language of Macduff in the play, 'Within our sword's length set him; if he escape, then Heaven forgive him all his lies, his blasphemies, and his murders.'"

The paper, from which I have copied this extract, goes on to say:—

"Although the speech of Mr. Stanhope was printed in the London papers, as well as by the Yorkshire press,

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it was thought worthy of more popular circulation (for in those days newspapers were a rather expensive luxury), and extracts were printed on placards, and posted on the walls, both in London and throughout the country; and from that meeting every regiment of Volunteer Cavalry in Yorkshire may be said to have taken its rise. Shortly after that time, many corps of Infantry were also enrolled, the number of volunteers raised in Barnsley and the neighbourhood being, in proportion to the population, remarkable; which was attributable in a great measure to the zeal with which Mr. Stanhope used his influence."

My father told me that he was very much amused with the excitement of the volunteers, when he was drilling them on behalf of his father: they used to come to him, and say, "Mr. Stanhope, do let us fix bayonets."

One day the beacons were fired. This was a sign that the French had landed. In a marvellously short space of time, the whole of the six hundred men comprising the Staincross Volunteers, under the command of my grandfather, had mustered, and marched to the meeting place.

When they arrived they found it was a false alarm.

To commemorate the event an urn was presented to my grandfather, with an inscription upon it recording what had happened, and containing inside a list of the names of the Staincross Volunteers.

It is now in the drawing-room at Cannon Hall.*

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* The inscription is as follows:—

"In the night of the 15th August, 1805, the beacon at Woolley Edge was fired, and the order issued soon after midnight for calling out the Staincross Volunteers.

"Dispersed and remote as they lay, covering the whole Wapentake, and dwelling in every town and village in it, so promptly did they obey the call, that in about 14 hours they were, not only all assembled to their

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My uncle Charles sent the following letter to the paper which recorded the event:—

"It was with the greatest pleasure that I read in your paper of the 1st, the names of those six hundred men, who, leaving their homes, their wives and families, on the morning of the 15th of August, 1805, expecting to cross bayonets with the victorious soldiers of France, returned again to their homes, with no other injury than being a little footsore, from a bloodless march to Hemsworth.

"I well remember the day, for I was returning with my brothers for their holidays from Westminster School, when a crowd closed round our postchaise on changing horses, telling us, 'Thy feyther's goin' to fight the French,' which we found to be the case on nearing Cannon Hall. It was an exceedingly hot day, and the farmers and others regaled the returning troops so hospitably, that, in the evening, as waggon after waggon poured into the stable-yard at Cannon Hall, its freight of men were seen to be not *quite* in marching order."

The following was the song of the Volunteers:—

"Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Fill the mighty joram:
The Staincross Volunteers are come
To drive the French before 'em."

---

complement of 600 except only nine, who were absent from their homes, but had actually marched upwards of twelve miles on an average. To record this event and testify their regard and attachment to their Commandant, the non-commissioned Officers and Privates of the Staincross Corps of Volunteers present this vase

"To Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq.,
"Lt.-Col. Commandant of the
"Staincross Vol. Infantry. 1805."

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CHAPTER II.

My grandmother was Miss Pulleine,* and was a great heiress. She had fifteen children, three of whom died when they were young. She had a very fine and powerful mind, and was superior in every respect; wrote remarkably well, in a terse Johnsonian style, and read a great deal. She was very agreeable and extremely fond of society, to which she had always been accustomed, and would willingly go out to a party every night, though she always got up the next morning at eight o'clock. Everything in the house was done by her, and she did not encourage her children to give her any assistance in domestic matters.

She was remarkably dignified in her manner, with, at the same time, the greatest consideration for others. She was small, and I have heard that she was very pretty when she was young.

Besides her father's property, she inherited the estates of Dissington and Roddam in Northumberland, which were to revert to her second and third sons respectively, on their attaining the age of twenty-five.

Her second son, Edward, consequently inherited the property of Dissington, about ten miles from Newcastle, and took the name of Collingwood. He was good-looking, with

* The Pulleines had the right of burial in the vault at Alnwick. I believe my grandmother's father, Thomas Babbington Pulleine, was the last buried there. The Duke of Northumberland then signified that this right must cease.—A. M. W. P.

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dark curly hair, a cold grey eye, and a somewhat stern expression; he was satirical, and concentrated in manner, but had the unmistakable air of a gentleman and a man of position. There was no humbug about him, and he was very much respected and looked up to in Northumberland. One could not look at his spare, closely-knit frame and iron-looking figure, without thinking that nature had meant him for a splendid soldier. In the *Field* of that date he is mentioned with great admiration as a fine specimen of a man, and they said he had the reputation of being the best rider in two counties, Yorkshire and Northumberland.

The third son, William, was in the Navy. He was rather a character, very short and sturdy-looking. He had not had much education, having gone to sea when quite young, but he was very shrewd and observant, and, as my mother often said, he had great refinement of feeling. He was very fond of making a long stay at Cannon Hall, which he always called his "Rest and be thankful," and he used to follow my father about like a faithful dog, while my father delighted in having what he called the "Commodore" to go about with him. The "Commodore's" every sentence began with, "I say, J.," John being my father's name.

He was on the ship commanded by Lord Collingwood, who, as a relation,* took a great interest in him, and treated

* The relationship was somewhat remote, the connecting link being Ralph Collingwood of the days of the civil wars. Lord Collingwood was his great-great-grandson and heir; Miss Pulleine was the daughter of Thomas Babbington Pulleine and Winifred Collingwood, the latter being the great-great-granddaughter of the same Ralph, through his second son. Winifred Collingwood inherited Dissington from her father, and Roddam from her mother, Mary Roddam. The Pulleine property was Carleton (or Carlton, or Charlton) Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire. Some letters which I have found to Miss Pulleine from her grandfather, Edward Collingwood, are dated from "Cherton" in 1777, which is, probably, yet another way of spelling Carleton.—S. P.

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him quite like his own son; indeed, they said, it was Lord Collingwood's wish that he should marry one of his two daughters.

He was at Algiers on the flag-ship, which suffered more than any other, being riddled with shot, and the deck strewn with the dead and dying. He was employed on that occasion in burying the dead, and they said that he went through it all with great coolness and bravery. Though he, certainly, did not look like a warrior, I have always heard that in action he was as bold as a lion.

When he was twenty-five he took the name, and inherited the estates, of Roddam. Roddam was in a fine, wild position, nearly at the foot of the Cheviots, with a number of hills rising in all directions around it. The great beauty of the place, and its most striking feature, was the Dene,—a very deep, picturesque glen, about a mile in length, watered by the Roddam burn, which was a wild mountain stream, washing over the rocks, the water as dark as porter, with an abundance of white foam. The Dene is filled with fine ash and sycamore trees. There are many walks cut through it, and, in one part, a path shelves down to the burn round the face of an almost perpendicular rock.

It was altogether a most lovely spot, and I remember Lady Ravensworth saying to me that she would rather have the Dene at Roddam than anything else in Northumberland.

Behind the Dene rises the wild moorland, backed by the Cheviots. Grouse, blackcock, and other game are in abundance on the moor.

Roddam is built upon land granted by King Athelstan. A mound on the south of the house is still called "Athelstan's Mount," and was an ancient burial place. When it was opened, some years ago, a number of large human bones and some urns were discovered.

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The family of Roddam was one of the oldest in England, but the direct line came to an end with the brave Robert Roddam, Admiral of the White. He died in 1808, and my grandmother succeeded to the property.

In olden days a large tract of land in Northumberland belonged to the Pulleines and Roddams, and the grant of Roddam is the oldest grant extant in England. When Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, made an irruption into England, in the reign of Richard the Second, an ancient charter was brought to him, in which was written,—

"I, König Athelstan,
giffis heir to Paulain,
Odam, and Roddam
als gud, and als fair,
as evir tha myne ware,
and yair to witness Mald,
my Wyffe."*

On the pedigree of the Roddams the grant is written in Saxon characters as follows:—

"I, König Athelstan, give unto thee Roddam
From me and mine, unto thee and thine,
Before my wyff Maude, my daughter Maudlin,
And my eldest son Henry;
And for a certain truth,
I bite this wax with my gang tooth:
As lang as muir bears moss, and knout grows hare,
A Roddam of Roddam for ever mare."

My uncle Roddam was, like most sailors, a somewhat indifferent shot, and on one 12th of August his bad luck was more conspicuous than usual, and, as he missed bird after bird, he kept exclaiming, "It is all that thundering big melon that there was at dinner last night." From this it came to

* In the different copies of this which I have seen, the spelling differs considerably.—S. P.

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be the custom on every 11th of August to have at dessert the biggest melon the garden would produce, to serve as an excuse for all failures on the twelfth.

Grouse driving was first instituted on my father's moors, holes on the hillside being used to hide the sportsmen, while the grouse were driven over them. My mother told me that, when she first married, the uncles used to go up to the moors (which are twelve miles from Cannon Hall) the night before, so as to be ready for an early shot in the morning, and a cart used to accompany them, laden with the best china, linen, and every luxury. This she soon put a stop to. The ladies used to go up to the moors on the twelfth; and the order of the day was a high tea at about five, and a very late dinner, as the sportsmen did not get home till nine, and then the grouse had to be cooked.

My uncle Roddam told me the following story:—He was dining out in London, and sat by a lady whom he did not know: their conversation turned upon early resolutions, and how very seldom they were kept, and the lady said, "Well, when I was a girl, I made three resolutions. First, I determined that I would never marry a soldier; secondly, that I would never marry an Irishman; and thirdly, that I would not be long engaged. And all those three resolutions I broke. Whom do you think I did marry? The Duke of Wellington! He was a soldier and an Irishman, and I was engaged to him for twelve years."

When the Duke of Wellington was Sir Arthur Wellesley, and a very young man, he fell in love with Lady Katherine Pakenham, who was extremely handsome; but he had not the means to marry. He was appointed to go out to India, and they parted, but considered themselves engaged. When the campaign was over, and he was returning, Lady Katherine wrote to him to release him from his promise; she said that years had passed and he would no longer find her the pretty

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Kitty Pakenham he had left. He considered himself bound in honour, and stuck to his engagement, whatever he may have thought of the change that had taken place in her. This was, perhaps, unfortunate for both of them, as they did not suit each other, and it was not a happy marriage; indeed, they lived mostly apart: but when she was ill and dying, the Duke was very kind and attentive to her.

A young man once told me (though I have no recollection who it was) that he had been staying at Strathfieldsay with the Duke, and had gone out hunting with him. Having lost the hounds, the Duke rode to the top of a hill to have a look for them. He saw them in a wood in front, where they had not yet found; but, instead of riding down to the wood, as any other man would have done, he turned his horse round, and made for a spot in exactly the opposite direction. They had not been there long, when, sure enough, the hunt came up, with the hounds in full cry; the Duke had calculated exactly which way they would come. It was the tactician true to himself.*

I remember my first thought on seeing the statue of the Duke of Wellington after its erection at the top of Constitution Hill: "That man (the sculptor) can never have seen Wellington! It is purely an imaginary likeness!" I had often seen him at balls, and when riding; but there was not a line in that form, nor an expression in the whole figure, which recalled to me for one moment the Duke as

* The editor, and not the author, must be blamed for such diffusiveness as may appear in these pages. Not only were they written without any idea of their ever being printed, but what was written was never completed. About one-third of the whole was left in the form of disjointed notes, which were to have been fitted into their proper places, or amplified so as to form a connected memoir. This could only have been done satisfactorily by the writer; an editor, who has no personal knowledge of the incidents described, can but imperfectly succeed in such a task.—S.P.

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I remembered him. Once seen, you could never forget him; there was something about him so unlike other people; it was the Iron Duke, and no one else. I felt quite annoyed that such a likeness should be allowed to stand in the capital of the country, to give a wrong impression to foreigners and to future generations. That horrid thing at the top of the Arch at Hyde Park Corner, though a gross caricature, was far more like him, and did actually recall him to one's mind.

Once when the Duke was riding in Hyde Park, and the crowd was vociferously cheering him, he grimly pointed to the iron shutters at Apsley House, which had been put up to protect his windows in the days of his unpopularity. So much for the *vox populi!*

The last time that I saw the Duke was at the Queen's ball, where he appeared as her first subject, looking like a silver penny, the very essence of spotless neatness; with his blue coat, red ribbon, and splendid diamond orders, and his silver hair most carefully brushed, he looked a perfect picture.

Not very long afterwards he gave some of these diamond orders to Lady Douro, of whom he was very fond, and for whom he was very sorry. She had, I think, one of the finest and most classical faces I ever saw. I remember her arresting my attention at one of the balls. She was dancing with Prince Albert in the "uncrowded" quadrille, looking more like a magnificent Greek statue than a being of flesh and blood; but after you had seen and worshipped her for some time, you became aware that her expression was perfectly unchangeable: it was a beautiful body, but there was no soul.

I remember being shown over Walmer Castle, which was a very interesting place. The old housekeeper took us into the Duke's bedroom and showed us the narrow camp bed-

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stead on which he always slept, and she opened the door of a sort of wardrobe, flush with the wall, and there was his washing apparatus, all of the simplest description. She told us that, when the house was full of visitors, he used to say to her, "Make them as comfortable as you can, and get anything for them that they want; but leave me alone."

I have mentioned Lord Collingwood's name in connection with my uncle Roddam, and I may make that an excuse, if excuse be needed, for inserting the following interesting letter which I have found. It was written by Lord Collingwood to my grandfather, four days after the battle of Trafalgar. It is interesting in many respects, not the least notable of which is that, in spite of the warm and heartfelt tribute which the writer pays to Nelson, he seems to take to himself the entire credit of the victory.

"*Euryalus*, off the Straits,
"October 25th, 1805.

"My dear Sir,

"As I am sure that none rejoice more at any good fortune that befalls me than you do, so I lose no time to inform you that I have had a most glorious battle with the combined fleet, and have beat them out of the sea, at least, for the present. Though you will see it fully detailed in my letters in the *Gazette*, I must tell you myself that on the 21st we met, each party seeming well disposed to try their strength. They had 26, we 27 large ships. They received us handsomely, and I began the battle at the head of my column exactly at noon. Lord Nelson led the other, but the *Sovereign*, being an excellent sailer, I had got a little before him.

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"The combat was hot and long, but soon after three, all that were in a state to go off, fled.

"My dear friend received his mortal wound about the middle of the fight, and sent an officer to tell me that he should see me no more.

"His loss was the greatest grief to me. There is nothing like him left for gallantry and conduct in battle. It was not a foolish passion for fighting, for he was the most gentle of human creatures, and often lamented the cruel necessity of it; but it was a principle of duty, which all men owed their country in defence of their laws and liberty. He valued life only as it enabled him to do good, and would not preserve it by any act he thought unworthy. He wore four stars upon his breast, and could not be prevailed upon to put on a plain coat, scorning what he thought a shabby precaution: but that, perhaps, cost him his life, for his dress made him the general mark. He is gone, and I shall lament him as long as I remain.

"My ship suffered so much in the action, and I had so much to do, that I was under the necessity of shifting Flag into an active ship, and brought Villeneuve, the Commander-in-chief of the combined fleet, with me. We have taken nineteen of his ships, and three other Admirals, and the General commanding the troops, with about twenty thousand prisoners; and yet I do not think I can get a ship into port: they are so shattered, and the weather has been so boisterous, that I think they must all sink or be driven on shore, which is lamentable. But there is an end to the great combined fleet.

"The fatigue which I have undergone lately, both of body and mind, has worn me out. Would that we had peace, that I might get to my garden again, and all the

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comforts of my own house. I hope, my dear Sir, that you have quite recovered your health, and that I shall see you next spring.

"I am ever, my dear Sir,

"Your faithful and affectionate servant,

"CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

"To W. S. Stanhope, Esq."

The last paragraph of this letter is very pathetic, now when we know that the writer was never again to see his home, nor those for whom he so eagerly yearned.

My father was at Cadiz in April 1810, and had been expecting from day to day the appearance of the *Ville de Paris*, on board of which was Lord Collingwood and my uncle Roddam. At last the ship appeared, and my father was just starting to meet her on board Admiral Purvis' flagship, which was then in harbour, when the signal came that Lord Collingwood was no more. My father says in his journal:—

"Lord Collingwood has sacrificed his life to his country, and to the full as much as had done his friend and commander, Lord Nelson. But Nelson's death was glorious; he fell in the hour of victory amidst a nation's tears. Poor Collingwood resigned his life to his country, because she required his services: he yielded himself as a victim to a painful disease, solely occasioned by his incessant and anxious attention to his duties, when he knew from his physician that his life might be spared if he were allowed to return to the quiet of a domestic life. Must not his mind have sometimes recurred to his home; to his two daughters, now grown to the age of womanhood, but whom he remembered only as little children: so long had he been estranged from his country! Must not he have felt how delight-

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fully he could spend his old age in the society of his family, at his own house of Charlton, the ancient possession of his ancestors, which had been left to him by my uncle, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which he had gained during his professional career! What a contrast did the reverse of the picture show! A lingering disease; a certain death. He repeatedly represented the state of his health to the Admiralty, but in vain; the country demanded his services; he gave her his life: and without even the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice he was making would be appreciated. 'If Lord Mulgrave knew me,' said he, in one of his letters to my father, 'he would know that I did not complain without cause!'"

I have spoken of my uncles Edward and William as being the second and third sons, respectively; and, according to the same reckoning, my father would be called the eldest son. He was not so in reality, for my uncle Spencer was older than he. As a child this uncle was a beautiful boy of much promise, but when he was three or four years old, or even younger, he developed fits, which became so constant, being, even, of daily occurrence, that, as he grew older, they completely destroyed his intellect, and reduced him to the state of a harmless idiot.* He was, however, a finely formed, and rather handsome man. He lived at Cannon Hall, and the greatest care was taken of him, being attended by a couple, Joseph and Rebecca, who had a cottage in the village.

He was very fond of music, and had a barrel-organ in his room. He used to walk about the pleasure grounds with his

* I have heard it stated that my grandmother, being at Horsforth at the time of his birth, was attended by the village blacksmith, and that an injury to the child's head was the consequence.—A. M. W. P.

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most dutifully yours
Spencer Stanhope

From a photograph.

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two attendants, and I was told that he used to take great notice of me when I was quite a little child, and liked to see me feeding the robins in the wood, and I used to walk home holding uncle Spencer's hand.

My mother, who would not allow anything to interfere with what she considered her duty, never omitted seeing him every day; but this, when she first married, was a great strain upon her nerves, and affected her health. She told me that she was firmly impressed with the notion that all her children would be idiots, and that, when I was born, and was brought to be introduced to her, she noticed that my head was drawn into a point, and, in a state of horror, she exclaimed, "Oh! Dr. Branson, she is an idiot!" He quietly replied, "She could not be an idiot with those eyes"; and that reassured her.

When my father married, his own father had not long been dead, and they were obliged to take out a commission in lunacy to enable him to administer the estate for his brother. It was an uncomfortable state of things, as the property was not really my father's, but belonged to another, and he had not even the right to cut down a tree upon it.

I well remember when we were children in the school-room, our parents being at Holkham, one cold winter's day near Christmas, there was a great commotion and running about the house; the big bell in the stables rang with a muffled sound, and then the church bell began to toll, and we were told that uncle Spencer had died in a fit. I also remember seeing all the servants walking to church in their deep crape, and the men with hatbands and scarves.

And so ended that innocent life!

I will defer saying anything about my father, till I have mentioned the rest of his brothers and sisters.

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My uncle Charles was in the Church. He was ugly, but quick and clever, and very amusing: all life, impulse, and excitement; and always turning up when least expected. His appearance was a jubilee to us in the school-room, for he was the Lord of Misrule, and our favourite uncle.

He used to delight us by telling us stories of his Westminster school-days. On his first day there, when he made his appearance in the big school-room full of boys, he saw, at the end of the room, a large armchair, in which sat, with his back turned to the school, Dr. Vincent, the Dean of Westminster, and head-master of the School. He was dressed, as he appears in the prints of him, in a voluminous black silk gown, with a broad ribbon carrying some order round his neck, and a full-bottomed wig. My uncle promptly shot a paper spill into the Doctor's wig, where it stuck, and remained wobbling about all the rest of the morning, to the delight of all the assembled Westminsters.

I remember him describing to us a contrivance of his by which the illicit suppers, which they used to have in their rooms, were drawn up on to the top of the bed on the approach of a master, to reappear again as soon as the danger was past.

All Westminsters were allowed seats in the House of Commons. One day, when my grandfather was going to make a speech, my uncle claimed his right to go into the House to hear him. He was answered by the janitor that *he* was not going to believe such a story, and was told to pass on. "Do you dare to doubt my word, Sir?" said my uncle, tearing open his jacket, and pointing to the name "Spencer Stanhope" marked inside. A member who was passing was so struck with the spirit of the boy, that he took him with him into the House, and got him a very good place, from which he could hear his father speak.

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My uncle Charles married Miss Frederica Goodenough, whose mother was a grand-daughter of Archbishop Markham. My father used to tell me that, when he was a young man, the witty sayings of Cecilia Markham (Mrs. Goodenough) were in everybody's mouth.

Mrs. Goodenough's sister, to whom she was very devoted, married Lord Mansfield, and her daughters, the Ladies Murray, inherited much of the family wit. They were certainly very clever and accomplished, but perhaps, as I heard a man once say, "they were a little too fond of the scalping knife." When in London, they lived at Langham House, where now the Langham Hotel stands. There was a very large garden with fine trees in front of it, making a cool and shady termination to Langham Place: it was to save that house that Regent Street was diverted, instead of being carried in an unbroken line as far as Piccadilly, which would have made it a more handsome street. In Langham House, I remember, there were some splendid mahogany doors with gilding.

As my grandmother's house was the next largest house in Langham Place, and had, like Langham House, great gates and a large garden to it, there was a constant confusion between the two. To make matters worse, James Stanhope, of Revesley Abbey (or, as he used to call it, "My Fen Hut in Lincolnshire"), lived, when in London, at Langham House, with his grandmother, Lady Mansfield, his mother (who was one of the Murrays) being dead: so, as may be imagined, a number of incongruous things belonging to Jemmy Stanhope were continually finding their way into my grandmother's hands. I was dancing with him one evening, I remember, and told him that I had just been dining in Langham Place, where, in the middle of dinner, and just at the proper moment, a splendid cheese, addressed to him, was brought in, and that we had had

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serious thoughts of making it pay toll. He said, "Well, will you tell your grandmother that she is quite welcome to make all and everything of mine pay toll, provided she will make my bills pay toll too." James Stanhope always treated us *en cousines*. He had the most coal-black hair, and used to make horrible grimaces. He was always called in London, "Black Stanhope"; Scudamore Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's father, being "White Stanhope."

Lady Mansfield had, somehow or other, acquired the right of living at Scone, the ancient royal palace where the Kings of Scotland used to be crowned. The Queen went to stay there once, but was not at all gracious. Lady Mansfield had done everything in her power to honour her, and was, naturally, much annoyed at the result. For instance, some fine old sheets, with the most beautiful lace, had been put on the Queen's bed; but they were taken off, and the Queen's own sheets put on instead. In the evening there was a large party assembled in the gallery, but the Queen remained all the time at one end of it, and would not walk down it to receive the greetings of those present.

To return to my uncle Charles. He had a very good living at Weaverham, in Cheshire, and also held the family living of Cawthorne.* He was quite devoted to the Yorkshire people, amongst whom he had been brought up; and they were equally fond of him. He was always comparing their cleverness with the dulness of the Cheshire louts. Once when catechising the children at Cawthorne, he read out, "'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee.' What had he then?" he asked. A little boy at the bottom of the class looked most anxious to answer, and when it came to his turn, he called out, "Coppers, Sir."

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*The village near Cannon Hall, and about a mile distant from it.

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Poor uncle Charles, if he *could* make a mistake at prayers he always did so, and when we were all present, and on the look-out for his mistakes, he used to get so nervous that he finally declared he must give up reading the service before us. One day, I remember, he wanted to buy a certain horse, and at the church-door he had a long talk with the farmer who possessed the coveted animal. When he got to the tenth commandment, "nor his ox nor his ass," he gave out in a loud voice, "nor his *horse* nor his ass;" then, thinking that it did not sound altogether right, he corrected himself, and, with a still stronger emphasis, came out with, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's *oss* nor his ass."

He had not improved in after years, for when he was christening my daughter Evelyn, in the parish church at Cawthorne, throughout the service he called her "*he*," and finally, turning to the proxies of the two godmothers, he asked them, "Do you in the name of this child promise to *remember* the devil and all his works?" After a moment's hesitation, they unflinchingly said, "We do." *

Two or three weeks before his marriage to Miss Goodenough, he was preaching at Cawthorne, and wound up his sermon with, "The truth is, we are not half good enough."

Many of my uncle Charles' letters are amusing, and are good specimens of epistles of that date, before letter-writing had become a lost art. The following may be quoted as a sample :—

"Cannon Hall,

"December 11th, 1818.

"My dear Mother,

"Once more returned to the calm natal bowers, from sojourning amongst the Hyperborean fogs of that vile Northumbrian district about Newcastle, with a huski-

* I heard a somewhat similar mistake in a London church, when a shy young clergyman gave out with great unction, "Abhor that which is good, cleave to that which is evil."—A. M. W. P.

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ness that the genius of the burr has stuck in my throat, as claiming me for her own, but which the politer air of a Yorkshire winter will speedily dispel, I hasten to give you an account of my trip.

"We started in a chaise of Mr. Fawkes, drawn by pairs of post-horses that relieved each other successively; slept at Northallerton, and arrived at Newcastle about 6 o'clock the next evening. I immediately went to pay the vicar a visit, having previously disguised myself in a nose and spectacles, something in this form. [Here follows a clever sketch of himself as he appeared in his disguise.] I introduced myself as a cousin of Mr. Webber's, having settled on that name to ensure an admittance at so unseasonable an hour. I informed him that I was just come from Coldstream, having a letter of introduction from Mr. Webber, which, however, I had lost; but that the purport thereof was to introduce me as an eccentric meenister who had conceived the project of preaching in every kirk in England; that he would not have taken the liberty of presenting me to his friend, Mr. Smith, for that purpose, if he could not assure him that I was a strictly good man, and could perform the kirk service most admirably, of which, if he would permit me, I would give him a specimen. The vicar, in preparing his answer to this curious preface of mine, looked so very ridiculous and quiddish, that I could not forbear bursting out a laughing, and, to relieve his embarrassment, I pulled off my nose and eyes, appearing before him in *propriâ personâ*. Conceive the vicar's surprise and consternation at being made the dupe of a masquerading youngster; he verily took up the poker against me. After growing calm, he enjoyed the joke excessively; he could not help (he said) thinking to himself all the time of my peroration,

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'Zounds, what a nose the fellow has.' I had difficulty in extricating myself from the long, tedious parentheses and disjointed clauses of the vicar's entertaining conversation, to join the party I had left at the Queen's Head, who were waiting dinner for me. The vicar is the greatest bore and bully I ever saw. His maid brought in a note begging the loan of the *Tyne Mercury*. The vicar bade her wait, and bring the paper, which he lifted up to the candle, and pored over for at least one half-hour; and then turning to the maid, who stood stiff as a poker (my draught [another clever sketch] does not represent the thing exactly, but you can conceive him), he said, 'Of a truth, there is matter of importance: say, I will send the paper in the course of the evening. You may go.'

"In the evening we went to the ball, under the names of Captain Fortescue, Colonel Montgomery, and Dr. Syms, which appellative my companions, modest in the assumption of their own, chose to assign to me. Mr. Fawkes was in great uneasiness about Hawksworth, the news of whose fall had reached him in a letter from F. Hawksworth, who had exaggerated the account so heavily, that he hardly knew whether he might not hourly receive a letter to require his attendance at his son's death bed. You may conceive he was astonished to see the patient enter boldly under the assumed name of Colonel Montgomery. The sensation we produced was great. The ball went off with great *éclat;* very few quadrilles, very severe service in country dances under the inspiration of Edinburgh Gov. The names of the company need not be mentioned; you may guess how many Greys, Bells, Lorraines, Brandlings, *cum pluribus aliis*, might, without running into highways and hedges, make up the number of 130.

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"The next day I spent in Newcastle with the vicar. I called upon Mr. Watley, but did not find him at home; and in the evening, not having been able to find any dresses, we were at our wit's end. Fawkes and Wentworth were rigged out with the habiliments of the Newcastle fish-women; they meant to represent gipsies, but Mrs. Brandling observed they were such scandalous-looking figures, she wonders that the tenants dare admit them. I managed to get an old man's coat, and, with an old cocked hat and woollen wig, and my nose and eyes, I played the part of a sort of Nicol Jarvie. There were some very good characters, but it will exceed my limits to give you an account of them. Wait till when we meet.

"That night we slept at Gosforth. Next day I rode to Dissington, through roads where my horse was frightened with the shrieks of wild fowl, who had mistaken the track for a lake; through the most frightful country in England. It was so late when I got to Dissington, that I could only stay half an hour, and, when I arrived at Gosforth, I could scarcely stand upright for the quantity of mud that was attached to me, and, as in O'Grady's story, if I had not put out my tongue, I should not have been recognised for a human creature.

"The Northumbrians, but especially Mrs. Brandling, were indignant at my observations. On asking me what I thought of Dissington, I said it was a good house, and only wanted one thing, which was frosted windows; for the sight of such a country was sure to throw one into the hypochondriacs. Had not the more learned assigned a different sight, I should, from the country, be tempted to consider that district as the position of ancient Babylon; and it was no longer a wonder to me why the

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entertainment within doors was so good in Northumberland, 'seeing as how that' there was so little entertainment without.

"On Monday I left Gosforth with my two companions. At Durham we were detained by a broken axle-tree for eight hours; we travelled all night, and arrived at Woolley by one o'clock. Yesterday I was out a hunting; we were running almost without interruption from eleven to half-past four. Our last run lasted two hours without a check, and the country was so deep that every horse was knocked up; my horse was nearly taking root in a wheat-field. I got off his back just as he was staggering, and it was three-quarters of an hour before I got him out of the field. I shall leave in about four days. In London I may be detained a few days in preparing my papers for the Archbishop, and shall then join you at Marseilles.

"Your very affectionate son,

"C. Spencer Stanhope."

I remember my uncle Charles telling us the following story:—

One day he was on the box-seat of the Doncaster coach, sitting by the coachman: they passed a field full of cattle, and my uncle remarked to the coachman, "Well, those cows belong to the lean kine!" "Oh, Sir," said the coachman, "but they are so picturesque!" "Picturesque!" said my uncle; "that is an odd word for you to use. What do *you* know about the picturesque?" "Well, something, Sir," answered the coachman; "I'm very fond of it; and I wish when you come to Doncaster you would come and see me, and I would show you some of my drawings."

Accordingly my uncle went, and paid a visit to the coachman, when he was quite struck with the cleverness of

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his drawing, and he encouraged him to go on with it. He subsequently obtained a commission for him from my uncle Collingwood to paint a chestnut horse, which was sent over to Doncaster for that purpose. This was the first order to paint anything that the coachman had received; and not many years after, that coachman's name was known all over England as Herring, the celebrated animal painter.

When he was at the height of his fame my uncle Charles went one day to call upon him. He was delighted to see him, referred to their drive on the Doncaster coach, and said, "You were my first friend—the first person who said a word of encouragement to me." He made him a present of some proof prints of his pictures of horses.

There was another *protégé* of our family, who, though his name may have passed away, was none the less a remarkable man, Thomas Witlam Atkinson. He was the son of the head mason at Cannon Hall, and his mother was housemaid there. At the time of my grandfather's death, he made a design for a tomb for him, which showed so much talent that my uncle Charles sent for him, and told him that he had his fortune at his fingers' ends, but *not* as a mason. He went to London, engaged himself to a good architect, and rose rapidly in his new profession. My uncle once asked him where he got a precedent for some part of the work in a church in Manchester, which had particularly attracted his notice; he replied, "I am tired of taking precedents; this time I intend to give one." When the great fire at Hamburg occurred, he went thither, where he soon became extensively employed, and obtained great distinction. On the Emperor of Russia passing through the city, he was so struck with his work that he sent for the architect, and at once engaged him to go to St. Petersburg. He was employed for many years on Imperial works, both in St Petersburg and in other parts of the Russian empire,

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including Siberia. He wrote two very interesting books, illustrated by his own drawings—"Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia," (1858), and "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China," (1860). These works were read by everyone at the time, and were considered most interesting.

When he came to England, he paid a visit to Cannon Hall, and was taken over on one of the public days to Wentworth House, when he was considered quite a lion. He attended the Harvest Festival in the school-house at Cawthorne, where he was the chief speaker, and recounted many of his adventures to the village people, who were delighted, and justly proud of their distinguished fellow-villager.

Another village celebrity, though one of a later date, and less known to fame, was Abel Hold. He was an untaught, but, certainly, a remarkable genius: he was too fond of painting mere pot-boilers, or he might have risen to eminence. His birds and animals were excessively clever, and he painted with the greatest facility and rapidity. He sent some of his pictures to London, and they were admitted into the Academy.

A portrait painted by him is still at Cannon Hall. It is of "Jonas." There were two brothers who had worked there as carpenters all their lives, Jonas and James Beaumont. Jonas brewed the most wonderful ale, which was renowned far and near, and Archie Macdonald dubbed it "Jonas." Ever afterwards, all the gentlemen used solemnly to ask for a glass of "Jonas" whenever they wanted some beer at luncheon.

Jonas was very ambitious of having his portrait painted, and hung "amongst the ancestors:" so he got Hold to

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paint it for my father, and it was hung up on the principal staircase, where it made a very good appearance.

My uncle Philip was one of the Royal pages. He had been at the palace only a few days when he suddenly met the King, who stopped him and said, "Well, my little man, and how are you getting on?" "Toll-loll, pretty bobbish," was the thoughtless answer.

He eventually became Colonel of the Life Guards and General. He was a man of many friends, and was very fond of society and of visiting. Unfortunately, he never saw active service, the Guards being hardly ever ordered out of England, and he was, therefore, of necessity, rather a carpet knight.

One chance of being distinguished he certainly missed; it was at the end of the Crimean War. The Guards were ordered out to Sebastopol, and it was a question who was to command them. My uncle then told me that he had a conversation with Lord Rokeby, who said to him, "It lies between you and me which of us is to go: it is your right, and you ought to go; but they will send me, because I am a lord."

This opinion was justified by the result: Lord Rokeby was sent out in command; but he arrived after all the fighting was over, and Sebastopol had been taken; he had no opportunity of striking a blow, but marched into the town as a victor at the head of the Guards.

When the troops returned to London, and marched in triumph through the streets, everybody was so amused at Lord Rokeby; he was in such a state of elation as he headed the Guards up St. James's Street, waving his sword over his head, as much as to say, "See, the conquering hero comes!" *

* In mental ability and learning my grandfather stood head and shoulders above his brothers and sisters, Mrs. Hudson, perhaps, alone

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My uncle Hugh was the youngest son. He was a barrister. He was very active, a great runner, and a devoted fisherman.

There was a story of Lady Wharncliffe coming to stay at Cannon Hall, and she deposed to having seen my uncle Hugh, who was fishing the water in the park, throw his line back and catch a cow. Off went the cow, and my uncle after it, unreeling his line all the time, so as to avoid breaking it. She said it was the most ridiculous thing—the cow in a canter, and my uncle in hot pursuit all across the park. Of course it was a great joke against him—his fishing for cows!

He was a very good actor, and arranged our charades for us. He could disguise his face wonderfully.

My aunt Frances was very handsome when she was young, and had a fine figure. She caught the small-pox

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excepted; and, consequently, he was never fully appreciated or understood by them. "John always was a queer fellow," as one of them says in a letter to his mother. My uncle Philip was no exception to the general rule; but a kind-hearted and loveable man he was, and a remarkable one in several respects. He spent three quarters of the year visiting his friends in the country, fitting in his visits one after the other, and the remaining quarter was passed in town, where he dined out regularly every week-day, and gave a family dinner party every Sunday. Yet he never missed attending his church every morning at eight o'clock. He shot regularly until he was seventy-five. He was very fond of his rubber of whist, and played with the strictest attention to prescribed rules, nothing being allowed to interfere with the sanctity of his game. His appreciation of music was of the most limited character; yet I remember one occasion on which, even in his case, music conquered whist. He was engaged in his rubber one evening at Cannon Hall while some of the party were amusing themselves at the piano in the next room. It chanced that Handel's march in Scipio was played, and, when it was finished, we were surprised by hearing sounds of applause proceeding from the whist party. On looking round, we saw that the game had been suspended, and the General's cards thrown on the table: it was the tune which he had heard when watching the soldiers marching off for the Crimean War, the tune to which so many of his friends had marched to their death.—S. P.

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from the housekeeper, who had been to see a daughter who was ill with it, and they said that my aunt was completely altered by the effects of the illness.

Of my aunts, only one was ever married—my aunt Marianne; she married Mr. Hudson.

She had great powers of writing, and was extremely witty. She must have been quite her father's daughter in this respect, and, indeed, she did not harmonise with either her mother or her sisters: one of the latter, I remember, said to me one day, "Oh! did not we sing 'Oh! be joyful!' when she married." She had lived much abroad, and the life of the Continent suited her much better than that in England.

She spoke French wonderfully. One day she came to her mother dressed up as an old Frenchwoman—Madame la Comtesse de Chiffons—with a basket of lace to sell her. My grandmother could not get rid of her, and, consequently, bought much more lace than she required, never recognising that the vendor was her own daughter.

My mother has often told me that we could not, in these days, imagine the great sensation made by the novel of "Almack's," which was written by my aunt Hudson, nor the anxiety displayed to make out who the characters in it were, the guesses being generally wrong. The picture which it presented of Almack's, though it may appear exaggerated now, was, indeed, scarcely overdrawn. The coterie which governed the balls was so extremely exclusive that my mother simply did not dare to let out that she was able to go there every time, on account of the storm of jealousy which would have been raised against her. Her *entrée* was effected through her niece (by marriage), Lady Lichfield, who was one of the patronesses, and who, with one or two others, decided the fate of those who used almost to kneel to them in the hope of getting tickets. So arbitrary were

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Mrs Hudson (Marianne Spencer Stanhope)

From a photograph.

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the patronesses, that, to show their power, they actually refused a ticket to the Duke of Wellington.

The authorship of the novel was kept a profound secret, because it was written against Mrs. Beaumont of Bretton—Lady Birmingham in the novel—and it contrasted Bretton with Cannon Hall. If it had oozed out that it had been written by one of our family, the Beaumonts would never have forgiven us. The book was in everyone's hands, but the secret was well kept. My mother told me how much she was amused one day when old Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist (Lady Leicester's cousin), could not put it down; but, supposing, as everyone did, that it had been written by a man, he kept on exclaiming, "Vulgar fellow! why does he use all these French expressions?" my mother being conscious all the time that the manuscript was lying in the table-drawer behind her, it having been sent to her for correction.

Mr. Hudson was cousin to Lord Aveland, and lived at Tadworth, near Epsom, which reverted to Lord Aveland, who eventually sold it to Lord Russell of Killowen. My aunt, however, after the death of Mr. Hudson, retained it for her life, and kept it up beautifully, my uncle Philip acting as her agent. We used often to go to stay there.

I remember a ridiculous thing happening. After I married, and while we were living in Upper Grosvenor Street, my aunt Hudson, who almost lived with us, and who was always welcome, used to take up her quarters at Begbie's Hotel, in Grosvenor Street, so as to be near us. One day she wrote word that she was coming up to London, and would dine with us, and would come to have tea with me at five o'clock. Accordingly, on the stroke of five, there was a knock at the hall door, and Mrs. Hudson was announced. I flew to embrace my aunt, and found myself in the arms,—not of the right Mrs. Hudson,—but of Mrs. Hudson, the "*Railway Queen*," whom I scarcely knew.

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After the death of my grandfather, my grandmother and aunts went to Versailles, where they remained for two years.

On one occasion, when visiting Cannon Hall at about this time, my father was very much struck with some wonderfully fine grapes there, which he found growing on a vine raised from seed which he had brought back with him from Greece. He took a bunch with him to Versailles, and challenged the Frenchmen to beat them. They took up the challenge, but were defeated: they could not produce anything to be compared with the grapes from Cannon Hall. He gave some of the vine to the Botanical Society, and allowed it to become public, with the proviso that it was to be called "The Cannon Hall grape." It is a white Muscat of Alexandria, the fruit being almost as large as plums.*

I remember, when I was a child, there was a very pretty little vine at Cannon Hall which my father had brought with him from Greece. It was the Zante grape, from which our "currants" are made. These formed beautiful little bunches, which made such a pretty contrast to the Cannon Hall grapes, at the other end of the table. They had no pips. The gardener, unfortunately, let the vine die.

The King of the Belgians sent his gardener over to Cannon Hall to learn about the cultivation of the Cannon Hall vine, and built a house specially for it. Once when the Queen and Prince Albert had luncheon at Dalmeny, some Cannon Hall grapes were sent there, and Prince Albert remarked that they were much finer than what were grown at Windsor, and that he could not understand why grapes seemed to do better at Cannon Hall than anywhere else.

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* The original vine came to an untimely end some years ago by the fall of a ladder.—S. P.

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CHAPTER III.

My father had a very classical and highly cultivated mind. He possessed great refinement of feeling, and a high appreciation of art. He was a very good historian, and was very fond of poetry, which he used to read aloud most beautifully, his rendering of Shakespeare being truly delightful.* He

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* My grandfather was educated at Westminster, and, subsequently, at Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church. Many of his letters when an undergraduate are clever and interesting, but are scarcely worth reproducing at the present day. Amongst his letters of that date I have found the following: it is in his handwriting, though whether it is his composition or not, I cannot say with certainty.—S. P.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CHIMNEY BOARD.

Here lie entomb'd
The ashes, earthly parts and remains
Of a bright and aspiring genius:
Who, in his youth,
Discovered some sparks
Of a brilliant and volatile nature;
But was, in maturity,
Of a steady and grateful disposition
And diffuse benevolence.
Tho' naturally
Of a warm temper,
And easily stirr'd up,
Yet was he a shining example
Of fervent and unreserved benignity.
For, tho' he might have been
The most dangerous and dreadful
Of enemies,
He was the best
And kindest
Of friends.

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had the most remarkable facility for foreign languages, and his French pronunciation was excellent: he had learnt it from an old *emigré*, a Marquis de Moligny. Once in Paris at a fancy ball, where he had gone as a French Marquis, he was taken for a Frenchman by almost everyone in the room, till, at last, an English lady, who was determined to make out who he was, got hold of his seals, and saw his coat of arms.

Nor did he ever look cool,
Even upon his foes,
Tho' his fondest admirers
Too often turn'd their backs upon him.
O, undiscerning
And invidious times,
When such illustrious examples
Are thus wantonly made light of!
Such resplendent virtues
Thus basely blown upon!
Tho' rather the promoter
Of a cheerful glass in others,
And somewhat given to smoking,
Yet he was himself never seen
In liquor,
Which was his utmost abhorrence.
Raking, which ruins most constitutions,
Was far from spoiling his;
Tho' it often threw him
Into inflammatory disorders.
His days, which were short,
Were ended by a gentle and gradual decay.
His substance wasted,
And his strength consumed,
A temporal period was put
To his final existence,
By his being seized with a cold
In one of the warm days
Of the fatal month of May.
His loss and his cheering influence
Is often and feelingly regretted
By his friends,
Who erected this monument
In memory
Of his endearing virtues.

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In the early part of the 19th century, learned men became anxious for some more perfect knowledge than they then possessed of the famous battlefields of Greece. At that time even a journey from Yorkshire to London was considered an undertaking of no small magnitude, but a journey to Greece in the pursuit of scientific investigation was a much more serious business: with this object, however, my father left England in the year 1810.

I may, however, give the outline of his travels in his own words, as published in the later editions of his "Platæa and Olympia":—

> "In the month of January, 1810, I left England in company with my friend, Mr. Knox [afterwards Lord Ranfurly], with the view of visiting those parts of the Peninsula which were then independent of the French; and of proceeding afterwards by the way of Sicily to Greece. In pursuance of this plan, after having staid some time at Lisbon, we passed through the south of Portugal to Cadiz, from which place my fellow-traveller was obliged, on account of the state of his health, to return to England. I afterwards joined Mr. Haygarth, the author of the poem on Greece, who was then on his way to visit that country.
>
> "We proposed to embark at Gibraltar for Sicily; but when the packet arrived, I was unfortunately so ill as to be unable to proceed. Mr. Haygarth, however, took his passage, and it was agreed between us that we should meet again in Sicily. But, as three weeks must elapse before the arrival of another packet, I felt great reluctance to remain so long in that fortress, and accordingly embarked there for Alicant, with the intention of afterwards passing on to Valencia, and from thence, by the Balearic Islands and Sardinia, to Sicily.

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"We had arrived off the port of Alicant, when a gale of wind obliged us to put back into Carthagena. From Carthagena I proceeded by land, through Murcia and Alicant, to Valencia, where I remained three weeks, and took this opportunity of visiting Murviedro the ancient Saguntum, and other remarkable places in the neighbourhood.

"At the end of that time I became anxious to rejoin my fellow-traveller, as I was fearful of being too late to overtake him; and, on the recommendation of the gentleman who, in Mr. Tupper's absence, acted as consul, I embarked on board of a Gibraltar privateer going to Majorca, which the number of French privateers then cruising off Valencia, rendered, in his opinion, the safest course I could adopt.

"After spending three days on board of this miserable vessel, I was treacherously carried into Barcelona, and delivered as a prisoner into the hands of the French. I shall not occupy the time of my readers with a relation of what befell me in that city, but content myself with mentioning that, after having been detained three months, two of which I passed in prison, I was sent through Catalonia to Perpignan, and from thence to Verdun.

"I was detained two years at that Dépôt, and then obtained, through the interest of Mons. Le Chevalier, permission to pass three months at Paris.

"It is impossible for me to mention the name of this excellent and distinguished man, without thus publicly expressing my gratitude for the obligations I owe to him, and without mentioning that, however precarious his own situation might then have been, he never failed to exert his influence in favour of an Englishman, at a time when any connection with an individual belonging to that country was regarded as equivalent to a state offence.

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"During this residence in Paris, I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with many of the most distinguished members of the Institute.

"Nothing could be more agreeable to my feelings than now to express publicly my gratitude to those by whom I was then countenanced and befriended, were it not that to most readers it might appear out of place and uninteresting.

"I cannot, however, forbear mentioning the names of M. Cassini, and M. Barbiè du Bocage, as it is to them I owe my introduction to the Institute, and to the high authority of their names I may principally attribute the interest which that body took in my behalf; and it was in consequence of that interest I ventured to present a Memoir to the first and third Classes, requesting that they would exert their influence with the Government to obtain permission for me to continue my travels on parole.

"My request was received in the kindest and most liberal manner. An application in my favour was immediately presented to the Emperor Napoleon by both Classes, and now that the political career of Napoleon is probably closed for ever, I am bound in justice to him to acknowledge the liberality with which he acted on this occasion; he granted even more than I asked; and, instead of simply permitting me to continue my travels on parole, he restored me unconditionally to liberty.

"As soon as I had procured a passport I proceeded to Germany; but the state of the Continent compelled me to return to England, and after remaining there for a short time, I again proceeded, as expeditiously as I could, through Germany to Greece.

"Upon my return to Paris, I laid my materials before the third Class of the Institute, who appointed M. Barbiè du Bocage to draw out a Report upon them."

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Although the results of my father's researches in Greece were published, the account of his travels still remains *perdu* in five or six volumes of manuscript at Cannon Hall. These volumes were written out at his dictation, partly by my mother, and partly by myself. I well remember the interest which they roused in me at the time, and, having recently obtained an opportunity of reperusing them, I found this interest revived to such an extent, that I decided to make copious extracts from them, and to partially save them, if possible, from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them, through the fading of the ink as years roll on.

These extracts, however, I will not insert just at present. They are confined to that portion of his journal which deals with his travels in Spain, and his imprisonment there, and in France. Interest has not yet flagged in the occurrences of the Napoleonic era; and the adventures of one who suffered under the then existing state of things, and who came in contact with many of the actors in the great drama, must naturally attract our attention at the present day much more than the account of mere travels in Greece, which, though beset by numerous difficulties at that time, have now been repeated so often, that they appear to be quite commonplace, and lacking in special interest.

My father's published account* of his discoveries in Greece was considered very clear, and met with a considerable amount of appreciation, both in England and abroad,

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* The publications were:—

"Topography illustrative of the Battle of Platæa," London, 1817. 8°—Plates accompanying. Folio.

"Olympia; or Topography illustrative of the actual state of the Plain of Olympia and the Ruins of the City of Elis." London, 1824. Folio.

This "was written at the desire of the third Class of the Institute of France, now [i.e. then] the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres"

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and secured for him his election as a corresponding member of the Institute of France in 1815, and as a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1816. They were illustrated by some beautiful drawings by De Wint, made from the suggestive and accurate, though quite unfinished, sketches of Allason, an architect whom he had taken out with him for the purpose.

The *Saturday Review*, referring to the last issue of his work, says :—

> "The History of Mr. Stanhope's Travels is curious in itself, and his researches become more interesting through their connection with those of the more famous traveller Col. Leake. That illustrious scholar, the father of all sound knowledge of Greek geography, travelled before Mr. Stanhope, but he did not publish his researches till after him. Mr. Stanhope had thus the opportunity of coming, on several points, to the same conclusions as Col. Leake by an independent process.
>
> "Mr. Stanhope's researches were incomparably less extensive than those of Col. Leake, but Col. Leake was the enquirer, who, in his own department, stands unrivalled, and Mr. Stanhope's researches, without at all approaching so unattainable a standard, were highly meritorious in every way.
>
> "The circumstances of Mr. Stanhope's travels were very singular. They should be noticed, . . . as they record one of the few good works of the elder Buonaparte. . . . He was allowed to spend three months in Paris, where he made the acquaintance of many

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"Topography illustrative of the Battle of Platæa, the Plain of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis." London, 1835. 8°—Plates accompanying. Folio.

"Platæa, Olympia, and Elis." London, 1865. Quarto.—S. P.

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members of the Institute. Through their interest, application was made to be allowed to continue his travels on parole. He got more than he asked, Buonaparte set him at liberty unconditionally. He went to Greece, where he made his researches in the course of 1814, after which he returned to Paris, and laid them before the Institute. . . .

"Mr. Stanhope's connection with the French Institute was, as we have seen, of the greatest gain to him personally, and he naturally preserved a deep affection, both for the body, and for its individual members. But simply as an enquirer, we doubt whether the academicians did him any good. We believe he would have done better if he had gone forth, like Col. Leake, purely under the guidance of his own wits. As it was, he went forth loaded with the notions of various Frenchmen, to whom, in his modesty, he looked up, but who, we suspect, were really his inferiors both in sense and scholarship. . . .

"The most recent editors and translators of Herodotus, of course, take Mr. Stanhope's sense of the passage [respecting the Oeroe] for granted. They quote Col. Leake, but make no reference to Mr. Stanhope, who certainly forestalled Col. Leake in publication, though not in actual discovery. Mr. Stanhope must be glad to see the advance which both scholarship and geography have made since his own youth, and we have a pleasure of our own in pointing out the claims of a veteran student to an equal share in the merit of a discovery, which, obvious as it seems now, probably required then a considerable effort of independent thought. . . .

"We are thankful to Mr. Stanhope for a beautiful and useful book, which we have the greatest pleasure

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in introducing to our readers, because it strikes us that his services as an inquirer into Greek topography have not been acknowledged as they deserve. This may be partly owing to the form of his works, in which he certainly fails to do justice to himself.

"No candid reader will forget that Mr. Stanhope travelled and wrote when there were no good guides to be had. The general accuracy of his views is guaranteed by their agreement with those of Col. Leake, who, as we have seen, has, in one case, made distinct use and acknowledgment of them.

"Mr. Stanhope's interest in his subject has not been quenched by age, and we shall be glad if we can at all contribute to procure for him in the evening of his days the amount of appreciation which he clearly deserves."

My father, during his travels, excavated a lovely arch at Pola: this is impressed on my mind because he had an oil painting of it made by Abel Hold from Allason's sketches, and he explained to me all about it.

He would have done a great deal more than he did in Greece, but, unfortunately, he had a most severe attack of malarial fever. His recovery, indeed, was very doubtful. I do not remember the details of his illness, but I remember his telling me that they were in a Greek habitation where there were a great many fowls, and the chickens were hopping over his face all day, while he had not the strength to get rid of them. Mr. Cockerell, Allason, and his faithful servant, Dimitri, were with him. At last he began to improve, and got strong enough to sit on a horse, with some support; and the change of air, and exercise, gradually did him good, and enabled him to recoup his strength. He eventually returned to Paris, and then to Yorkshire; but it was years

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before he threw off the effects of the fever which had been so nearly fatal to him.

He brought with him several very valuable pieces of sculpture: one by Phidias, which he presented to the nation. It was valued at two thousand pounds, and Sir Joseph Banks sent his carriage-and-four to fetch it, and convey it to the British Museum. He told my father that he wished to do honour to Phidias. There was also a very clever statue of a faun, a vase covered with leaves, and the head of Socrates with his mouth open; also a plaque with the most beautiful row of figures, like those of the Elgin marbles, and three or four columnar vases with figures upon them. All these are now at Cannon Hall.

I copy the following from an old newspaper:—*

> "In 1820, Mr. Stanhope qualified as a magistrate, and continued to fulfil the duties devolving upon him in that position until advancing years rendered the relinquishment of all public offices imperative. Mr. Stanhope exercised the office of a magistrate during the stormiest period through which the town and neighbourhood of Barnsley has passed.
>
> "Although the duty of reading the riot act, often rendered necessary by the tumults which distracted the district, never devolved upon him personally, he was brought into immediate contact with the mobs, which not unfrequently paraded the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and by his presence of mind was at one time especially instrumental in quelling a very serious disturbance.
>
> "At the time of which we are now treating, owing to the unsettled state of the district, a force of military was

* *South Yorkshire Gazette*, Nov. 15th, 1873.

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constantly kept in readiness to aid the civil power, at the old barracks at Mount Vernon. Mr. Stanhope had a great objection to calling in the military to the assistance of the civil power, but when it was necessary his hesitation was turned into rapid decision. On one occasion, during the prevalence of what are known as the 'Plug Riots,' his coolness and decision were remarkably exemplified. A band of infuriated rioters, marching from Huddersfield, suddenly presented themselves at Cannon Hall. Mr. Stanhope went out and briefly asked them what they wanted. The men replied that they wanted something to eat and drink; and Mr. Stanhope immediately said, 'It shall be supplied.' Whilst the mob of roughs were engaged in partaking of the good things provided, Mr. Stanhope sent a messenger to Barnsley to apprise the authorities of the approach of the mob, and when the rioters arrived at the town, they found both the civil and military authorities prepared to accord them a warm reception. They, however, wisely separated. Thus ended the 'Plug Riots.'

"Mr. Stanhope, during the greater part of his life, devoted himself principally to the duties devolving upon him as a country gentleman. In politics he was strictly conservative, but he never presented himself for election, although in the party contests which took place, he always exerted himself for the conservative candidate. The last time on which he exercised a vote was at the election of his son, Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq., as one of the members of the southern division of the West Riding.

"As a landlord, Mr. Stanhope ever consulted the interests of his tenantry, and the publications he issued, entitled 'A Catechism on Agriculture,' and 'A Catechism on Cattle,' bore evidence to the desire which animated

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him, for the improvement of agriculture, and the success of the farmer."

My father (in spite of what is said in the newspaper which I have just quoted) did once read the Riot Act at Barnsley, after which he quietly rode home, followed by his groom. All the way back he found the rioters sitting and lying under the hedges, and standing in groups on the road. The groom suddenly dashed past my father, and galloped off as hard as he could, leaving his master quite alone with the rioters, who, however, did not molest him. When he got home he asked about the groom, and was told that he had said, "His master was very ready to throw his life away, but he did not see that there was any necessity for *him* to do so too."

In the "Sketches of Local Characters" * they say:—

Mr. Stanhope's taste for practical farming, and for improvements in every department of agriculture, was doubtless fostered very materially by his annual visit to his father-in-law at Holkham Hall, at the celebrated sheep-shearings, when the first agriculturists in the kingdom used to assemble to see and hear of the progress the Earl of Leicester had made in improving the breed of sheep and shorthorned cattle, and of the extent of barren waste that had been converted into fertile soil. There was, perhaps, no man of his day that rendered such service to agriculture as the late Earl of Leicester, and his annual gatherings of leading agriculturists tended in no small degree to diffuse knowledge and provoke emulation far and near."

* Probably in the *Barnsley Times* of 1873.—S. P.

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To the reference made above to my father's interest in agriculture, I may add that he was very fond of trees, and of planting them. He told me that when he was a young man, there was a certain plantation which he was very anxious to save from the destructive attentions of the boys of the neighbourhood, so he put up a large board with, "Anyone trespassing in this plantation will be spiflicated according to law." The result was very satisfactory; as the fear of spiflication, whatever it meant to them, deterred intruders from passing through the plantation, and the trees were unmolested.

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CHAPTER IV.

THIS chapter I propose to devote to some letters that I have come across, written by my father to his mother, which will, I think, prove interesting. I have copied them out, because the subject of them refers to what is now quite a thing of the past, and few people, perhaps, had such an opportunity of being identified with it as my father.

Travelling in the Highlands of Scotland was certainly difficult then, if not often actually dangerous. There were no good roads leading from one point to another, perhaps no conveyances to be had, and the traveller often had to scale several mountains before reaching his destination.

My father told me it was one of the most interesting and exciting experiences of his life, seeing Scotland in its natural and uncivilized state. No novel of Sir Walter Scott's could come up to the interest of taking part in the living reality. He was under peculiarly good auspices, too, as his great friend and chaperon, Mr., afterwards Sir Archibald Macdonald, was a near relation of the Laird, Lord Macdonald, and it was not given to everyone to go a regal progress with the Lord of the Isles, all through his own dominions.

He said that the Laird stopped wherever he chose, sometimes in a great house, sometimes in a Highland shanty, but, wherever he went, all the clansmen were bound to receive him; and they joined the chieftain's "tail," as it was called, until he had a large following of his clan, and all in the Macdonald tartan. It was the most feudal sight that could be imagined, now long passed away for ever.

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and it was a wonderful thing to have personally realised the more than royal power exercised by the Highland chieftains.

Edinburgh was then, not only noted for its clever and scientific society, but all the fashionable people of Scotland assembled there. London was much too far off for them to think of going there, and they had no connection with it.

It was, indeed, almost the same thing in Yorkshire in those days; the great county families were, as James I. would have said, "Ships in the river"; very few ventured to the sea of London: Doncaster and York were their great gathering places, and Scarboro' was their favourite seaside resort.*

"Edinburgh,
"August 3rd, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Your long wished-for letter has at last arrived, and was additionally welcome in conveying one of William's [his brother, Roddam].

"Since I last wrote, a considerable change has been operated in my ideas respecting Scotch balls, and I am at this moment upon my sofa, so thoroughly knocked up, that I do not think I shall go to the races. We have had two more; an excellent one, and a very dull one; the former was a subscription ball, with a supper, for which I shall have to 'tug out.'

* My grandfather also travelled in Ireland and Wales, but his letters when on these tours were not so interesting as those from Scotland. His mother seems to have been the recipient of most of his correspondence, and he often wrote to her in French, apparently with the same facility as he did in English. A considerable portion of the journal of the travels in Spain and France was also written, in the first instance, in French.—S. P.

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"I had the felicity of dancing with some of the greatest belles and best dancers of Edinburgh, the first and principal of whom was Miss Lammont of Lammont, the Laird of Lammont's daughter; she was very handsome, but, like most Scotch girls, not at all interesting, and excessively French. I danced, also, with a Miss Brown; there are one or two of them; they are very good dancers, handsome, but neither of them left any impression upon me. I experienced one of the most horrible of human miseries: I received a dead smite from Miss Graham of Kinross, who was a very elegant girl, and who, not having been much in Scotland, was a very great contrast to the Scotch manner, and I did not leave a pin unturned to get introduced to her: but, alas! when I did, not all her eloquence could prevail upon her mother to stay, as, poor me! she was going out of town next morning. I had, also, the supreme felicity of dancing with Lady Flaminia ——, who assured me she did not remember me, as she had not seen me since I was a little boy. Yesterday I took a snug dinner with Archy Macdonald, and had the happiness of seeing the belle. I, notwithstanding all my skill in physiognomy, have not found out what she is like, but, in spite of Mary Anne's [his sister, Mrs. Hudson] ideas of beauty, am inclined to admire her. She certainly is a very fine girl. After writing such an account of her, I could not help going to hear their music, and found there the Laird of Lammont and Lord James Murray, to whom I was introduced.

"As Dudley Macdonald is waiting to go with me to Sir John Sinclair's, where we are to dine to-day, I must conclude with assuring you that I am

"Your affectionate and dutiful son

"J. S. STANHOPE."

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"Edinburgh,

"August 6th, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I wish I could enjoy the sight of the astonishment which your countenance will exhibit upon the receipt of this letter. To come at once, then, to the point: I am going to the Hebrides; and what is more, I am going to canvass for the county of Inverness-shire. Though you may not envy me my scheme, I think you will envy me my companion. I am going with Archibald Macdonald. We shall sett off as soon as he has fixed Mrs. Macdonald in a house, where she can be confined. We are to have a gig, our two outriders, and a led horse; and, as I do not think that my horse is exactly calculated for the Hebrides, I wish, if I can, to sell him and buy a pony. So much for the future.

"I know that you consider these races as the summit of gaiety, but, what is more, I know that you are considerably mistaken in that notion; for, I think, of all the races I ever was at, they are the stupidest; the races themselves are horrible, though the view is very pleasing. The pleasure of the ordinary consists in pushing the wine about. * * * *

"Having just returned from the race-course, I take up my pen with a view to finish my letter. I got away from the ordinary about ten o'clock last night, and sett off for the ball with high expectations, but, alas! how were these expectations answered? Pray tell my father that he may lay aside all fears of my taking advantage of the easiness of the Scotch laws with respect to matrimonial engagements, for there was not a girl in the room fit in the smallest degree to be compared

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with the *petite* Barlow; not one fit to breathe the same atmosphere with a certain lovely Hibernian. I do not intend to sacrifice to any Scottish belle my place as footman to Miss Cholmley. I did not think the dancing so excellent; but the worst was, that you only dance one dance with your partner, which makes it very disagreeable for a foreigner (for so they term us) who knows very few people.

"I never was so much amused as I was last night after the ball; the master of the ordinary came and told us that Frank Primrose [Lord Rosebery's brother], who was most royally drunk, was offering to play at hazard for ten thousand pounds. We went to bring him home, and we found seven of them over their wine still; we had dined at five, and it was then two! I never saw such a scene in my life. Poor Sir John Scott was irresistible; he wanted to speak, and began with a groan, by way of preamble, which lasted at least ten minutes, and not a single letter could he form in his mouth: it was impossible to stand it: I shouted so, that I prepared to run, in case he sent a bottle at my head. We, at last, after some difficulty, got Frank to bed.

"We are to have a subscription ball to-night, but I fear it will be very bad; for without girls, and without a lady manageress, what is to be done?

"I look forward every day for a letter from you, for I am very desirous of knowing what you have been about since I left you. I think this a monstrous long letter, so adieu.

"Believe me,

"Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

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"Edinburgh,
"August 7th, 1806.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I wrote to my mother to inform her of my safe arrival yesterday, but as it was too late for the mail, I did not send it. I arrived here early in the morning, tolerably tired, and breakfasted with the Primroses, with whom I afterwards rode to Barnbougle.*

"If he does build a Gothic house on the spot pointed out by Davidson, the architect, it will be an extremely fine place. We returned late to dinner, and found Milnes arrived with six pointers and numerous *et cæteras* for shooting, Lord Rosebery and all the family taking the races on their road from London. I do not think the races seem to promise well.

"Lord Kinnaird and the Duke of Gordon left Edinburgh yesterday; the dinners are likely to be most dreadful nuisances. Their drinking, which, I understand, is excessive, is varied by the ancient nuisance of toasts, etc., and I think I shall have recourse to the feint of a bloody nose.

"Milnes is as mad as usual, stark mad after shooting; he does not care for the races at all. Primrose is trying all he can to get me leave to shoot upon some moors; he has got leave for Milnes for the same that he himself is going on.

---

* The old castle belonging to Lord Rosebery, close to the water's edge (the Firth of Fife). The view has been compared with that of the Bay of Naples. It was to preserve this view and situation that our Lord Rosebery (i.e., the late Lord Rosebery) built Dalmeny close by. Excepting at one corner, the sun is entirely excluded from the house, as it is backed by a very steep bank, with trees growing upon it. It is also built on piles, and cannot be very healthy. I have often heard old Rosebery say that he would not wish his worst enemy a worse fate than to build his own house. When I was at Dalmeny, Barnbougle was a ruin. I believe the present Lord Rosebery has built it up.—A. M. W. P.

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"The horses arrived quite safe. Poor Joe [the servant] does not at all admire the whisky. Milnes and I have lodgings in the same hotel, and one parlour between us. With the new town I am delighted; the old one I have not yet much inspected. The language is quite beyond my comprehension. I can only understand some who talk like Lady Perth. The plan of many of the women of walking without shoes or stockings is no inconsiderable annoyance to me.

"As I cannot judge yet whether I shall like the Scotch or not, I will reserve my opinion of them to a future period. I conclude this scrawl with assuring you,

"I sincerely remain
"Your very dutiful and affectionate son,
"J. SPENCER STANHOPE.

"If you cannot read it, blame the pen."

"Edinburgh,
"August 12th, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Your letter is just arrived, and gave me great pleasure in conveying your approbation of my scheme. Your message I have delivered to Mrs. Macdonald, for I am now writing in her rooms.

"You may expect some time in September a visit from a brace of Counts; two Prussian noblemen of high rank, who have been travelling in this country by permission from their King. One of them is a Finance Minister. His cousin was sent by most of the other Prussian noblemen, just before the war broke out, to remonstrate with their King upon his conduct to the country. He found, however, upon his arrival in Berlin, that we had begun to take their

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ships; and he considered it, therefore, useless to execute his commission, but wrote a private letter to the King, to inform him of the general opinion of the nation; this my friend considers as a most spirited action, and prides himself upon it. I first met them at Sir John Sinclair's, where I dined. He entrusted the care of lionising them to Archy Macdonald. They are now gone to the Highlands, where, I expect, they will lose themselves. I have given them a letter to my father, so I suppose you will have the amusement of entertaining them, and laughing at Prussian *politesse*.

"The races are now entirely over, and Edinburgh has begun to assume a more melancholy appearance. Miss Lammont, however, is still here, and she is, without doubt, the reigning beauty. Even the little Lordling is quite smitten, and laments she will not patronise London. You cannot imagine how different the manners here are to those in your town. Dudley and I walked all over Edinburgh with her; she even took me into a house where she was going to call, and introduced me; I also made her a morning visit with Primrose. She is extremely handsome, but she talks—oh, how she talks! I would bet her against Miss Banks. Archy thinks she would be reckoned a first-rate beauty in London.

"I was much amused with Lady Sinclair, who, when we were talking about Miss Lammont, recommended to me, in the most natural way, Miss Campbell. By the by, I have almost been in love with her; but I cannot comprehend her, she is either very proud or very stupid, though I cannot think the latter, as her eyes are very lively. I do not know, however, whether I might not have been dead-smitten, had not Lady Cawdor stayed here yesterday on her way to Cawdor

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Castle. I called immediately, and found her alone; she received me with a cordial shake of the hands, looked as charming as ever, and told me that she was very glad indeed to have seen me.

"As for our future schemes: we shall sett off to-morrow or next day; shall go first to Dupplin Castle, then to Blair, the Duke of Athole's. We shall then go to the coast and Staffa; the Laird of Staffa will send his boat for us, and he will entrust us to the care of the Laird of the Isles, Lord Macdonald, for he still retains that title, though it was forfeited in the rebellion, and given to the Prince of Wales. If, however, he (the Prince) was to make his appearance under that title, the Highlanders would consider him as an usurper and kick him into the sea.

"The direction to me, I enclose, and finish this long scrawl by subscribing myself,

"Yr. dutiful affectionate son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

"Blair Athole,

"August 20th, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here we are at the Duke of Athole's, where we arrived yesterday to dinner. The Dutchess I like very much; the Duke is very difficult to get on with, as he is remarkably shy.

"To give you a short account of our adventures: we left Edinburgh on Saturday in a chaise, having sent our horses on. As soon as we had crossed the Firth of Forth we met with a very considerable obstacle, that of finding no horses; but we at last mustered a pair of long-tailed cart-horses, and arrived at Kinross at seven o'clock to dinner.

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"At Kinross there is a beautiful lake, with an island on which there are the remains of a castle where Queen Mary was confined, and from which she effected her escape. After eating some famous trout, we proceeded on our journey with a cart-horse and a mail-coach-horse which was quite knocked up. At the Bridge of Earn we found our horses, mounted them, and proceeded to Dupplin Castle, where we arrived just after my lord had retired to bed. There we stayed Sunday. On Monday we proceeded to Perth, and, from Perth, we went to Dunkeld.

"At Dunkeld we were in the Highlands; but, instead of towering, bleak mountains, and nothing but heath all round us, we found one of, I may say, the most beautiful countries I ever saw.

"One of the Duke's houses is here situated in a strath, or valley, watered by the Tay, and the mountains, which rise one above the other, are entirely covered with wood, principally young plantations: the effect is altogether beautiful.

"I saw there the Fall of Ossian, a most glorious waterfall, which it would require several letters to describe.

"We left Dunkeld yesterday, and, passing almost all the time through the Duke's estate (and, amongst other things, the famous Pass of Killicrankie), arrived here at dinner.

"The Duke was in the forest with Lord Westmorland deer-stalking, but he came here this morning, with a brace of stags, in expectation of finding Mr. Lifford, a parliamentary overseer of roads, etc.

"As I have given you a brief account of what is past, I will now look to the future."

. . . . . .

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"Armadale,

"August 31st, 1806.

"My dear Mother,

"Here I am, thank God, alive, safe, and sound, after a journey which those who have never been in these parts cannot in the least degree conceive. Talk not to me of bad roads! What can you, what can anybody know of a bad road, who has not seen the Corry Arrach, who has not scaled the Raltian!

"But I will endeavour to pursue my narrative from the place where I left off. I left you, I think, at Blair. We stayed there longer than we intended, long enough, however, to be perfectly at home there, for, as we had rain all the time, we were compelled to amuse the ladies, who consisted of the Dutchess and her young party, Lady Amelia and Lady Elizabeth; Augusta Murray, sister to Sir Peter Murray of Auchtertyre, and an intimate friend of Lord Melville's (she is a very nice girl, and was a belle); Miss Knight, the Dutchess's *protégée*, and part of her dowery; and Catherine Hay, her niece, a very pretty girl, not yet out of her pupilage. I made love very strenuously, both to Lady Elizabeth (who is pretty, but very brusque), and to Miss Hay. The Dutchess, I liked very much. I had a much better introduction than any Mrs. Beaumont could have given, as she rather ignores her, whereas Macdonald is her chief councillor. I saw Lord Westmorland there.

"We at last sett off, and arrived, quite wet through, at Dalwhinnie, where we found Lord Blantyre shooting with a party consisting of his brother, Charles Stuart, his uncle, and Burton Fyle. We dined with him, and proceeded next morning on our way over the Corry Arrach. It was three miles up to the top, and six

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miles down on the other side. The road was a zig-zag one, with the surface covered with large, loose stones, and every now and then it degenerated into steps cut through a rock. Over this we went, in the middle of a dreadful rain, abetted by a most violent wind, so that we were dripping with rain, and frozen by the sharpness of the wind. We at last, however, arrived at Fort Augustus, where we found Neville, Lord Braybrooke's son, and Vansittart, who were making a shooting tour under Macdonald's direction, and who had left Blair before us, that we might not be inconvenienced at the inns for want of room. We rested ourselves with them a day, and paid a visit to the Governor, Colonel Brodie, an enormous quiz. At last we sett off again: but to describe our difficulties would be impossible. The road lay through the mountains, and wound round them. The general style of the country was a glen, with a river running through the middle of it, the mountains rising almost perpendicularly on each side and in front; and every moment a furious torrent, collecting all the rivulets from the top of the hills, swelled to an amazing size by the quantity of rain that had fallen, precipitated itself from rock to rock with foaming rapidity, and added a degree of majestic horror to the scene by its roaring sound. Some of them, indeed, were so grand as to make us for a moment forget the pitiless rain and wind that poured its utmost rage against us. You will naturally be desirous to know what kind of a road these barbarous regions produced. It was composed of rocks and loose stones, *and variegated with rivers and bogs*; the consequence was, that we were obliged to trust to our own legs, as the only safe way of proceeding, and the only means of keeping us alive, from the intenseness of the cold.

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"We had left Fort Augustus in the morning at eight, having received information that an inn was to be found about ten Scotch miles off. When we arrived there, the inn was vanished. Imagine, if you can, our horror! We were forced to proceed, and arrived at about five o'clock at a most miserable hut called Strathchamy. It was too contemptible to pay taxes, but there we met with a most extraordinary character—a true Highlander, *a gentleman in his own ideas*—who had four brothers, officers in the army; called great men his intimate friends, and affirmed that he did not keep an inn, but only accommodated people who were benighted; in short, he amused us amazingly. We slept without taking our clothes off.

"The next day we experienced a worse journey, and crossed the sea in a storm, in a very small boat. Next morning, to our great astonishment, we saw the sun again; a fortnight had elapsed since we had seen a fine day, and we had been wet through every and all day since we had left Blair. We came here by sea, and here we are with the Lord of the Isles.

"I received your letter, and Macdonald desires numerous compliments.

"Your very dutiful son,

"J. S. STANHOPE."

"Scandon, Isle of Skye,

"September 14th, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Many thanks for your long letter dated the twenty-first. In these distant regions you may easily imagine it gave me very considerable pleasure to hear of and from you; but, however remote these regions

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may be, they do not abound in barbarism, for this very spot on which I am writing can boast of one of the most charming and most elegant girls I ever saw. Of course, I am most desperately in love, and as there is a *parson* in the house, *to foretell the consequences would be as impossible as it would be useless.*

"But to resume the thread of my despatches, the last of which, I fancy, dated from Portree. We left (that is to say, Archibald Macdonald and I, as we found that business detained the Peer there) in company with our present host, and arrived at this place, where we spent last Sunday. On Monday we proceeded to join Lord Macdonald at Kingsborough, sacred as the habitation of Flora Macdonald; it is now, however, in the possession of Major Campbell. We dined and slept there, and the next day arrived at Mugset, belonging to Major Macdonald, a true old Highlander. From there we went to dinner one day to Ard, the north-west extremity of the island, and thus we have now travelled from the southernmost point to the most northern, and all was Lord Macdonald's property. We dined at the house, or hut, of two old ladies, who produced a bowl which the Prince, *alias* the Pretender, broke, by suffering it to fall from his hands, when anxious for more punch; but, as it was broken exactly in half, it had been easily joined together, and we concluded the dinner by drinking some punch out of it to the memory of the *Prince.*

"After staying two days at Mugset, we returned to Kingsborough, where we again dined and slept, and returned here, after having crossed a very rough arm of the sea. We were received here in style, for upon the moment of our host's meeting us, two field pieces, which were drawn out to the sea-shore, fired a grand salute. This place, I fear, we leave to-morrow. We

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travel to a great degree in the old Highland manner: we are obliged to stop at the houses of all the proprietors and drink whisky, and every step we go we make an addition to our party; the consequence is that every house we arrive at we fill.

"To-day, my friend, the parson, did duty in the house; he commenced with giving out a psalm, and, after the discourse, he, to my utter astonishment, prayed for Lord Macdonald, and afterwards for the younger branches.*

"This is the best house we have been in since we have arrived in Skye. Our host is a Macdonald, colonel of one regiment of the Volunteers, and has been in the East Indies. People here have very large families, and all their sons go, if they can get a writership, to the East; if not, into the army.

"I certainly was considerably astonished at your Royal visitors, and shall expect next to hear that you have been entertaining the Prince himself. The little Viscount and myself correspond, and he states that the aggregate number of moor-fowl killed was three hundred and sixty-eight brace. What are become of my Prussian friends I know not. I suspect they must have lost themselves. Poor Lady Francis Hay is dead. I saw her in Edinburgh, but was not introduced to her. Why did you not introduce Glyn to Lord Milton? They would be fit society for one another.

"The best direction for your letters will be Post Office, Inverness.

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* My father told me that one day in Skye, when he was walking with one of Lord Macdonald's gillies, he questioned him a little, wanting to find out exactly what allegiance they owed to the Laird: the man turned round, and said, "I would have your head off in five minutes, if I had the Laird's orders for it."—A. M. W. P.

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"When you have got as far as this you probably will be beginning to yawn, so I had better conclude with assuring you that I constantly remain

"Your dutiful son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

"Raasay,

"September 19th, 1806.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"If you open Johnson's 'Tour,' you will find the former Laird of Raasay described as the very essence of hospitality. If you look into Mrs. Murray's 'Tour,' you will find the present Laird, son to the old one, abused like a pickpocket for his want of hospitality. You will almost wonder at my courage at coming here after such an account, but I assure you I have no cause to repent of it. Raasay is shy, and, therefore, I can easily imagine Mrs. Murray might mistake him; but, so far from being deficient in hospitality, he is now detaining us, rather against our will, on a fine day.

"The party here consists of Mrs. Macleod, the Laird's wife, a young and very pleasing woman; Miss Ross, a fine girl, but an absolute Fingalian; she looks down upon me, and, I think, promises to hereafter be as fat as she is tall; two other nameless young ladies, two ministers, our two selves, and Leandel. I am obliged to be upon my guard, as Miss Ross is a great crony of my Leandel Belle.

"Our adventures on our way here were few. On Monday I *tore myself away*, as one of the party expressively termed it, from the Belle. We paid a visit, *en passant*, at Kingsborough, on our way to Portree, where we were detained two days by the weather.

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Yesterday, however, we crossed the sea in an open boat at this place, in the midst of the equinoctial gales: and a rough sea, indeed, we had. To-morrow we join Lord Macdonald at Scalpa.

"This is the first place like a house that we have seen since we have been in the Hebrides; and there are some large trees here. We danced reels all last night, as we had the pianoforte, accompanied by Raasay with a fiddle. We had recourse to dancing, in order to interrupt a dispute concerning the Troad and Herodotus, and other deep subjects, in which Macdonald and I were opposed to the two parsons. I found my parson perfectly obstinate, and so silenced him with a reel.

"You will be rather desirous of having some description of the Belle that gave me such a wound at Leandel. I will attempt it, therefore. She is about sixteen, very tall and slim; a beautiful figure; draws very well and understands French and Italian. Her first appearance did not strike me; but when I accompanied her in scrambles over the rocks, or in voyages round the world on a globe in the evening, I became so palpably smitten, that, since I have left her I have had all the Skye wits bating me. I assure you, nothing but my *duty* to my father could have made me resist the opportunity that the presence of the parson offered; particularly, as she made *the most elegant* bow I ever saw. If it was not, however, for the presence of Leandel, I would try whether a Miss Fingalia was not suitable. So much for Skye belles; and so much for my letter; which now concludes with assuring you that

"I truly remain

"Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

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"Armadale,

"Sept. 24th, 1808.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here we are again at Lord Macdonald's, after all the difficulties and adventures we experienced on our tour. We were detained in Raasay longer than we intended, by the equinoctial gales. The Laird was extremely civil, and sent for his piper, who is, after old Macrimon, the best in the Islands; and thus, like old times, we devoured our meals to the sound of the bagpipes. We at last ventured from Raasay on a very stormy day, and arrived, after a four hours' row, safe, but wet through, at Scalpa, to the great astonishment of Lord Macdonald, who is not a very bold navigator. The next day we crossed the sea to Corrychatuchan, and yesterday arrived here to dinner. From here, I believe, we go to Inverness.

"There has been a most extraordinary christening at Inverness, and the young Laird of Glengarry was the hero of it. He was carried upon a bed of Glengarry heather through the streets, preceded by the piper; on each side of him marched men of the clan in their Highland dresses, with their drawn dirks, and the Senach, or bard, brought up the rear. There was also a reel of chiefs, consisting of Glengarry, Lovat, the Chisholme and the Laird of the Macintoshes.

"Glengarry is a most extraordinary character, and is at least a century behind the rest of the Highlanders. He has committed crimes; has been acquitted for murder in a duel, only by a casting vote; and is now labouring under an action for an assault and battery. He attacked a doctor when marching with a gang of his followers, and would have killed him, had not some of

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the garrison at Fort Augustus received intimation and come to the rescue.

"What a very extraordinary event Fox's death is! Those honours, for the possession of which he had sacrificed his consistency, and employed every manner of means, whether justifiable or not, were, when at last acquired, the cause of his death; and he that was, so very short a time ago, giving the character of Mr. Pitt, is now a subject for other people to dwell upon.

"The races at Pontefract, from your account, must have been very gay.

"I am afraid my poor Counts have lost themselves, and what they will do in that case I know not, as they have only a leave of absence for a stated time.

"The Duke of Montrose has had an opposition party with him, so I hope they have arranged some proceedings for the next session.

"They tell me here that I look much better since I have been in Skye. Macdonald desires his best compliments, love to all at home.

"Believe me,

"Your very dutiful and
affectionate son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

"Blair Drummond,

"[?] Sept. 11th.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"As some time may elapse before I shall have another opportunity of writing to you, and as I can

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secure a frank, I will send you a few lines to tell you what we have done.

"From Edinburgh we went to Camoch, Stewart's house, on Friday last; we remained there till Monday, when we went to Lord Dunmore's to dinner; slept there, and then came on here to Drummond House. Stewart's is a nice house; an old Scotch castle: it is well furnished, but he is much too careful of his furniture. At Lord Dunmore's we were very kindly received. He is living now in his steward's house, but is building near it a handsome Gothic house. It already makes a splendid appearance, and will be in good taste. We found Lord Dunmore a very gentlemanlike, pleasant man. We were very kindly received here, but our hostess is in a very bad state of health.

"To-day we are to have a party; one of the Scotch grandees is to be here. To-morrow we shall proceed on our tour. We think of going first to Crieff, and so round by Loch Earnhead to Callander; from thence to Loch Katrine, and then to Loch Lomond; then to Glasgow, Lanark, the Falls of the Clyde, and to Edinburgh.

"This is a very nice place, the park is uncommonly well timbered, but flat; all sameness is, however, removed by the Highlands, which bound most of the views.

"Nothing can be worse than the weather we have had, and it does not seem to bid fair to improve at Drummond.

"I am in a stupid humour, so I will conclude. Love to all.

"Your dutiful son,

"J. S. S."

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The following letter is only a fragment, and from whose house it was written I do not know; it gives an account of a wonderful echo.

"At last we arrived at the end of the upper lake; but not a sign of the boat: in consequence of that, we got into a small boat, which conveyed us to Ronan's Island, where there is a beautiful cottage cut entirely in the rock. The Island is covered with arbutus and other trees. At last our boat arrived, and we enjoyed our luncheon; I think I may call it dinner, we ate so much. We now tried the effect of the bugle again, and of a cannon, which we fired from the top of a rock, the effect of which is inconceivable. You first hear a cannonading all round you, the sound then dies away in distant murmurs, and then comes rolling on like thunder; and sometimes you hear the different echoes for five minutes. The upper lake is wonderfully fine, though less extensive than the lower: it is surrounded on all sides by the largest mountains in Scotland. The calm of the water, and the verdure of some Islands, formed a delightful contrast to the rocky sides of the mountains. We tried our horn and cannon at a great many different places, but the finest of the whole was at the musical echo, where our trumpeter played the French horn. All his notes were immediately repeated by an amazing number of echoes, and each in a different tone. It put me in mind of a musical school, where the master plays a passage, and the scholars all follow him, some slower, some softer than the others.

"The passage which conducts from the upper lake to the lower, forms a completely different scene, for it is narrow, and the banks are covered with wood. There

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is a bridge, under which the current rolls with an astonishing force. You have, what they term, to shoot the bridge, that is, to put your oars into the boat, and commit yourselves to the helmsman, who steers you into the current, and you are carried down with a rapidity that beats all the breath out of your body; and, if the pilot should make the least mistake, there would be a grand finale.

"The next morning we were not a little overjoyed to hear that the band of a Highland regiment, stationed at Ross Castle, were going with the officers an excursion up the lake; and we determined to fall in with them. We bent our course across the lower lake to the passage: here the scene was delightful. The company all got out of their boats, and remained on the bridge, until the boatmen got into the water (there were five boats), and towed the boats up the current with all their might. The band meanwhile were playing amongst the trees. Our boat was very near being lost; it slipped from the men who were holding it, and must have been carried down, had it not been stranded upon a rock.

"We at last got off, and the scene was beautiful—the band playing, the boats pulling against one another, and a charming day to boot; but the finest thing I ever heard, and what I never shall forget, was the effect of the band at the echo under the Eagle's Nest. Conceive, if you can, the pipes, French horns, and all the softest instruments of a band playing the sweetest slow music, with an echo that returned you every note and every instrument with a softness surpassing all mortal sounds. I have frequently in my extensive novel and romance reading met with heavenly music, but never till then did I hear it. You might place yourself so as either

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to hear only the echo, and not the original band, or so as to hear both. We proceeded with them as far as the musical echo, and then hurried back, and shot the bridge, turned to the right, and landed in Dinis Island, which looks, on one side towards the passage, with a beautiful view of the bridge, enlivened by the rushing of the water down it, and on the other, to the soft and calm side of the Muscrap, or the middle lake. Whilst they were boiling some potatoes to give an Irish zest to our lunch, we took a dip in the lake.

"After the men had finished their dinner, we proceeded down Muscrup lake, and landed at the peninsula" . . . .

"My dear Mother,

"Never was a poor creature so terribly starved as I was when I entered my room five minutes ago, and was greeted with the agreeable appearance of a letter from you upon the table.

"This morning I started from Baron Norton's house, about eleven miles from here, whither I went on Saturday. The grey, when he was brought to the door, broke from the servant, and ran into the road, where he lost his shoe. I consequently sett off on the pony, just as it was beginning to snow. Before I had got far, the most dreadful storm began, which converted the snow into a kind of hail, and raised a complete cloud in the sky, so that it was hardly possible to see before me. In short, about a mile from Edinburgh, I was obliged to stop at a turnpike, to put in a little new life. My hat and my coat were an entire sheet of ice, and my eyelashes were literally frozen up, so that I could hardly see, and my hands were in agony. My good

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landlady here immediately offered me a basin of barley broth, which, with your letter, has completely restored me.

"This last week has been a very pleasant one to me. I mentioned my first party at the Dutchess of Gordon's, where I met, and renewed my acquaintance with Lord James Murray, and met Mrs. Hay, the wife of Colonel Hay, who had seen you at Bretton, and various other people. The next day I called on Mrs. Hay, and found her with two very pleasant, but not pretty, daughters. However I liked them so well, that I sat a full hour there. The next morn I called again at the Dutchess's. She asked me to come again in the evening, when I found all the apparatus of dancing. The Dutchess, who you must know is given over by her physician, takes it very coolly, and sat up till the end. Miss Fordyce introduced me at her desire to Miss Wynne, the painim that the old chevalier found out. She is Mrs. Freemantle's sister. We immediately commenced a grand flirtation. She assured me that she had known everything about me, and all that I had done, since I had been in Edinburgh, and ended by asking me to go the next evening to her sister's, Mrs. Robert Campbell, Madame Eugénie.

"Accordingly I went, and found the chevalier, the Duke of Argyll, Lord John Campbell, another man, and a Miss Kinlock. They made a table of cards, and the Duke, Miss Wynne, and myself amused ourselves as we could. We had a snug *soupé*, and I was asked to come again the following evening, which I did, having made a previous call, and found them at home in the morning.

"That evening, which was Friday, I found the Duke, his brother, Lady Charlotte, and no less a person than

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Monk Lewis, who introduced himself to me, and became the greatest friends with me; also a Miss Brown, who is something of a cruiser, whom I made teach me German backgammon. We had some delightful singing by the two Miss Wynnes and Lady Charlotte. So *me voila niché* in one of the highest houses in Edinburgh. I am only afraid they will not stay long, as they are going to be turned out of their house. Mrs. Campbell received her visitors all her length on the sofa. My flirt is in figure a little like Lady Arabella Townsend, and fancies herself the most tonish girl in Edinburgh, and, at the Dutchess' ball, waltzed with the Swedish baron. He is very handsome, and is going to town with his two friends.

"I, however, am become great friends with two other Swedish barons. They are very young, at least, I take it, not above sixteen; but they are specially well-mannered, and very well-looking. One is the son of General Armsfeld, and the other of the late Governor of Pomerania; they have with them an *Abbé*, and are attending the lectures here.* I met them at a fencing-master's who lives at the palace, and was extremely pleased with them, and, as they always talk French, it does me good. They have, also, been in Germany.

"On Saturday I sett off for Baron Norton's, though, by so doing, I lost a party at the play to which Miss Wynne had invited me. After a cold and dirty ride I arrived at his house, but he was out a coursing. He has a family of five children. Mrs. Norton seems to be a very good sort of woman, but does not understand keeping house very well." . . . .

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* They became very intimate with us. and stayed a good deal at Cannon Hall.—A. M. W. P.

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"Methven Castle,
"Dec. 27th, 1807.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Here I am at the *ancien Château de Methven*. The party consists of the host and hostess, Mademoiselle Barbara, a Miss Chrystom, who is also termed an heiress, though she has only ten thousand pounds, Knox, and myself.

"But to begin methodically, and recount you the adventures of the past week. On Sunday I dined with Baron Norton. On Monday I dined at Lady Dalzell's, with whose son, an advocate, I had previously made acquaintance. Amongst others, I met there Lady ——, Lord Buchan's sister, a most vulgar woman. She had with her a most beautiful *protégée*, with whom young Henry Erskine seemed to be smitten. She was not, however, at all to my *goût*. I there learned something that I had so much suspected that I had never had courage to enquire, for fear my suspicions should be verified: it is that Miss Ogilvie is heir to Lord Audley, which, I believe, is a proscribed race; thus, as Monk Lewis said in a letter to Archy Macdonald, it is one of the misfortunes of a gentleman to be always falling in love with the very person in the world he ought not. However, I am of so variable a disposition that I have already got over it.

"On Tuesday we had a famous debate at the Speculative upon the subject of the condemnation of Charles I. I gave them a longish speech, and afterwards adjourned to a party at Dugald Stewart's, where I managed my cards so well with Lady Carnegie, that I have no doubt that she will introduce me to Lord Cathcart.

"On Wednesday morning Knox and I started for Kinross. We found Richard [his servant] bilious: on

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that account we did not pursue our original plan for riding, but left him to recover; and about seven o'clock we made our entrance here. I had not been long in the house before they informed me that 'Skyana' was at Perth, and, since they began, they have never ceased quizzing me, and more particularly her. You know Miss Campbell's excellence in the art of singing. She drew up such a caricature of 'Skyana,' that Knox could not rest till he had seen her. Accordingly we rode to Perth yesterday, and found her. Knox, who went to laugh, remained to sigh: he was quite smitten.* I think she is a little fallen off, and has grown rather conceited. For my part I have, I fancy, got the character of an Oroondates in Perth, for the minister's daughter, upon seeing me, asked me if I was Mr. Stanhope that Miss Macdonald talked so much about.

"You will want to know how I stand in the good graces of Miss Campbell. I was received with a most gracious shake of the hand. For the first day or two neither Knox nor I could venture to encounter her, but since 'Skyana' appeared upon the carpet, we have had nothing but quizzing, and that produces a little amusing conversation, as you may suppose. I take Miss Campbell to be very clever, and I think she is certainly a very pretty girl; but then she wants a little polishing in some points: she literally takes snuff: but I know a way that I could cure her of that, were I her lord and master—I

* We used to see a good deal of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, the Knox of those days. He was a very simple, warm-hearted person. Lady Ranfurly was a daughter of the Primate of Ireland. She had a very fine and most distinguished face, and was a very superior person. She was always very anxious that Lord Ranfurly should see as much as possible of my father, his great friend of old times. They had several daughters.—A. M. W. P.

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would smoke. I am not yet in love with her, and cannot make up my mind to it, though ten thousand a year, with a pretty girl into the bargain, is certainly not despicable. Pray tell my father that, if he won't let me go to Sweden, I will go to Perth: and so he may take his choice.

"Believe me, with best love to all,

"Your most dutiful son,

"J. SPENCER STANHOPE."

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"A circumstance has happened which has induced me to skip my essay. Price, who ought to have read last Tuesday, had not finished his, and therefore he was fined half a guinea, and I five shillings, as I was next in the roll; consequently, he reads next Tuesday, and I am thrown back a week. Now, as I by no means liked the idea of mounting the rostrum, and sticking up between the two candles, I retired to bed. Adieu to Edinburgh and all the balls. I sett out on Saturday for Meltowen. There are some additional reasons which enforce this determination. Knox goes to-morrow, therefore our duett, which generally took place every night, must necessarily cease. The debates in the Spec.,* too, begin to flag; but the most extraordinary of all is, that the Oxford men, *i.e.*, Price, Carew, Desart, Ackland, Huet, Fazakerley, and Hartopp, have actually determined upon so mad a scheme as that of giving a ball. The Dutchess, who is really come back, has sett her face against it; but it will be now too late to stop it, as it is to take place on Monday week. As I do not particularly live with these men, they did not condescend

* The Speculative Debating Society.

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to communicate their intentions to me. Now, as they take care to publish their names to the world by printing them round the invitation cards, I cannot help thinking I should make rather a melancholy figure at the ball; *ergo*, I start for Methven on Saturday, and at the same time send off my horses to Cannon Hall, where I intend to rest myself for a day on my way south.

"But now for the events of the last week. On Monday I dined with Macdonald, and afterwards went to the play. On Tuesday Knox dined with me, and we afterwards went to the Porters' evening assembly—a grand mob, where Neckar and I had such fun in quizzing the extraordinary figures. There was a Chevalier le Blanc, as I termed him, who was all in black, except a white coat; there was a Signora Camisole, who was worse than the Miss Porters; and a Sir Timothy Strathspey, at whom we laughed so much, that he was afraid to dance any more.

"On Thursday I dined at Mr. Nathan's, and afterwards went to Sir James Riddell's ball, a very good one. On Friday I dined with Mr. Spencer's friend, Mr. Dundas. From thence I went to Corri's Concert, which was to end in a ball—one of the greatest mobs you can conceive, where one only goes to quiz, not to dance; not unlike a Lord Mayor's ball. When the concert was over, nobody would stand up to dance. Lady Ashburton was patroness, and I was asked to open the ball with Miss Cunninghame. I never made such an exhibition in my life.

"Yesterday I rode over to Barnbougle: the inhospitable doors at length opened to receive me, and I found the old Peer [Lord Rosebery] in his elegant dress, with one stocking off, and a surgeon examining one of his toes. Upon my entrance he burst out with,

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'Not see you, Stanhope, I should as soon think of refusing to see Primrose.' He then informed me of the intended marriage,* and seemed quite delighted at it. He also seemed very much gratified at my calling upon him.

"I afterwards dined with Macdonald, and went to the play to see Mrs. Siddons." . . . .

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* His son's marriage to Henrietta Bouverie, Lord Radnor's daughter, I suppose.—A. M. W. P.

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CHAPTER V.

... was Thomas William Coke. He ... children from his uncle, the Earl of ... of the only son of the latter, ... and the beautiful Lady Mary Camp... ... Duchess of John Duke of Argyll and ... was quite estranged from Lord Coke, ... and it was a very unhappy one. She is ... Horace Walpole's letters. In the two ... the Broom at Holkham, there was a full ... ber.*

... had lived for seven years in Rome, ... plans for the building of Holkham, and ... was subsequently suggested to my grandfather ... should make any change or alteration in any ... the ... with his natural good taste, always refused, saying, "I ... could certainly not rashly venture to interfere with ... has been the result of years of careful study in Italy." One of the relics at Holkham connected with Lord Leicester's life in Italy, is a very beautiful headless statue. He sent it out of Rome by night, and was imprisoned for so doing.

Lord Leicester was Postmaster-general. He established a post office at Holkham, and the coaches called there twice a day for letters.

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* For a genealogical tree of the Cokes, see the end of the volume.

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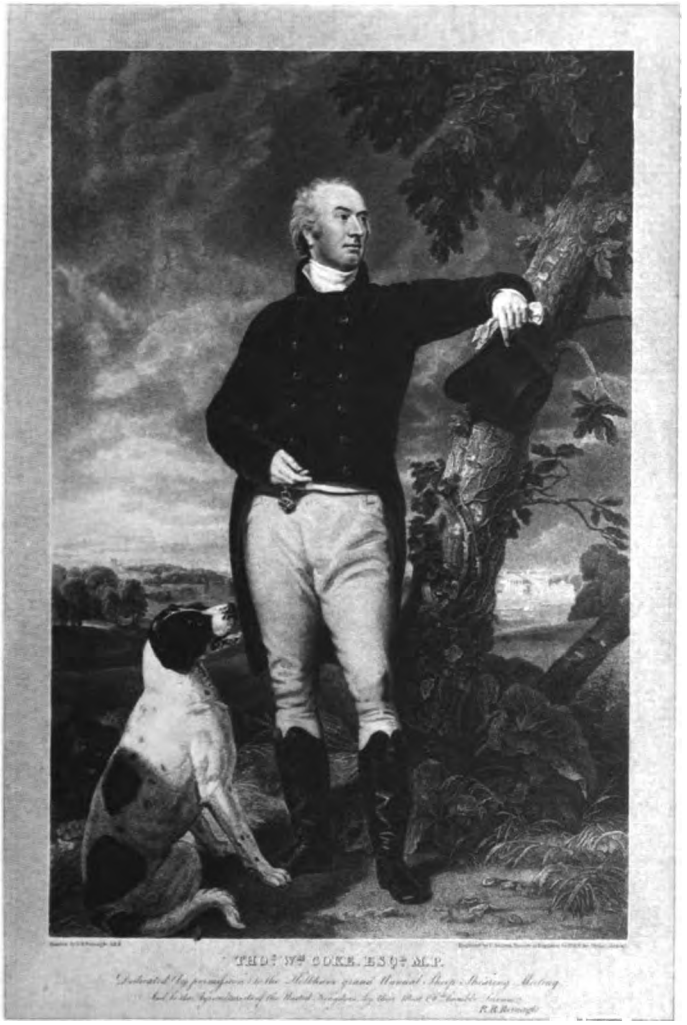

THO.S WM COKE. ESQ.R M.P.

Dedicated (by permission) to the Holkham grand Annual Sheep Shearing Meeting
And to the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom by their most Obedt Humble Servant
P. R. Reinagle

CHAPTER V.

My maternal grandfather, was Thomas William Coke. His father had inherited Holkham from his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, on the death of the only son of the latter, Lord Coke, who had married the beautiful Lady Mary Campbell, daughter and co-heiress of John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. She was quite estranged from Lord Coke, and the marriage had been a very unhappy one. She is often mentioned in Horace Walpole's letters. In the tapestry in my mother's bedroom at Holkham, there was a full-length portrait of her.*

Lord Leicester had lived for seven years in Rome, studying all the plans for the building of Holkham, and whenever it was subsequently suggested to my grandfather that he should make any change or alteration in anything, he, with his usual good taste, always refused, saying, "I should certainly not rashly venture to interfere with what has been the result of years of careful study in Italy." One of the relics at Holkham connected with Lord Leicester's life in Italy, is a very beautiful headless statue. He sent it out of Rome by night, and was imprisoned for so doing.

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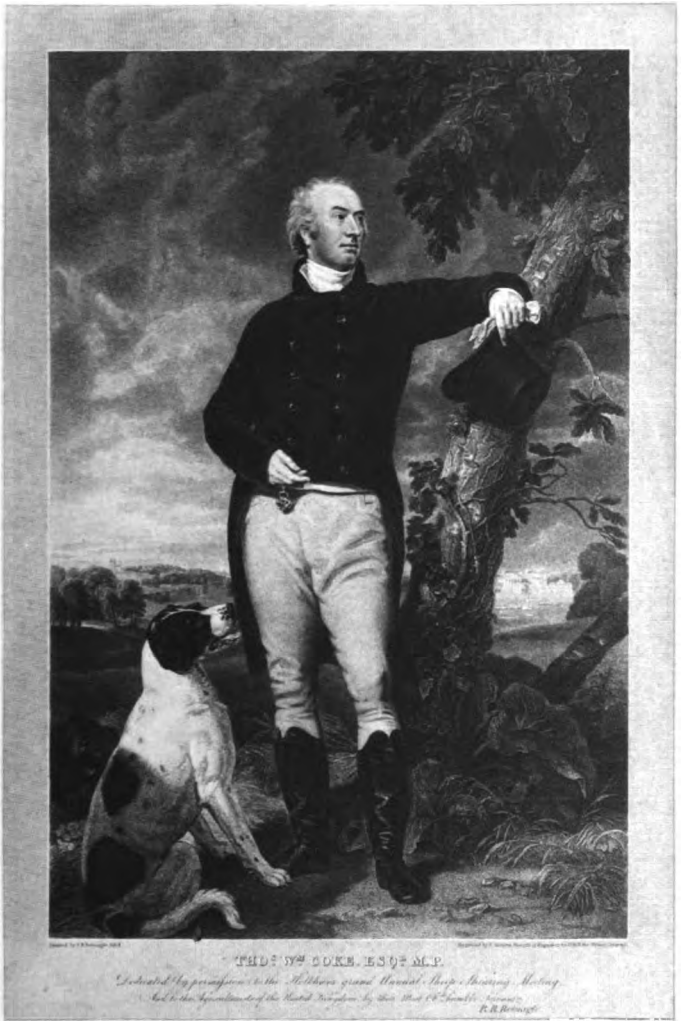

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And to the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom by their Most Obed.t Humble Servant
R.B.Reinagle

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In reading Mrs. Lybbe Powys' Diary (1756),* I came upon an account of her having gone over to Holkham at a time when the building was not yet finished. She says :—

"Mr. Jackson [with whom she was staying] would make us go one morning to see Lord Leicester's; to this we consented, tho' eighteen miles off. As we had heard so much of this place, we could not quit Norfolk, which we now talked of in a few days, without going there; so last Friday we set out very early in the morning, ordering dinner later than usual.

"The name of the magnificent seat is Holkham. Two miles before you come to the house is a grand triumphal arch, the rusticated ornaments of which are very fine; from this you have the new plantations, which, when grown, will have a noble effect on each side for two miles; in front a grand obelisk, a church, the numerous buildings in the grounds, and the whole terminated by the sea, tho' that is distant; at the end of this avenue are two lodges. And now, entering the park, you have a view of a stone building, esteemed the most elegant of its kind in England.

"It has already been thirty years begun, and is not yet completed; but when that era arrives, it will be magnificent indeed!† It extends three hundred and eighty feet in front; the grand hall is the height of the house, which is fifty feet; round it is a colonade of alabaster pillars, which gives it a noble appearance.

"Fronting you is three steps along a vast way into the hall, which they call the Tribune. This rise had a

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* "Passages from the Diary of Mrs. P. Lybbe Powys," Longmans. 1899.

† Lord Leicester did not live to see it completed. The building was finished by his widow, who survived him sixteen years. (Burke.)—S. P.

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pretty effect. From this you come into a fine saloon, hung with crimson velvet; the cornishes richly gilt, and many capital pictures standing there to be put up.*

"On one side of the saloon is a smoking-room, bedchamber, and inner apartment, called the Duke of Cumberland's, all to be hung and furnished as the saloon; on the other side are the same rooms, called the Duke of Bedford's, hung and furnished with crimson damask.

"A gallery, a hundred and twenty feet long, is, of its kind, the most superbly elegant I ever saw; but the whole house deserves that distinction. The gallery is painted a dead white, with ornaments of gilding: at each end is an octagon; one fitted up as a library, and the other with busts, bronzes, and curiosities too numerous to mention.

"This is the centre of the house, besides are four wings; one contains all the offices in general, all answerable to the rest. Such an amazing large and good kitchen I never saw; everything in it nice and clever. But I've heard Mr. Jackson talk of Lady Leicester's† great notability; they are there often, you know, for a week together: she never misses going round this wing every morning, and one day he was walking by the windows, and he saw her ladyship in her kitchen at six o'clock (a.m.), thinking all her guests safe in bed, I suppose.

"Her dairy is the neatest place you can imagine, the whole marble. In Norfolk they never skim their

* Mrs. Lybbe Powys' diary has been reprinted by its editor without any corrections, and the earlier portions of it are very loosely written.—S. P.

† She was Lady Mary Tufton, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet.—A. M. W. P.

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cream off, as in other places, but let the milk run from it. The things here, too, are all of marble, so that it all looks so delicate, and the butter made into such pretty patts, hardly larger than a sixpence.

"The second wing is called the Chapel wing, tho' that is not yet built.

"The third is now finishing, with grand sets of apartments for the company they may have with them; and in the fourth wing is the eating-room, drawing-room, library, bedchambers, and dressing-rooms, constantly used by Lord and Lady Leicester themselves; and, in a closet here of her ladyship's, we saw the miniature pictures of the family for a series of years past, done by the best hands. In this little cabinet, too, are a thousand curiosities of various kinds. Among the pictures was their daughter-in-law, the beautiful Lady Mary Coke, and their son, Lord Coke, who they had lately lost, to their inexpressible grief, being their only child. He and his lady, I think, were far from being happy.

"The situation of Holkham I don't say much of; the grounds, indeed, are laid out with taste, and everything done that can be to strike the eye, but still it must boast more of art than nature's charms, and to me the reverse is so much more pleasing; but, indeed, I do not admire Norfolk's country; 'tis dreary, 'tis unpleasing; in short, I wished a house like Lord Leicester's in a spot more delightful, more answerable to itself.

"We had a breakfast at Holkham in the genteelest taste, with all kinds of cakes and fruit placed undesired in an apartment we were to go through, which, as the family were from home, I thought was very clever in the housekeeper; for one is so often asked by people whether one *chuses* chocolate, which forbidding word puts (as intended) a negative on the question.

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"The roads not being very good, we had made poor Mr. Jackson wait dinner some hours; but, as we expressed ourselves so pleased with our morning's excursion, he was happy."

When my grandfather was a very young man he had a great wish to go to Newmarket races. He went for permission to his uncle, who said to him, "Tom, my boy, you had better keep away." But Tom was not of that opinion. After some discussion, Lord Leicester said, "Well, Tom, if you do go, you must go in proper style": and he gave him a capital horse to ride, a servant to ride with him, and made him a present of a handsome sum of money. Thus equipped, Tom sallied forth. After some days had passed he reappeared at Holkham, but not in the same style in which he left it; he came back alone and on foot.

Lord Leicester said to him: "Tom, where is the horse?"

"It is gone, Sir."

"Tom, where is the servant?"

"He is gone, Sir."

"Tom, where is your money?"

"All gone, Sir; and I give you my solemn word of honour I will never go to Newmarket again."

"It was money well spent," he used to say in after days, "I kept my word, and I have never been near Newmarket since."

He found a noble use for his great wealth, in spending it for the good of his native county, of which he was truly the benefactor, for he made Norfolk the first agricultural county in England.

My grandfather was very handsome as a young man, and when he went for the "Grand Tour" on the continent, he was generally called *le bel Anglais* by the foreigners.

He escorted the Princess Louise Von Stolberg to Rome. She was the wife of the Pretender, Charles Edward, and

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she had just been married in Paris by proxy. She travelled in great state. The Pretender had been created Count of Albany, but he signed the marriage register as Charles the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. The Princess was the daughter of the late Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg Gedern, who was a Prince of the Empire, and a colonel of Maria Theresa's, and who had died in the Battle of Leuthen; her mother was the Countess of Harn. She was a bright, pretty girl of nineteen, with laughing, dark eyes, golden hair, and a brilliantly fair skin.

As an acknowledgment of the impression which young Coke's good looks had made on the countess, she insisted on making him a present of his own portrait painted in Rome. I have seen that portrait at Longford, in Derbyshire. It is a lovely, and very graceful, life-sized picture. My grandfather is represented dressed in a masquerading attire of white satin trimmed with pink, and has a mask in his hand. He has nothing on his head. In the background there appears a statue of Cleopatra, with the asp on her arm. This is said to be a likeness of Princess Stolberg.

After leaving Rome, my grandfather went to Naples. When he was there, a most remarkable eruption of Vesuvius occurred, one of the greatest eruptions there has ever been. I remember seeing a small oil painting of it at Holkham, with my grandfather and his friend going up the cone.

From Naples he went to Herculaneum, where the first excavations and discoveries were then being made. He was at Herculaneum when the tomb of Nonius the senator was opened, and in it was found the famous red opal ring. Nonius had been banished by Anthony because he would not give up the possession of his ring; as an old account said, "He hugged himself in his banishment, and would not part with his ring." It is mentioned in Pliny as a perfectly unique stone, and the colours are described. It was then valued

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at an immense sum.* It is supposed that Anthony wanted it for Cleopatra. My grandfather bought it then and there, just as it had been taken out of the tomb, and before it had been seen by anyone. He never would say what he gave for it, even under those circumstances.

He had by nature very fine taste, and besides the opal, he bought at the opening of Herculaneum a magnificent antique of Minerva. It was very large and set transparent, there being four layers of sardonyx. Chantrey and Westmacott said it was the finest antique they had ever seen. It was afterwards protected by a gold back and glass, as my mother used constantly to wear it.

The opal was given to her, with her mother's other jewels, when she was too young to know what to do with them. She had it set in fine diamonds as a brooch, and, unfortunately, the original setting of the ring was lost by the jeweller.†

After my grandfather returned to England, he became member for Norfolk, and subsequently for many years was "Father" of the House of Commons. He represented his county in the House from 1774 to 1832.

Charles Fox and Francis, Duke of Bedford, were my grandfather's greatest friends, and there were fine busts of both of them on the chimney-piece in the saloon. Mrs. Fox, as she called herself, was not permitted to go to Holkham.‡

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* Equivalent to £20,000 of our present money.—S. P.

† Until recently there was, also, another celebrated opal in the family, said to have belonged to the King of Candy.—S. P.

‡ I have found a sheet of paper on which were written the following lines, sent by Fox to Mrs. Fox on his fiftieth birthday.—S. P.

"Of years I have now half a century past,
And none of the fifty so blest as the last.
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness thus with my years should increase,
The inverse of nature's more general laws,
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause."

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Once, when Fox was at Holkham, he got very much laughed at for having grown so fat, and for weighing so much. My grandfather said he wondered which weighed the most, Charles Fox, or his fat cook? The idea was taken up at once, and all the party, surrounding Fox, hustled him off to the kitchen, and there, amidst great merriment, Charles Fox and the fat chef were weighed one against the other.

My grandfather was very fond of staying at an inn, and he always ordered something, as he said, "for the good of the house. One day he went to the Angel Hotel at Doncaster, and there they gave him, not a dinner, but a banquet. He asked the meaning of this, and was told that they expected "the great cook of Norfolk," and that they did not mean to be outdone by him.

Over one of the chimney-pieces in the saloon at Holkham there is a most beautiful full-length likeness of my grandfather by Gainsborough, the last portrait, I believe, painted by that artist, who afterwards confined himself to landscape. My grandfather was quite young at the time, and the face, which is very handsome, is painted in Gainsborough's finest manner. He is represented standing under a tree, with his dogs at his feet; he wears long boots, a broad-brimmed hat, and the short jacket of the period.* Apart from its

* There is another portrait of him—the one reproduced here—standing under a tree with his dog at his feet, but the dress is different, and the work is of a much later date than Gainsborough's. It is by R. R. Reinagle, and is "Dedicated (by permission) to the Holkham Grand Annual Sheep Shearing Meeting, and to the Agriculturists of the United Kingdom." It is known to me only through a print. My mother was very fond of this print, and had it constantly in her room during her last illness.

A more imposing memorial of the Sheep Shearing is the Leicester Monument, a column 120 feet high, erected in the park at Holkham, in commemoration of these meetings. The Shearing took place occasionally at the Duke of Bedford's, at Woburn Abbey, instead of at Holkham.

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merit as a work of art, this picture has an historical interest as exhibiting the actual dress in which he appeared before George III., when, as Knight of the shire, he presented an address from the county of Norfolk, praying that monarch to recognise the independence of the American colonies.

In 1776, my grandfather gave the casting vote for the independence of America.*

I shall now quote one or two anecdotes which I have copied out from Lord Albemarle's book, "Fifty Years of My Life," because books of that sort, after they have been out a great number of years, become quite obsolete, and this having been written, not by a stranger, but by Lady Leicester's own brother, the anecdotes in it are well authenticated.

> "The high price of wheat, and the low price of wages in 1815, led many of the working classes in the provincial towns to hold tumultuous meetings for the repeal of the corn laws. Mr. Coke, as a true disciple of Fox, was no believer in Adam Smith, and was all the more opposed to his doctrine, because Fox's great rival, William Pitt, was one of Adam Smith's early disciples. Accordingly, Coke always voted, in common with other county members, for 'protection to agriculture.' In the month of March, 1815, he and my father attended a cattle-show in the Norwich Castle Ditches. On the same day an anti-corn law mob paraded the

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At the Abbey there is a picture representing the meeting there in about 1814, with portraits of all the more important persons present at it. In the background appear the buildings of the Woburn Park Farm, and into the foreground there has been inserted, with bold artistic licence, both as to time and place, the Holkham Monument. This monument was not completed till 1848.—S. P.

*I am unable to explain the meaning of this statement, and can find nothing in Hansard to support it. I have let it stand, however.—S. P.

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streets, preceded by a man bearing a small loaf on a pole. Mr. Coke was immediately recognised: 'Let us seize the villain,' cried some of the weavers, 'and before night we will have his heart on a gridiron.' At the same moment they made a rush towards their intended victim.

"In the crowd, a stalwart poacher, whom my father had once befriended, formed with his body a temporary barrier between the mob and the object of their resentment. Coke and my father took advantage of the momentary respite, and amidst a shower of stones, scrambled over some cattle-pens. A butcher, named Kett, seeing their danger, opened the door of one of his pens, and having first twisted the tail of a large bull, let him loose on the crowd. The beast, maddened with pain, went bellowing and galloping down the hill. The mob dispersed in a trice, but quickly reassembled in greater force. The Riot Act was read, and the military, a regiment of Black Brunswickers, was called out. One trooper was wounded by a stone.

"In the meanwhile, the two fugitives made their escape to the Angel, now the Royal Hotel. It was whispered that Coke would be found in the boot of the London night-coach, now about to take its departure. The gates were opened, and the coach was searched, but no Coke was to be found; he and my father having escaped by the back way, were on their road to Quiddenham,* where they arrived safely the same evening."

My mother used to speak with horror of the frightful riots there were at one time in Norfolk, and she has often

* Quiddenham was Lord Albemarle's place in Norfolk.—A. M. W. P.

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told me of another incident very similar to the one just quoted from Lord Albemarle, perhaps, indeed, it is but a different version of the same story. It was at the time when she was grown up and was mistress of Holkham. She spoke of the savage violence of the mob, how they swore that they would have her father's life, and uttered the most horrible threats: they would roast his liver; they would tear his heart out of his body; they would have his life-blood. The market-place at Norwich was thronged with a dense, threatening mass, when my grandfather called out, "Turn out my bull." It was his favourite animal. He took hold of it by the tail, and, bareheaded, I believe, faced the mob, scattering them right and left as he went through the very thick of them, the bull tossing its head and pawing the ground. The anger of the crowd was appeased, and he escaped amid their cheers.

Lord Albemarle says:—

> "Early in November I accompanied the Duke of Sussex to Holkham.
>
> "For three successive months Mr. Coke kept open house for his friends. Among the annual guests were Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Gloucester. These Princes desired to be considered as private friends, and dispensed with the attentions that etiquette usually assigns to persons in their station of life.
>
> "The battues began on the first Wednesday in November, and continued twice a week for the rest of the season. The quantity of game killed in the three months was probably not much more than it is now the fashion to slaughter in as many days: yet, the flint-and-steel guns were always fully employed, and everyone was satisfied with his day's sport.

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"The non-battue days were passed, either in the turnip-fields among the partridges, or in the salt-marshes in pursuit of snipes and wild fowl.

"In a shooting establishment like Holkham, game-keepers are persons of importance. Several of these were characters in their way. There was old Joe Hibbert, who had been a prize-fighter in his youth. On one occasion Sir John Shelley, who was celebrated for his neat sparring, challenged Hibbert to a set-to with the gloves, and some young men mischievously promised Joe a good tip if he would administer a little punishment to Sir John. Joe put on the gloves, but soon drew them off again, and, turning round upon his backers, exclaimed, 'Not for twice the money would I strike a gentleman.'

"One of Joe's colleagues, but of a different sort, was Polly Fishbourne, keeper of the Church-lodge. She had large black eyes, red cheeks, and white teeth, her hair was cropped like a man's, and she wore a man's hat. The rest of her attire was feminine. She was irreproachable in character, and, indeed, somewhat of a prude. Polly was the terror of poachers, with whom she had frequent encounters, and would give and take hard knocks, but generally succeeded in capturing her opponents, and making them answer for their misdeeds at Petty Sessions.

"A Norfolk game-preserver once offered Polly a shilling a-piece for a hundred pheasants' eggs. She nodded her head. Soon after, she brought Mr. Coke a five-pound note. 'There, Squire,' said she, 'is the price of one hundred of your guinea-fowls' eggs.' Of course the Squire made Polly keep the five-pound note.

"One time that I was staying at Holkham a bull killed a labouring man in the salt-marshes. The savage

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brute was standing over his victim, and a crowd was assembled at the gate, when Polly appeared at the opposite side. There was a cry, 'Get out of the way; or the beast will kill you.' 'Not he,' was the reply; 'he knows better.' She was right. The moment he saw her, he backed astern to the remotest corner of the enclosure. It turned out that the animal had once attempted to run at her, but she lodged a charge of small shot in his muzzle.

"Two young gentlemen once paid a visit to Holkham in the summer-time. The dinner-hour was half-past three, but the guests were not forthcoming. It was eight in the evening before they put in an appearance, and then looked uncommonly sheepish. At day-break they decamped without beat of drum. It transpired that they had expressed a wish to see the Church, and had applied to Polly, the keeper of the Church-lodge. On their way thither, one of them attempted to rob the said keeper of a kiss. Luckily for them they were guests at the Hall, or she would have treated them as she used to treat the poachers. She resorted to a milder punishment. While they were in the belfry admiring the surrounding scenery, Polly turned the key on them."

I knew Polly very well. She was the daughter of Fishbourne, the gamekeeper, who lived at one of the lodges. She was a regular character. She began by being kitchen-maid at Holkham; and, I remember hearing that all went well till she heard a shot fired, when down went the saucepans, and Polly jumped over the kitchen table, and was off.

I do not think that Lord Albemarle did her justice; she was certainly weather-beaten, but had unquestionably been a pretty girl, and was by no means unrefined. When

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we were children, and were staying at Holkham, Lady Leicester wished her to have her meals in the kitchen with the other servants; but they objected; so she settled that Polly should have all her meals in the room where we had ours, after we had done; and, consequently, we always met her every morning in the passage, and had a little conversation with her.

She told me once that Charles Greville tried to ride her down, to make out what she was, and, she added, "It was well for him he was a friend of Mr. Coke's, or I would have unhorsed him."

After some time she went to live in Yorkshire, in the village by Cannon Hall. She had a cottage at Norcroft, given her rent free, with a stable for her beasts. She used to go about with her short hair, and man's hat, on a miserable little Rosinante of a pony, flourishing a long whip, and driving before her three wretched cows, all skin and bone, which used to subsist on the patches of grass by the roadside; Polly's employment being to drive them from one patch to another, and keep them free of cost.

Once when Leicester* was at Cannon Hall, Polly came up to pay him a visit, and I happened to overhear her say to him, "Oh, my Lord, what a spree we had over them wild-ducks!"

She made Mrs. Clarke of Noblethorpe promise to follow her funeral on horseback; and this Mrs. Clarke did.

Lord Albemarle writes:—

> "Early in June, I accompanied the Duke of Sussex for a second time to Holkham. The occasion was the famous annual sheep-shearing.
>
> "Here were assembled men from all parts of Europe to witness the practical working of a system of hus-

* *i.e.* The present Lord Leicester.

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bandry, of which Mr. Coke was considered to be the founder. We sat down each day upwards of five hundred to dinner in the state apartments. There were plenty of speeches, principally on the science of agriculture.

"An exception to the rule was one from Lord Erskine, who afforded much amusement from the manner in which he dealt with a subject of which he was so profoundly ignorant. One of the theories broached in the morning was, that crushed oyster-shells would prove an excellent manure. The opinion was erroneous, but it was not then so considered. 'Gentlemen,' said Erskine, 'we lawyers have been accused of eating the oyster, and giving the shell to our clients. The charge is true, but our host has shown this morning that we only take a fair share of the bivalve.

"The dinner—an early one—was followed by a supper for the guests who remained in the house. Erskine, the soul of the party, recited some humorous poetry of his own composition. The Duke of Sussex, and some of us who were not so gifted with an ear for music, sang songs, sentimental, bacchanalian, or comic, and, not the least amusing part of the performances, the foreigners made speeches in broken English. Altogether we spent several pleasant evenings.

"The sheep-shearing lasted till the sixth of June . . .

"In 1784, William Pitt the younger, wishing to draw Coke of Holkham from his allegiance to his rival Fox, sought to bribe him with the Earldom of Leicester, which had been previously in his family. The offer was indignantly refused.

"To spite Coke, the premier bestowed the title upon his near neighbour, George Townshend. Before ac-

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cepting Pitt's offer, Mr. Townshend wrote to his father to ask his approval, and received for answer :—

"'DEAR SON,

"'I have no objection to your taking any title but that of

"'Yr. affect. Father

"'TOWNSHEND.'

"I had this anecdote from Mr. Coke himself, who, in 1837, was raised to the peerage by the title which was then refused."

When my grandfather eventually had the peerage conferred upon him, it was generally remarked, as a curious coincidence, that the first creation of Queen Elizabeth was the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Philip Sydney was his nephew; whilst the first creation of Queen Victoria was the Earl of Leicester, and his nephew by marriage was Lord de Lisle, the representative of Sir Philip Sydney.*

My grandfather used to relate that the noted Lady Mary Coke (who would have been Lady Leicester if her husband

* I have found a letter from my grandmother, announcing the event to her mother, and enclosing the following copy of Lord Melbourne's offer of the peerage to Mr. Coke. It appears that considerable pressure had been necessary to induce him to accept it, and it was offered in the most flattering manner, his name being brought out singly, and the offer being made on the very day of the dissolution.—S. P.

"MY DEAR MR. COKE,

"I am much obliged to you for your letter upon electioneering prospects in the County of Norfolk, but I have now another matter to write to you upon, and which I have some satisfaction in opening to you. It is unnecessary for me to go into any details of the circumstances which have hitherto prevented that which has been eagerly desired by the Whigs, and expected by the whole country, namely, your elevation to the Peerage. I have now the pleasure of acquainting you that I have Her Majesty's commands to offer you an Earldom, and to accompany the offer with every expression of Her Majesty's personal regard and esteem. If this is agreeable to you,

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had lived) was furious when he first declined the peerage. She asked him to drive with her, and then questioned him as to whether it was true what she had heard of his having refused a peerage. He told her that it was, and she then shook her fist in his face with anger. She was at that time quite an old woman.

When he subsequently accepted a peerage, it was, as he always said, only for the sake of his children. A short time after he had been ennobled, I remember my mother going into the village (Cawthorne), and meeting old Betty Holden, who with her arms akimbo, exclaimed, "Well now, I should like to know what's made *you* a lady."

There had been no love lost between George the Fourth and my grandfather, who declared the King should never come to Holkham by his invitation, and, in the emphatic language of that day used to call him "a bloody-minded tyrant."

On one occasion, when discussing some suggested course of action, George the Fourth said to him, "If you do, Coke, by George I'll knight you." My grandfather said that if he had ventured to attempt such a thing, he would have knocked the sword out of the King's hand.

Lord Albemarle proceeds :—

> "In the summer of 1835, my sister, Lady Anne Coke, summoned me to Holkham, to help her to do the honours in receiving the Princess Victoria and the

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you have nothing to do but to send me by return of post the titles which you are desirous of taking; and I can only add for myself that, if you should accept this honour, it will be to me a source of great pride and satisfaction that it should have been conferred by my advice, and under my administration.

"I beg to be remembered to Lady Anne.

"Believe me, etc.,

"MELBOURNE."

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Duchess of Kent. Great were the preparations on the occasion. Their Royal Highnesses were expected at dinner, but they were detained by the bankers (navvies) of Lynn, who in an excess of loyalty, insisted upon drawing the royal carriage round the town.

"The Egyptian Hall at Holkham was brilliantly lighted up and filled with persons anxious for a sight of their future Queen. At length a carriage-and-four, escorted by a body of Yeomanry Cavalry, drove up to the door. Three ladies alighted. Mr. Coke, with a candle in each hand, made them a profound bow. When he resumed his erect position the objects of his homage had vanished. They were the dressers.

"Soon after, their Royal Highnesses appeared in person. Both were most affable. The youthful Princess in particular, showed by her demeanour that evening the courtesy with which millions of her subjects have since become familiar."

In the two manuscript-rooms there are some very valuable manuscripts, and some beautiful missals. Princess Victoria was much interested in these, and, particularly in a very beautiful missal to which she took a great fancy; but she did not get it presented to her, my grandfather remarking, "I was not going to give it to a child like that, who could not know its value."

Roscoe used to spend weeks writing in the manuscript-rooms; and, I believe, the greater part, if not the whole, of his "Leo the Tenth" and "Lorenzo de Medici" were written there.

The morning that they were going away, the Duchess of Kent said that they had not seen little Margaret Coke, to wish her good-bye; so she was sent for. This, of course, put the nurse in a hurry and a fluster. From what was

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Margaret's nursery, there is a flight of stone stairs, and the nurse let the child fall out of her arms down these stairs. She said nothing about it at the time; no one had seen the accident, and nothing was known about it: but some time after, an abscess formed in the hip joint, and then it was discovered that there had been an injury, and all came out. It was very sad, for it turned a very pretty, and most beautifully-formed child, into a perfect invalid. One abscess formed after another, and all her childhood was spent prone on a couch; she used to be drawn about on it out of doors, lying on her face.

When she improved a little, she used to go about sometimes on crutches, but she was lame for life, and, after she grew up, she used to wear one boot with a sole six or seven inches thicker than the other.

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Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Mrs. D'W. Coke (Jane Dutton)
with her daughters, Jane and Anne,
afterwards Lady Andover and Lady Anson.
From a pastel at Queen Hill.

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CHAPTER VI.

[illegible], [illegible] Wilson Orde [illegible] Jane Porter, daughter of [illegible] Lord [illegible] [illegible] a most beautiful figure." [illegible] Anne, and Elizabeth [illegible] [illegible] Vincent Saubolet, [illegible] [illegible] Spencer Stanhope [illegible] [illegible] some years before [illegible]

Cosway had a beautiful [illegible] [illegible] that she sat to Neil Jens for [illegible] It is in Tittesland Clere [illegible] mother's beautiful [illegible] ful, as she was [illegible] *minuet de la cour*, in [illegible] at a dinner, who was the [illegible] "Without a doubt, Lady [illegible]

[illegible] a person of great [illegible] [illegible] ful. She was, however, [illegible] never she spoke it [illegible] and would remember, [illegible] and, in the drawing [illegible] remarkable picture, [illegible]

[illegible] at last, introduced [illegible] [illegible] women of a short [illegible] letter of Madame [illegible]

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CHAPTER VI.

My grandfather, Thomas William Coke, married, in the first instance, Jane Dutton, daughter of James Lennox Dutton, and sister of Lord Sherborne. She had a very fine face, and a most beautiful figure.* Her three daughters, Jane, Anne, and Elizabeth, afterwards became respectively, Viscountess Andover, Viscountess Anson, and Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope (my mother). Both my aunts were married some years before my mother was born.

Lady Andover had a beautiful face, and was so like her mother that she sat to Nollekens for the bust of Mrs. Coke which is in Titteshall Church. She had not, however, her mother's beautiful figure; yet, she must have been graceful, as she was said at Court to have danced the best *minuet de la cour*. In after years it was put to the vote at a dinner, who was the handsomest woman in London: "Without a doubt, Lady Andover," said the Regent.

She was a person of great ability, and had a most powerful mind. She was, however, very silent and placid, though, whenever she spoke, it was to say something to the point, and worth remembering. She had, also, the family genius for art, and, in the drawing-room at Holkham, there was a very remarkable picture, painted by her when she

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* "I have been also, at last, introduced to Mrs. Coke, and I think her one of the sweetest women, on a short acquaintance, I have ever met with." Diary and Letter of Madame d'Arblay. Nov. 27th, 1792.

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was only fifteen years old, of Belisarius begging, in which there were about five life-sized figures.

Lord Andover, Lord Suffolk's eldest son, proposed to her; but the Suffolks were very poor, and it was a question whether my grandfather would consent to the marriage. Much nettled, Lady Suffolk, said, "And pray, Mr. Coke, do you count for nothing the blood of the Howards?" "Madam," he answered, "I count my blood quite as good as that of the Howards." However, the marriage took place, and was a most happy one, Lord Andover being perfectly devoted to her.

One of their favourite occupations was for her to sit copying some picture in the house, generally a Poussin, while he read Shakespeare aloud to her.

She had always been noted for having the most remarkable dreams, and one morning she awoke feeling nervous and uncomfortable, having dreamt that Lord Andover had gone out shooting when there was a battue, and had been shot. This made such an impression on her mind, that she entreated him not to shoot that day, but to stay with her; which he at once consented to do, and they resumed their painting and reading. But the day came out so fine, and the winter sun shone so brightly, that my aunt, feeling she had been selfish, at last begged him not to lose the day for her sake, but to go out and join the others; so he went. After he had gone, she became so restless and uneasy that she started to walk across the park to the covert where they were shooting. As she crossed the park, she observed one of the grooms galloping hard towards the house on her own favourite horse, Baronet. Strange to say no presentiment of evil seems at that moment to have struck her, and she only remarked, "How very angry Lord Andover would be, if he could see that man riding my horse in such a way."

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He was riding to the house with the news that Lord Andover had been shot dead by one of the keepers.

A great many years afterwards my father found a half-finished picture, with a large hole in it, put away in one of the rooms at Holkham; it was the identical picture which my aunt had been painting when Lord Andover was shot. As the Poussin, of which it was a copy, was still in the house, my father asked my mother to finish it for him. This she agreed to do, and having begun it, she got interested in the painting; but was much discouraged by the hole in the canvas. My mother, consequently, went to ask Darby, the artist, who was staying at Holkham, what could be done. He took his palette-knife, and, covering it with paint, daubed it quickly over the hole, and, when it dried, my mother was able to paint over it. The picture is now in the dining-room at Cannon Hall.

Another remarkable dream of Lady Andover's, as told me by my mother, was as follows:—

She said to her, "Eliza, I dreamt last night that I saw a funeral standing at the hall-door. I did not know whose funeral it was, but it appeared to me to be that of some one of importance, for there were many of the tenants, and a crowd round it. The family were all dressed in crape mourning, but they were not in mourning for the person who was dead. After a time the funeral appeared to move away, but I noticed that it did not take the road to Titteshall Church [where the family vault was], but passed through the Obelisk Wood on to the road; and there there was a great throng of people, and they seemed to escort it to the Triumphal Arch, three miles along the road, where another crowd joined them: when they seemed to divide; some went on, and some returned home."

Some time after this, Lady Albemarle died at Holkham, most unexpectedly in her confinement. The funeral stood

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at the hall-door waiting for the body to be taken to Quiddenham. It was escorted by my grandfather and all his tenantry, and, to avoid creating a right-of-way through the park, they turned out of it at the Obelisk Wood. The Holkham tenants escorted it as far as the Triumphal Arch, three miles on, and there they consigned it to the Quiddenham tenants, who were waiting to escort the body on to Quiddenham, and the Holkham tenantry returned home. My mother was in bed with a bad cold at the time, and my aunt Andover was sitting at the bedroom window, watching to see the funeral procession cross the Obelisk Wood, when suddenly she exclaimed, "Now, Eliza, what do you say to my dream? and look at my dress!"; she was in crape mourning, but not for Lady Albemarle; they were all in mourning for the Princess Charlotte.

Lord Jersey, when a young man, was desperately in love with my aunt Andover. He was very handsome and very charming. My mother said that when she was a child, he used to take her on his knee, to kiss her on the spot where he had seen my aunt kiss her a few moments before, and she used to prattle to him about "My sister Handover." The want of money proved a serious obstacle, and, while loving her, he married the girl she was chaperoning, the heiress of Child's bank.

When I was going out in London, Lady Jersey was the undisputed queen and ruler of fashion, before whose worldly sway all things gave way. She was frightfully extravagant; but to the modistes her name was more important than the payment of her bills. She told my mother, when she was staying at Holkham, that life was not worth living after thirty; nevertheless, at eighty she found it not to be despised.

Another time, when she was quite young, and was at Holkham, she was told to pull her bonnet off to show her

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beautiful hair; she did so, and displayed a bald head—she had been shaved to make her hair grow thick. But in spite of what would have been a disfigurement to most people, she looked as lovely as ever.

Lord Jersey, when I knew him, was a handsome, high-bred, pleasing old man. He had always rather the look of a person who, to a certain degree, lived his life apart, and dreamt of a more congenial life than the worldly vortex in which Lady Jersey lived.

Another person who was very much in love with my aunt was Sir George Anson, Lord Anson's brother. She always said that her fate had been decided by the fall of an extinguisher. He was lighting her candle for her outside of the drawing-room door, and the fateful words were about to be spoken, when—she let her extinguisher fall: the noise it made on the marble floor brought some one to see what was the matter; the opportunity was lost, and the next morning he sailed from England. When I knew him he was Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and we used to call upon him there. There was nothing but a most dreary look-out from the hospital then, over the damp Battersea fields.

Lady Andover eventually married the hero of the day, after the battle of St. Vincent, Admiral Sir Henry Digby. Though a very distinguished sailor, he was so much her inferior in general ability, that, I think, she must have rued her choice.

They had three children, two sons and a daughter. Her eldest son, Edward St. Vincent, was the favourite "Cousin Digby" of our childhood. He was the very type of a handsome young officer. Lord Albemarle, when speaking of him in his book, says that, in his stable dress, he was as fine a figure of a man as he ever saw. What always struck me about him was the peculiar gentlemanlike and natural grace of his appearance, which seemed to make other men look less

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well by the side of him. He was devoted to children, and used to delight in playing with us when he was at Cannon Hall, going about with my brothers Walter and Roddy, one on each shoulder; but his special favourite was my sister Alice, because of the likeness he saw in her to his mother. He used to say, when she, in a fit of laziness, used to plump herself down on the floor, "Is not that la Madre over again?" He always said she would have made such a beautiful boy, and used to call her "Ally Boy," a name which was adopted by all the uncles, and by which she was habitually called for some time. Edward Digby became Lord Digby, and married Lady Theresa Fox Strangways, Lord Ilchester's daughter; a charming person, and a great favourite in the family.

The other son, Kenelm, was rector of Titteshall; he was the most warm-hearted person in the world, but decidedly ugly.

I should have preferred leaving Lady Andover's daughter unnoticed, but she is too notorious a person to be passed over quite in silence. She was the cleverest of the family, and very lovely; her mother worshipped her beauty, and thought more of her than she did of her two excellent brothers. When she was born, Lady Andover's first question was, "What is the colour of her eyes? for eyes do not change."

My father distrusted her, and used to say, when she was growing up, "Jane is not true; she is deceiving her mother." She married Lord Ellenborough, who, though much older than herself, exercised a bad influence on her character. The marriage was dissolved, and she went abroad with Prince Schwartzenberg. Afterwards she married a German Baron; and then, after sundry adventures, she married an Arab Sheik, and lived entirely in the East.

She was well known to Mrs., afterwards Lady Burton, who writes as follows, in contradiction of an ill-natured paragraph

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which had appeared in some paper just after my cousin's death:—

"I lived for two years at Damascus while my husband, Captain Burton, was consul there, and in daily intercourse with the subject of this paragraph. Knowing that after her death all sorts of untruths would appear in the papers very painful to her family (as, indeed, she was not spared whilst living), she wished me to write her biography, and gave me an hour a day until it was accomplished. She did not spare herself, dictating the bad with the same frankness as the good.

"I was pledged not to publish this until after her death, and that of certain near relatives; but I am in a position to state that there is a grain of truth to a ton of falsehood in the paragraph from Beyrout, and inasmuch as Beyrout is only 72 miles from Damascus, the writer must know that as well as I do. It must have come from a very common source, when such English as this is used, 'Between Beyrout and Damascus she got pleased with the camel-driver.' It suggests a discharged lady's-maid.

"I left Damascus just a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, and she was the last friend to see me out of the city. As she wrung my hand, these were her last words, 'Do not forget your promise, if I die, and we never meet again.' I replied, 'Inshallah, I shall soon return.' She rode a thoroughbred Arab mare, and, so far as I could see anything in the moonlight, her large, sorrowful, blue eyes, glistening with tears, haunted me.

"I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me, but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East about sixteen years ago, as told me by herself, and

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by those now living there; and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which, I believe, will interest everyone in England, from the highest downwards, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned.

"About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French Lady, Madame de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and, as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Miywal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives, and to marry her, to pass half the year in Damascus (which was to him like what London or Paris would be to us) for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his native life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert, and of the wild Bedouin tribes, exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mahomedan law, changed her name to that of the Honorable Mrs. Digby el Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen

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years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached.

"Half the year was spent in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed, according to his nature, in the desert in the Bedouin tents of his tribe. In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits (for they were never apart), she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was *grande dame au bout des doigts* in sentiment, voice, manners, and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and queen of his tribe.

"In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship; the natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the house of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit.

"She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and, for those who enjoyed her confidence, it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabian, Turkish, and Greek, as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting,* sculpture, music, or with her

* Her sketches, which I have seen, were wonderfully beautiful.—A. M. W. P.

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garden, flowers, or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young, beautiful, refined, brave, and delicate. *Bon sang ne peut mentir.* Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor: she regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian lady, and an Englishwoman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Times, March 27th, 1890.

My other aunt, Lady Anson, was a great contrast to Lady Andover. She was thin, almost to emaciation, very excitable and energetic, never quiet, constantly getting into quarrels, but ready to do anything, or to take any trouble for others, whoever they might be; the consequence of which was that she was very much beloved.

She was engaged to be married to Mr., afterwards Lord Anson, when she was only fifteen. She was so small and slight, and looked so childish, that at a dinner given in the Statue Gallery just before her marriage, Dean Anson remarked to those sitting near him, "You will see, she will jump up and run round the table, if I offer her a guinea for doing so;" and so she did, and was delighted at winning the money.

Another day she was found crying, because she had just had her hair turned up for the first time; Mr. Anson was

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coming, and she was afraid he would not like her as well as with it hanging down.

She had four children before she was twenty. She was so very young when she began to go out in London, that Mr. Anson provided for her being safely chaperoned, and insisted on her sitting, when at balls, with the dowagers in the card-room whilst the dancing was going on. This was probably the worse evil of the two, for it gave her a love of gambling, and she used to sit up very late playing at cards.

She was extremely religious, half-saint, half-sinner. Wenny Coke used to sum up his opinion in, "I don't like Lady Anson, she is so interfaring."

I copy out from Mrs. Lybbe Powys's reminiscences an account of her going to see Shugborough, Lord Anson's place :—

> "Monday 28th, 1800.—We all set out early in the morn to see Shuckburgh, Mr. Anson's. We went through Blythberry and Coulton, the latter a village rather remarkable for many of its cottages being built in a marl pit, with woods over it, the roots of the trees growing and hanging lazily over their little gardens, which are decked with all manner of flowers, and kept with the greatest neatness.
>
> "Shuckburgh is a remarkably good house, finely furnished, and lately enlarged. There are numbers of remarkable statues, busts, etc. Mrs. Anson, who was Miss Coke, daughter of Mr. Coke of Holkham in Norfolk, and married a Mr. Anson in 1794, is, I think, one of the most capital painters, and excels in every kind of drawing. Every room is ornamented with some of her performances. Three of her children, full length portraits, at the upper end of a large room, is, I think,

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equal to any artist; also, several copies from Titian, and other famous masters."

My mother said that Lord Anson had the most angelic temper of anyone whom she ever met, in spite of his being a martyr to the gout. When they were in London, she used to drive out with him, to inspect the ground which was being laid out as the Regent's Park, the carriage being heaped up with all the plans for it.

One of the sons, Charles [?]* Anson, went abroad with his great friend, Mr. Fox Strangways, who was afterwards Lord Ilchester, and when they were in Turkey they incautiously went into a mosque with their boots on. They were found out and imprisoned. While in the prison, Charles Anson became ill, and Mr. Strangways, who was nursing him, suddenly, to his horror, discovered the fatal plague-spot on his friend. He, however, continued his care of him in the most devoted manner, and poor Charles Anson died there in his arms. I knew Mr. Strangways, and there was always a feeling of gratitude to him in the family for the unselfish devotion he had shown.

George Anson, another of the sons, was a noted person. He was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and had the most perfect manners. He married Isabella Forrester, the great beauty, Lord Forrester's daughter. They used to stay very frequently at Holkham. As is well known, in after years he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, just before the breaking out of the mutiny. He was taken ill with cholera, and died after a few hours' illness.

His wife's death was a very sad one. She was staying at Ecton, Mr. Isted's house, with her daughters, and intended to go with them to Lord Howe's ball in the evening:

* According to Debrett, Charles was killed by the bursting of a gun on board the *Bacchante*.—S. P.

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having rheumatism in her hands, she sent for a laudanum embrocation, which, by mistake, she took just before dinner, instead of her usual medicine. Everything that could be done to save her was done, but all in vain; and she died on the drawing-room floor: a most agonising sight for those about her.*

My Aunt Anson's family was a large one, and there was a great difference between the ages of her elder and younger children; indeed, her younger daughters were very nearly of an age with her grand-daughters, Lady Rosebery's children.

Her eldest daughter, Anne, was just six months younger than her own aunt, my mother, and they were brought up together as if they had been sisters. They were presented at Court on the same day, and my mother used to tell me how they all got into their sedan chairs in the hall, my aunt Anson going first in her chair, followed by her two young ladies in theirs: it was the day of large hoops and very high feathers; and the tops of the sedan chairs were opened, so that the plumes should not be injured or crushed.

Anne Anson was a fine, handsome girl, tall, and with a good figure: she would dance her shoes out at a ball, and went through life, as she had begun it, thoroughly enjoying everything, without a grain of real worldliness in her composition; all health, imperturbable good temper and kind-heartedness, with no gifts of intellect to disturb the even

* I remember Mrs. Isted describing to me the scene, in the very room in which it occurred. She said that Mrs. Anson came in while they were all sitting there, having left her dressing-room *en déshabille*, with her lovely hair hanging down her back, and told them just what had happened, but quite calmly and collectedly, and looking more placid and beautiful than ever. Such remedies as they knew of were applied, and doctors were sent for; and, during the fearful interval before their arrival, they walked her frantically up and down the room, till she fell down on the floor in fatal lethargy.—S. P.

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tenor of her existence. My father said that he used, at the theatre or opera, to watch her face, in contrast with my mother's, which was so full of intellectual enjoyment, and say to himself, "*quelle bonne pâte!*" She married Lord Rosebery after he had been divorced from his first wife.

Freddy Anson, one of her sisters, who was very warm-hearted and pleasing, married Bouverie Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second son: so father and son were married to two sisters. Bouverie had been in love with some beautiful girl, whose name I forget, and when the match was broken off, he was in great despair: but Freddy undertook to be his consoling angel, with the result that might have been expected. After they were married, they lived in Edinburgh, and were as happy as possible.

One of the younger daughters was Fanny, who married Charles Murray, Lord Mansfield's brother. There was already another connection between us and the Murrays, through the wife of my uncle Charles (p. 35).

Charles Murray was a very charming and interesting person, but, owing to some unfortunate malformation of the spine, he became a perfect invalid, and was unable to walk. Fanny nursed him with the most devoted affection, till his death.

After this, she married Mr. Isted, of Ecton in Northamptonshire. He had been a former lover of hers, but their marriage had been prevented, as the family objected on account of his being deaf and dumb. He was a very lovable and interesting person; a thorough gentleman, and respected by all who knew him. He was remarkably active, a fine rider, and a regular follower of the Pychley hounds. He had great powers of observation, and a keen sense of humour; his little sketches and caricatures of incidents in the hunting field, or elsewhere, being most amusing, though he had never been taught to draw. When a young man he danced ex-

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tremely well, being guided merely by watching the motions of the musicians.

I always thought he was a remarkable instance of what my father used to call "compensation;" how things are made *even* in this world; if one thing is taken away, another is given. His life, with all its privations, was one of the happiest that could be imagined. Never having experienced the blessings of speech and hearing, he had no sense of his deprivations; and his infirmities had kept him from the knowledge of half the evils, the quarrels and annoyances of this life: not a jar had ever disturbed the even tenor of his existence, and all had been quiet, happy enjoyment of things around him. Every living thing was a joy to him: playing with his dogs, feeding his ducks, looking at his trees and his garden; all and everything was innocent, unmixed, undisturbed happiness. He studied the lives and habits of the creatures out of doors, and, in the house, an untiring amusement was backgammon, of which he would play game after game without ever wearying.

Eliza Anson, the youngest daughter, married Lord Waterpark, who was a favourite Lord-in-Waiting of the Queen's. After his death, the post of Lady-in-Waiting was given to Lady Waterpark.

Lord Waterpark used to tell us many stories of the court: "Says I to the Queen," and "says she to me." He said that the Queen could not bear silence at dinner, but liked everybody around her to talk as much as possible, while she would listen to what was being said. In the daytime when the Queen was coming, a man always came first, calling out, "Sharp! Sharp!"; on which all the Maids of honour, Lords-in-Waiting, etc., scuffled into their places, so as to be ready for her arrival.

No one was allowed to wear the same dress twice, without some change being made in it. I remember one of the Maids

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of honour, Miss Kerr, Lady Robert Kerr's daughter, telling me that the knowledge of the way to make natural flowers last, so that they could be worn as a trimming, proved a saving of forty pounds a year to her. She said that all the time of the Maids of honour was taken up in planning alterations in their dress.

The Duchess of Sutherland gave a splendid ball to the Queen, and they said that Stafford house looked perfectly beautiful. Whilst the Duchess herself was gorgeous in diamonds and a most magnificent dress, to do honour to her guest, the Queen went in a simple muslin embroidered in colours, and on shaking hands with the Duchess, she said, "I come from my *house* to your *palace*." The Queen's dress on this occasion naturally formed the subject of considerable comment.

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CHAPTER VII.

My grandfather's heir-presumptive was, at this time, his nephew, William Coke. He was a very noted character, and, no doubt, the chronicles of that day abound in stories about him. He was the veriest dare-devil that ever existed; looking upon danger as his native element, and not knowing what the word fear meant. It was the wish of his heart to have gone into the army, and he was a man to have led a forlorn hope; but, on account of his position with regard to Holkham, he was not allowed to do so—only to be disappointed at last in his prospects of succession to his uncle.

There was something fine and generous about him, but, when his temper was roused, there was no knowing what he might not do. One day when he was riding, a man on the road would not get out of his way as quickly as he wished, so he rode at him, and would have thought nothing of riding over him. My father said that he was never so nervous as he was once, when William Coke was on the moors at Cannon Hall. Battery-shooting was the sort of thing he had never seen, and when a number of grouse came flying towards them, and he could not touch a feather, he became very much put out. One of the keepers in spite of warning, would keep popping his head out of his hole just as the grouse were coming, and my father fully expected that William Coke would level his gun at the man and shoot him.

He was at Eton, where, amongst other feats, he swam the Thames with a hare in his mouth. Afterwards he went as a private pupil to Dr. Parr, commonly known as Old Parr, who was quite a character in his way. One morning Dr.

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Parr went out to look at the flowers in his garden, when, behold! the flowers were gone, and in their place appeared in the beds the heads of all his pupils: William Coke had amused himself by digging deep holes and planting the boys in them.

He was a man of iron. One morning he had a bad fall from his horse, cut his head open, and had to send for the doctor to sew it up; but he came in to breakfast as if nothing had happened. My mother said to him, "But, William, you surely have a headache?" He answered, "Oh! not a bit, I am all right."

His great amusement was riding with a certain noble lord, and encouraging the horses to *go* a little; and when he saw the said lord streaked red and white with fear, he used to turn round to anyone else who was with them, and say, "Is the little fool *afraid?*"

One day, unluckily, he hit my grandfather when out shooting, and a very ill-natured story was got up in the county that it was no random shot of William Coke's. My mother said she could recall the look of ineffable scorn on his handsome face when he heard of it, and the increased kindness of my grandfather's manner towards him.

My mother said nothing could be more striking than the contrast when William Coke and George Anson came into the room together, both being noted for their beauty: George Anson, with his dark high-bred look, and William Coke, tall and slight, with a small, and remarkably well-shaped head, covered with chestnut curls, a very fair, fine complexion, an aquiline nose, and the eye of a hawk. With all his faults there was a fine, generous, noble nature about him.

As was inevitable, a report got about that he was to marry my mother. She did not wish that anything should interfere with the perfect ease of their intercourse, and,

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knowing with whom she had to do, she went straight to him, and said, "William, there is a report going about that you and I are going to be married; I wish you would contradict it, should you hear it." This was met as she intended, and they were better friends than ever.

He was a splendid but reckless rider, and when he appeared at the meets, mounted on his well-known horse, Advance, with "*She kicks*" chalked on his back, everyone gave him a wide berth. Lady Listowel, who was very proud of her riding, told my father that she was determined to ride Advance. She did so, but came home with her habit all torn, and told him privately that she was very glad when it was over.

William Coke always said that nothing made him so nervous as to see a woman ride, for it was all balance of seat. In after years, when he was at Cannon Hall, he often rode with me for the pleasure of watching the paces of a beautiful little thoroughbred, named Fairy, which I had, and which, he declared, was more like a gazelle than any thing he had ever seen. He used to tell me that if I rode it in Hyde Park, I should be the envy of all the young ladies in London. When we went abroad, Fairy was turned out, and, to my great sorrow, was found dead in the field, having been suffocated when drinking in a pond full of clay.

I may insert here a very sad and tragic family history, which I was told by my mother.

There was a double marriage in the family: Lord Sherborne married Miss Coke (my grandfather's sister), and his youngest sister, Jane Dutton, married my grandfather. Fanny Dutton was a daughter of Lord Sherborne. She went over from Sherborne to Bath, to see her dentist, and stayed with a friend there, who pressed her to go to a ball which was being held. At first she refused, because she

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had not brought her turban with her, but the friend lent her this necessary article of attire, and she went. There she met Prince Bariatinski, a very handsome and charming young Russian. They danced together, and from that evening they became very much attached to each other.

A marriage between them was, however, strenuously opposed by the Dutton family, because she had money, and they did not want it to go out of the country into Russia. But they would not relinquish each other for any consideration, and, after waiting two years, they were at last married (1806), and went off to Russia. My mother gave me a most vivid description of the dreadful hardships which they had to encounter while flying in an open sledge, in the depth of winter, before Napoleon's victorious army. The dangers of their hasty flight, the want of food, the bitter cold, and the state of terror they were in all the time, proved too much for the poor young wife: they reached a Russian hut and took shelter, and there, to the utter despair of her unfortunate husband, his wife died, after having given birth to a little girl.

He returned to England with this child, Elizabeth, and her mother's body was brought over from Russia for burial at Sherborne. The money was settled on the child, and the Prince himself placed her with his wife's family in England. He then returned to Russia, and eventually married a Russian woman. But Fanny Dutton was the one love of his life, and he never forgot her, or really cared for anyone else. His Russian wife was aware of this, and, naturally, felt jealous, revenging herself by never allowing him to come over to England to see his child.

The child grew up at Sherborne, and was somewhat unpopular with her cousins on account of her peculiar temper. Shortly after she came out, she developed unmistakable signs of softening of the brain, evidently due to the circum-

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stances of her birth, and afterwards she went quite out of her mind. I saw a diary of a clergyman, mentioning several instances of her wayward and strange disposition whilst she was staying with him as a child; but, curiously enough, her behaviour was all put down at the time to temper, not one of her relations suspecting the real cause—that the poor girl was not right in her mind. This diary was lent to me by Julia Dutton, the late Lord Sherborne's daughter.

Meanwhile, her father having died, the stepmother became smitten with remorse for the part she had acted towards Elizabeth Bariatinski, and she eventually came to England with her two sons to ascertain how the girl was being treated, and, if possible, to gain possession of her. This was, naturally enough, miscontrued into a desire on her part to get control of the girl's money, and thereupon ensued the famous Bariatinski trial; a very unpleasant thing for the Dutton family. They declined to give up the custody of the child, as they had undertaken the care of it by its father's express wish, and it was proved that it was his own arrangement that she should live in England with her mother's family. After a long trial they finally won the case.

Elizabeth Bariatinski lived to the age of sixty-eight, and died at Sherborne. Amongst those who were present at her funeral, was an old carpenter in the village, who had attended that of her mother sixty-eight years before.

Anne Dutton, who used often to stay at Cannon Hall, was a first cousin of Elizabeth Bariatinski, being a daughter of the second Lord Sherborne. She was very original, and inherited all her father's wit, though, perhaps, in her, it was hardly tempered by that amiability which characterised it in his case. One day when we were sitting with her in Hyde Park, she suddenly said, "I am going to be married. It is quite time; I am nine-and-twenty, and have come to my full strength: but I did not know that I had been marked down

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by a little man in the navy, cruising on the high seas." This was Captain Plunkett, who afterwards became Lord Dunsany.

Jane's eldest sister was Lady Ducie, who was the favourite child of her father and mother. She was unalterably good-tempered, always bright and handsome, and had a lovely figure. I remember her staying for some time at Cannon Hall with her son, Lord Moreton, then a boy at Eton. We used often to have very small fried rabbits at dinner, and my father always declared that it was a shame to kill such little innocents; but, all the same, he invariably ate them, and enjoyed them. Instigated by Lady Ducie, we arranged one day to play him a trick: there were a quantity of squirrels about, and two of them had been killed by the dogs, so we sent them down to the kitchen, and had them cooked for his dinner, instead of the rabbits. However, he was too sharp for us, and did not fall into the trap.

Mrs. Coke, my grandmother, died at Bath when my mother was only four years old, so, from that age, my mother became the sole charge and care of her father. She used to tell us that she was not allowed any luxuries when in the schoolroom: she never had a fire to get up by, and, on the coldest days in winter, she used, as was then customary, to wear a low dress with short sleeves.

When she was eighteen she passed straight out of the schoolroom to take her place as mistress of the house; no slight charge, requiring, as it did, a great deal of judgment and determination to hold her proper position with older people, and to openly object to whatever she knew would displease her father. This position, however, she successfully filled, and was universally respected and looked up to. Of course, just at first, she went through some of the rather amusing agonies of inexperience. For instance, when

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making tea for twenty people the first morning, she put in two spoonfuls of tea, as she had always seen her governess put that quantity in. Great was her distress, also, when some gentleman asked her for the trail of the woodcock, the existence of such a thing being, till that minute, quite unknown to her.

My mother told me that for several years she was very much in love with Lord Bury, Lord Albemarle's eldest son, and that he returned her feeling for him: but my grandfather would not give his consent, and always said to her, "He is not worthy of you." At last, finding that the attachment was maintained, and having nothing but his own prejudices to oppose to it, he yielded, and gave his consent against his better judgment. No sooner had he done so, than my mother found that Lord Bury had suddenly turned right round, and was flirting with another girl. This decided matters, and all thoughts of the marriage were given up; providentially for my mother, for in subsequent years, after suffering from the most extraordinary hallucinations, Lord Bury went out of his mind, and finally died in a lunatic asylum.

When we were living in Harley Street we used to see a good deal of Lord and Lady Bury: he was very agreeable and amusing. A good many years afterwards, when my mother and sisters were staying at Quiddenham, Lady Albemarle took my mother over the house, and showed her all the rooms: then she turned round and said to her, "All this was to have been yours!"

My grandfather's second marriage with Lady Anne Keppel must, naturally, have been a very great trial to my mother, though she was always fond of Lady Anne. She was the daughter of his great friend, Lord Albemarle, and was only about eighteen at the time of the marriage; very fair and very pretty. Of course, all sorts of stories got about as to

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the reasons for such a marriage, but the only really reliable account is the following, which my mother gave me:—

Lady Anne was a most fascinating child, but a very determined one. My grandfather was amused by her; she was continually at Holkham with her father, and he was very fond of her; but just as he would have been of a favourite child or grandchild: and so it would have remained if great pressure had not been put on him. My mother seeing that there was something going on, which she did not understand, went straight to her and said, "Anne, what does this mean? Is it my father, or is it William Coke?" "Oh!" was the answer, "it's dear Mr. Coke. I would marry William to live always with dear Mr. Coke!" She was quite infatuated, and used to steal his gloves, or anything he had touched; kiss the chairs he had sat upon, and so on.

At last there was a wedding in the family, which threatened to put an end to Lady Anne Keppel's visits to Holkham. Lord Albemarle, who had lost his wife, as I have mentioned, was going to marry a cousin of my grandfather's, Charlotte Hunloke, Sir Henry Hunloke's daughter.*

The marriage took place by private licence in Berkeley Square. After the wedding and breakfast, and when the guests were departing, Lady Anne looked out of the window, and saw my grandfather's chariot waiting to take him back to Holkham, and (as she told my mother) she said to herself, "If once he gets into that carriage, I have lost him for ever!", and then and there she got the marriage settled. By her own showing, she must have recognised how very slight was her hold upon him, and my mother said that, as far as he was concerned, she was sure that he had no in-

* My mother once gave me a parure of spiked coral, which had belonged to Charlotte Hunloke, and told me that Lord Albemarle, having heard that the sea-water improved the colour of the coral, used to walk down every morning to dip the ornament in the sea.—A. M. W. P.

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tention whatever at the time beyond that of returning to Holkham, and, had he been allowed to do so, things would just have fallen back into their old groove, and the marriage would never have taken place.

Lady Anne was inconsequent, but altogether most fascinating, and, when she set her mind upon a thing, her determination was something extraordinary.

My mother went on a visit to Dalmeny, and there she met my father, and became much interested in the accounts of his travels. Sir John Maxwell was staying there too, and my father, plainly seeing that he had intentions in the same direction, settled that there was no time to lose: he must either cut him out, or be cut out himself. So he went back to Roddam and wrote his proposal.

My mother had just written to a friend of hers, "There has been a Mr. Spencer Stanhope here, who, I think, would have suited me, but he is gone, and I hear he is not a marrying man." The next morning at breakfast arrived the letter. My mother opened it, and exclaimed, "There, Lord Rosebery! that is your doing!" "Good God! Miss Coke, what have I done?" He was pouring out the coffee, and, in his nervousness, down went the coffee-pot, and the coffee was spilt all over the table. Of course, Lord Rosebery was able to give her all *renseignments* about my father. After listening to the satisfactory account which was presented to her, she said, "Well, there is one comfort, Mr. Stanhope has no brothers or sisters." "No brothers or sisters!" exclaimed Lord Rosebery, "he has dozens of both!"

I copy some letters from my father to his mother on this important event in his life.

"My dear Mother,

"I will just take a shot at you to let you know how things are going on, and what our plans are.

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"On Tuesday I went to Dalmeny, where I had a very cordial reception from *La Demoiselle*. Maxwell and his sister were there, and Lord Lynedoch. Miss Maxwell is an extraordinary girl, not handsome, but very blue, without knowing that it is singular to be so. I quite sank in her opinion when I told her that I had not read any of Chalmers' works.

"Lord Lynedoch went home at night, and Maxwell in the morning. I was originally invited only to dinner, but afterwards had a bed offered, and my invitation prolonged till after breakfast: it was afterwards extended to the next day, as, I think, they began to suspect: and, when I left them, they pressed me to stay. But I was engaged to the Andersons, and I thought the Commodore [his brother Roddam] would have started for home.

"Now, from details, it appeared to me to go on well. We rode always together, walked alone: and the rest of the party seemed inclined to be favourable. If I am right in this idea, I shall probably be asked again on our return from the trip we are now meditating.

"Now, as to the lady herself. She is not so handsome as I thought: beginning to look a little older. She is very quiet, perfectly ladylike, has evidently a great deal of taste, and very well inclined to laugh at the Whiggery, farming, and shooting of her native county.

"We had a very amusing scene. The King was to pass through the park, and we had various discussions as to the probability of his calling: the peer [Lord Rosebery] thought that he would not: yet in his heart he flattered himself that he would. The whole house was put into a complete state of smartness; the win-

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dows cleaned, the chairs uncovered; indeed, two days were entirely occupied in the arrangements; Lady Anson and Miss Coke, meanwhile, quietly quizzing the Whig spirit, and their bearing towards royalty. The hour came. Imagine us all at our stations in patient expectation of the arrival of the Monarch. It rained cats and dogs. The ladies were dressed for a public breakfast at Lord Hopetoun's, the others were dawdling in the garden. The King at length appeared. His Lordship took his station at the top of the steps, her Ladyship at the door: the King passed on, and there they all remained.*

"The party followed to Hopetoun's house, and I drove off here, where I found the Commodore almost on the point of starting for Roddam. I took him instead to the Andersons, where we spent three very pleasant days. We are going to Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, which will probably be the extent of our tour.

"Your dutiful son,

"J. S. S."

"Roddam, Oct. 22 [1822].

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"You will have been a little surprised at my letting so long a time elapse without writing to you, but I wished to be able to give you an account of the state of my affairs before I did so; and, at length, I am able to state that negotiations are at least *entaméd*. I

* Lord Rosebery, at that time, had not obtained his English peerage; and the fact that the King merely drove through the park, without showing him any civility, did not augur well for its being conferred upon him. George IV., on the occasion of this visit, held a most beautiful drawing-room at Holyrood Palace, at which my mother was present. He was surrounded by a body of archers in the old dress.—A. M. W. P.

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could not muster courage enough to speak whilst at Dalmeny, but, during my journey here, I had full time to think over the matter, and I considered that, as delay is dangerous, it was better at once to venture, than to run the chance of the future, which could at best be but uncertain. This morning I received her answer, which may be either considered as my acceptance, which I take it to be, or a refined piece of diplomacy, as it hooks me, and leaves her at liberty. To speak fairly, our acquaintance was too recent for her to be able to accept me without a little ceremony, so she proposes me to return to Dalmeny, that we might become better acquainted.

"I will give you extracts from her note. I had better copy it. 'I feel too sensibly the honourable and excellent letter I received from you this morning, not to answer it with the sincerity it deserves. Whilst I give you the assurance that I am free from any other preference, and that I am capable of appreciating your mind and character, as I have every reason to believe them to be, I am certain that you will pardon my adverting to the very recent period of our acquaintance, and expressing a wish that we may mutually become better known to each other. This I cannot help considering to be due to *you*, no less than to myself, and it will, also, allow time to communicate with my father on a subject so deeply interesting to him. I feel assured that you will acquit me of anything like evasion, or of the slightest intention of trifling with feelings so warmly and candidly expressed.'

"This was accompanied by a very kind letter from the peer, wishing me joy of having fixed my affections on one so deserving of the warmest attachment, leaving to me to judge whether I should prefer visiting him imme-

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diately, or waiting for Mr. Coke's answer, which I thought meant to hint the latter (which I have determined to do, as much the least embarrassing), stating that he had mentioned about Spencer, and making delicate enquiries as to fortune, etc. I have written to both: and here I wait for Mr. Coke's answer. So there is some chance of my being caught at last.

"To give you Miss Coke's character: she is very quiet, almost shy; has a great deal of taste, excellent judgment, and seems far above all worldly humbug, and is a person to make a capital wife. All my difficulty will be, if it succeeds, to know how to live without flirting and wife-hunting.

"Addio. Best love to all.

"Your dutiful son,

"J. S. S."

"Dalmeny.

"My dear Mother,

"It is after dinner, so you know what sort of a letter you must expect from me now, could you but suppose that I am at least half-seas over at such a *début*. *Mais ce n'est pas cela.*

"Here I am again at Dalmeny, and, I trust, as happy as I can be. I do not know where to begin in my description. Philip will have told you that I was on the point of starting from Roddam. I got into the coach, and arrived at Edinburgh. I intended to have been here for breakfast, but I found myself unwell during the night, so I did not start till after breakfast. You may conceive how nervous I was. Lady Anson was quite correct, and nothing could be kinder than her reception of me. Miss Coke was not able to see me at first. She had been quite ill during the week. We soon understood one

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another, and I can safely say that I do not think that it was possible for me to find a person so well calculated to suit my most romantic ideas of female perfection.

"Mr. Coke's letter to her was more like that of a lover, than a father; and I am happy to say that he seemed to be quite delighted.

"Lord Rosebery lent me a horse, and so we took a ride together. I found her writing to Lady Bromley, and she was much amused at the . . . . She expects you to write first. Write as you feel, she is quite a frank-hearted person. The plan, as far as it is fixed, is for us to go to Holkham together. They move from here on the 23rd, and intend to take the old spot [Cannon Hall] on their way.

"I am scheming a trip into Italy, as far as Florence. I think it would be better to have a break of that sort, before we settle regularly down as Darby and Joan. We could afterwards return through Switzerland.*

. . . . .

"Your affectionate son,

"J. S. S."

"My dear Mother,

"As our plans are a little more formed than they were when I last wrote, I will fire another letter at you, to tell you what they are. Lady Anson would not hear of a trip to Cannon Hall, which, I believe, she did not think correct; however, we have carried the point so far, that she has agreed to make a morning visit of it; so we intend to get as much of the day as possible there, and I do hope that it may prove a fine one.

* This well-devised plan of my father's was thrown over by the disapprobation of Blaikie, the house-steward at Holkham—a very important person, who looked upon my mother almost as his own child.—A. M. W. P.

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"I am anxious to go abroad, as it would make a break in one's life, and divide the bachelor state from that of the married man; and, in that case, it would be better not to go to Cannon Hall after the ceremony, but to move towards London, and stay a little time with you, (if you will have us), so that she may become fully acquainted with you all, and then cross the Channel.

"The more I see of her, the more am I satisfied that she is exactly the person to suit me. She cannot bear going out, likes the country, hates London (you will add this won't suit *me*), and yet has all the advantage to be acquired by living in the first society; naturally very shy, and fond of family and *connection*. She has a high spirit, cannot forgive anybody who was concerned in her father's marriage, though she likes Lady Anne, who was a chaperonée of hers.

"She had an engagement to be married by the Bishop of Norwich, but she has insisted on that not being the case, as he married her father; so she wishes the ceremony to be performed by the late Lord Anson's brother, who christened her: this must, of course, be private. You can conceive nothing like her adoration of her father.

"Hugh [his brother] is coming here to-day, he knows nothing about it; how he will be surprised! Lord Leven is here; the Beresfords came yesterday. . . .

"I start Tuesday morning, they follow the Tuesday after. This arrangement will prevent my having any difficulties at Cannon Hall.

"Addio,

"Your dutiful son,

"J. S. S."

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The expedition to Cannon Hall was a great success. My father met his visitors on horseback at the lodge gate, and took them everywhere, and showed them everything. They had a very good luncheon, cooked by old Pipat and his wife, one of the remarkable courses of which consisted of four different kinds of birds sent up in one dish.

To crown all, the gamekeeper expressed his approbation of the marriage, saying that "It was a very good *pheasant* connection."

The wedding took place a few days before Christmas, in the church in the park at Holkham.

A large old elm which overshadowed the church at Cawthorne was struck by lightning the very day my father and mother married, and now looks like the "Spirits-blasted tree;" but the evil omen belied itself most effectually; their lives were blessed by steadfast love and devotion to each other; and in fulness of years they were carried to the grave within a few days of each other.

I cannot resist quoting an anecdote about my grandfather, as told in Mr. G. Russell's "Reminiscences." Speaking of the strong political enmities which existed in those days, he says:—"The vigour, heartiness and sincerity of this political hatred puts to shame the more tepid convictions of these degenerate days. The first Earl of Leicester, better known as 'Coke of Norfolk,' told my father that, when he was a child, his grandfather took him on his knee, and said, 'Now remember, Tom, as long as you live, never trust a tory;' and, he used to say, 'I never have, and, by God, I never will.'"

I have no doubt that Mr. Russell's story was strictly true, but I think he might be amused with the sequel, for my grandfather (the "Tom" in question) eventually placed more trust in *one* tory than he did in any whig, saying, by way of apology, "There is only one good tory, and that is Stanhope."

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My father has often remarked to me on the curious character of his position at Holkham: he was the only tory amongst all the greatest whigs in the country, including ministers and prime ministers; yet they were all on terms of the most intimate friendship with him; never making the slightest difference whether he was there or not; discussing all their plans and their secrets openly with each other, not only before him, but *to* him. He was the son-in-law of the house, whatever his politics might be: the one unobjectionable tory.

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CHAPTER VIII.

I was born at Doncaster; but my parents had not gone there for the sake of the *winning horse*, but to secure the *first favourite* in the medical profession, the famous Dr. Branson. They took two houses close together; my father living in one, and my mother and Lady Anson in the other.

In a letter to his mother, my father tells her that, when Dr. Branson left the house, old Lord Fitzwilliam came out to ask him how Mrs. Stanhope was, and if it was a boy or a girl. In this letter my father says that there was expected to be a very full gathering at the races, and that he believed one great attraction would be the appearance of his daughter; adding that, as my mother had set her mind on my appearing at the races in a very smart hood, certain infantile finery, consisting of the said hood and a very handsome satin cloak, had arrived from London.

I think very few people can say that they saw the St. Leger run when they were three weeks old!

From what I have been told, the northern race-meeting was, in those days, very different from any other race in the kingdom. It was unique, and one of the most striking sights in England. All the county families went there in state, and the display of beautiful animals, and of fine carriages with four or six horses, was wonderful to behold; very different from what it is at the present day.

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My mother's carriage was, of course, surrounded, and I was an attraction in this, my brilliant introduction into fashionable life. To complete the success of the day, Lord Lichfield's famous horse, Waterwitch, won the St. Leger, and he commemorated his triumph by giving his mother, Lady Anson, a most splendid Indian shawl, which was called the Waterwitch shawl.

In the letter to my grandmother to which I have referred, my father mentioned that my uncle Charles had dined with them, and that, as my mother wished me to be baptized, they had settled that he should do so after dinner: that I had been named Anna Maria, because it was a great Stanhope name, my father remarking that they had regretted my aunt Hudson had not been called Anna Maria, instead of Mary Anne. My second name was Eliza, after my mother. "So we determined upon Anna Maria Eliza, by which names the little lady was baptised."

A curious thing happened when I was going to be married; there was some uncertainty about my second name, not one of the family, my father and mother included, feeling sure as to what it was. My future husband said they must excuse his businesslike habits, and that he should like them to write to the Vicar of Doncaster, and ask for a copy of the register of my birth. His request was the means of saving the parish register; for, when the messenger arrived, Doncaster Church was in flames, and, till that moment, no one had thought of the register; but, on receiving the letter, they immediately went to rescue it, which was effected only with great difficulty. The church was burnt to the ground. In the register my name was found entered as Anna Maria Wilhelmina.

My own impression is that there was some mistake, possibly due to my mother's name being Wilhelmina, her name and mine having got mixed; but, anyhow, I have used the

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name ever since; and I should think it was an unique instance of a husband giving a fresh name to his wife.*

When the time came for leaving Doncaster they drove to Cannon Hall, having horses sent on to meet them half way When my mother reached Cawthorne she heard the bells ringing, and innocently enquired the reason; she was answered, "For the little heiress."

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* I have found the following letters:—

"My dear Pickering,

"I forward Dr. Sharpe's letter, which has surprised me very much, for I had no idea that her name was not Eliza. I do not suppose that Charles entered it wrong; but, however the case may be, she is now Anna Maria Wilhelmina; very pretty names.

"Very truly yours,

"J. Spencer Stanhope."

March 2nd, 1853.

"Doncaster Parish Register.

1824 Aug. 26. } Anna Maria Wilhelmina, daughter of Spencer and Elizabeth Stanhope, Esq., of Doncaster, was baptised by Spencer Stanhope, Minister.

"The above extract was made by me this first day of March, 1853.

"Jno. Sharpe, Vicar."

"Dear Sir,

"You will have heard of the total destruction of my beautiful church by fire, which was raging awfully when I received your letter. Happily, through the fearless exertions of one of my parishioners, the registers have been preserved, and I now send you the required extract.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"John Sharpe."

The letter from my grandfather to his mother, referred to above, must, I think, be accepted as conclusive evidence that my mother was really christened Eliza, whatever the entry in the register may have been; for that letter was written within an hour or two after the ceremony. I have little doubt but that my uncle Charles was accountable for the mistake, by entering one of his sister-in-law's names (Wilhelmina) instead of the other (Eliza). The peculiar wording of the entry, and the laxity it dis-

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My first visit to Holkham was when I was in long clothes. Lady Anne used to tell me of the procession of the baby along the half-lighted passages downstairs, headed by my father with a lighted candle, in a fidget lest the nurse should drop me and she used to add, "You were more precious then than you have ever been since."

My sister Eliza's birth was the next event in the family, and, subsequently, when I was between three and four, my brother was born, on a most suitable day too, St. Thomas' Day, the Cannon Hall rent-day. All the tenants were at dinner at Cawthorne when the news of his birth arrived, and the bells were duly rung, and his health was drunk with cheers.

The joy was short-lived, however, for an event happened at Cannon Hall which gave my father the greatest anxiety. A mad dog jumped into the kennels, and bit all the dogs there, and many animals in the yard, before it was discovered what had happened. The kennel-dogs had, when they were turned loose, bitten all the animals about the place; and cows, calves, pigs, sheep, and horses, all went mad. It was first discovered by the extraordinary conduct of some calves, at which my uncle Philip was looking. My father said he never should forget that time, with his anxiety that my mother should hear nothing about it, his fear for us, and above all his alarm about the men who had to feed the

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plays respecting christian names, would justify such an assumption, even if my uncle had not been (as has been mentioned) notorious for his blunders. At the time, too, he was just recovering from an illness, of which insomnia was one of the symptoms, and he had left his bedroom for the first time only the day before the christening.

There is another curious error in the entry, which seems to have escaped everyone's notice, both at the time and subsequently, namely, that the date given is August 26th; two days before my mother was born!

Her newly discovered name was that by which she was called by my father and his family.—S. P.

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animals, in case they should have any scratches or cracks on their hands. He sent them all off to Leeds, that their hands might be examined as to the state of the skin. Then he became alarmed because we had been drinking the milk of the cows that went mad, though he afterwards heard from the Leeds Infirmary that there was no danger on that account. These troubles went on for a long time, and he was constantly being told of fresh cases that had broken out. I remember that once I was walking with the nurses on the north side of the park, in the little wood near the lodge, when, on the other side of the hedge, and close to where we were, we saw a dog lying, apparently unconscious, but foaming at the mouth, and making a dreadful moaning noise. We turned back immediately to walk home, and had to go a long way round by the other side of the park so as not to pass by the dog. Happily we arrived in safety, and a keeper was immediately sent down to shoot it.

My mother said that one day when I came in from my walk, she heard an altercation on the stairs, and a small, but very consequential voice saying, "Miss Stan goes up the front stairs; Betsey goes up the back stairs." She speedily sent Miss Stan up the back stairs, and desired Betsey to go up the front.

My earliest recollection of things in this life is connected with Quarles, where my parents took me when I was three years old. It was a house belonging to my grandfather, about four miles from Holkham. They went there, I suppose, with the idea of being more independent than they would have been at Holkham itself; but my mother did not care for it, saying it was like being just outside the gates of paradise. I distinctly remember feeding some tame doves there every morning at breakfast; I used to go into the garden to call them, and they used to come flying into the dining-room through the French windows. Another circum-

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stance at Quarles was rather calculated to make an impression on me, both mind and body. Some visitors had come to luncheon, and I settled that it was the proper thing that I should be asked down to see them: but no message for me came to the nursery; and, much affronted, I determined that something must be done to remind my mother of my existence. After planning various things, a very clever idea struck me; I had observed that, when the dining-room door was open, there was a great space at the hinges, and through this I inserted my hand, feeling sure that my mother would recognise it as mine, and, that, if thus reminded of my existence, she would be sure to send for me. Alas! a footman partly shut the door, and the yell that followed reminded my mother of my existence in a manner which I had not contemplated, bringing all the company out to see me, instead of bringing me in to see them. Luckily no great damage was done, though the consequences might easily have been very serious.

My first distinct recollection of my grandfather is not connected with Quarles, but with the library at Cannon Hall. One day, when in that room, he said to me, "Come here, little ooman,' and drawing himself up to his full height, "Now look at me; do you think you would know me again? If you saw me in the street, would you say, 'That is grandpapa.'" I said, I should; and from that day to this his figure has remained prominent in my mind amongst those whom I have known and loved.

Another time we all went down to wish him goodbye when he was going away. He said to my brother Roddy, "Well, my little man, and what have you come here for?" "Money, grandpapa."

One time, when the Cokes were staying at Cannon Hall, they all drove up to the moors, and, as they were coming back, Lady Anne suggested that they should walk on, leaving

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the carriage to follow. It was very long in coming, and they had got a considerable way, when a heavy thunderstorm came on, and it began to rain heavily. There was a barn with the door open, close to the roadside, and into this she ran, the others following. A man was there, who looked very sulky at the invasion, and asked what they wanted. Lady Anne said, "We want shelter till the carriage comes up." "It's not much of a carriage ye'll see, I'm thinking," growled the man. But she told him they had come from Cannon Hall, and were going to drive back. The man said, "Well, if you come from there, I reckon you may be the servants." "No," said Lady Anne, "we are not the servants; I am Mr. Stanhope's mother." The man burst out laughing (and very excusably, too, seeing that she was nearly twenty years younger than my father); "Na, na; Mr. Stanhope's mother, indeed, ye'll no gammon me like that." At that moment the carriage drove up, and, to the astonishment of their friend, they all got in, and, wishing him good-bye, drove off. It was called Lady Anne's barn ever after.

I remember, when I was a very little girl, standing in the park to see Lord Milton go by. He was going to Cannon Hall to pay a formal visit to my grandfather. He was alone in a chariot with six horses, and had four outriders, two in front, and two behind. I quite well remember my reflection upon it, "All that grandeur for one little pale-faced man, who must be very dull all by himself!"

My mother told me that once, when my grandfather and Lady Anne were at Cannon Hall, Lord Fitzwilliam stayed there for one night only, and that he brought with him eight horses, and seven servants; he had four horses for his carriage, two for the outriders, and one each for the valet and groom. There were two postillions, two outriders, a groom, a valet, and his private secretary. My grandfather

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was very much astonished, and said to my mother, "Well, my dear Eliza, if this is Yorkshire hospitality, all I can say is that I hope Stanhope's fortune is equal to it." It struck him all the more, because in Norfolk it was not the custom for any horses to be taken in at the stables; they were all sent to the inn.

Another thing which made a great impression on my grandfather was the want of economy in the Yorkshire farming. He said that he had walked up to Banks,* and had looked all round on as rich a grass country as he ever saw, and yet there were only *two sheep* eating it.

One day the hounds met at Cawthorne, and lost in Deffer Wood. We had walked towards the summer-house, hoping to see something of the hunt, my brother Walter being carried by one of the nurses. We stopped at the gate of the nearest field, and were standing in the path by the wall, when, suddenly, the fox scrambled over the wall, jumped down on to the path where we were standing, and got into the pond close by, swimming to the middle of it, where there was an upright stone drain-pipe; into this he got, and was completely hidden. Presently all the hunt came through the gate, looking for Reynard, and, seeing us standing there, they asked the maids if they had seen him. The maids were only too ready to say "Yes," and to betray his hiding-place. Huntsmen, dogs and all, got into the water and surrounded the drain: but the poor fox was curled up tight, and the dogs were too large to get him out. So they had to send to Cawthorne for some small dogs, which got into the drain and killed him. He was then pulled out, and the brush was cut off and given to Walter, who was duly blooded, and went home in triumph, carrying the trophy

* A house belonging to my grandfather, about a mile and a half from Cannon Hall.—S. P.

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of his first hunt, and of having been in at the death. His picture was painted waving the brush over his head.*

We went to stay for some time at Cheltenham, where my grandmother and aunts were; and my brother Walter, I remember, had the scarlet fever there, though we did not move out of the house on that account. When the time came for us to post back to Yorkshire, all England was in a state of commotion, with dangerous riots and mobs, aroused by the Reform Bill. Travelling was not very safe, and people were generally afraid of moving about. We, however, got safely to Bromsgrove, where we slept.

The next morning the landlady came to my mother, and said that there were rumours of large mobs being about the country; that carriages had been stopped, and people not allowed to go on; that it really was not safe travelling with young children; that she ought, at any rate, to send out and buy some yellow ribbons for the horses and servants. My mother was sure that my father would not consent to go with false colours if he knew it, and so the only way was not to let him know that we had got them. Accordingly our French *bonne* was sent out to buy yellow ribbons, with orders to put them in her pocket, and dress us up with them as soon as we had started. This was easily done, because my father and mother travelled in the rumble of the chariot, leaving the inside of the carriage to us.

We had gone about two miles from Bromsgrove, when there appeared a very large mob armed with pikes and staves, and waving flags and banners. They divided and made way for us, but looked sulky, as if they were used to being taken in by false colours. When we got into the midst

* The other figures in the picture are, my mother, standing in what was a favourite attitude of hers (as she told me), with her arms folded on the back of a sofa, and her sister Eliza. [The portrait of my mother is the one reproduced below, p. 174.]—S. P.

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of the mob, Walter, thinking it very dull, began waving a streamer of yellow ribbon which hung down from the carriage, and cheering at the top of his voice. No better fun! off went our hats: we waved them over our heads, and cheered as loudly as we could. There could be no mistake, thought the mob, we were of the right sort! So they began to cheer *us*: they cheered, and we cheered; and our delight was complete, when the band struck up a whig tune. We were taking my father triumphantly through the whig mob! He told us, however, that our false colours must be taken down as soon as we crossed the boundary into Yorkshire, which we should do at Bawtry.

I remember the state of excitement everyone was in at Sheffield, when we got there, to hear the news from London. The yard of the Tontine Inn, where we were to sleep, was crowded with people awaiting the arrival of the last mail from the South.

We spent every winter at Holkham when we were children, but I was then so young, that I only remember one or two trivial things which seem to flash across my memory. I recollect that we were located in one of the towers, with our French *bonne*, Mme. Bâton, alias Bâty, one of the most excellent, thoroughly trustworthy persons who ever existed, but a great dragon: outside our room there was a very wide passage, which we made our playground, and there was one specially attractive place in it, a sort of black hole, which served as a prison for the boys. When they were naughty they were dragged up to the tower by their tutor, Mr. Paine, and locked up in this dark closet till they repented. It was very exciting to us to hear the cries of "I will be good, do let me out, Mr. Paine," accompanied by vigorous thumps, and sometimes varied by "If you don't open the door this minute, I will kick it down." We used to have our meals

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in a room downstairs with our young uncles: my grandfather would generally come in to see us while we were at our dinner, and used to sit down and eat a roast potato with butter and rock salt. We always went down to dessert, and then used all to play games in the drawing-room with Lady Anne.

Field was the head nurse: a very clever woman. She had her rooms on one side of the passage, Bâty had hers on the other; they were the rival powers, and we the bone of contention.

I well recollect the battue days, which came twice a week, and what a pretty sight there was on the south lawn, when they were all assembling for the start. I used regularly to be lifted on to my grandfather's horse, and he used to ride up and down with me till they were all ready to set off. I remember his telling me on one of these occasions how he had once killed a fox in what is now the centre of Belgrave Square.

In later years I heard another story, equally illustrative of the condition of London in those days. I was sitting at dinner by old Sir Hamilton Seymour, who was for many years our ambassador at Vienna, and he told me that, when he was quite a young man, he went out in his father's carriage to dine somewhere in London, and the carriage was attacked by highwaymen in what is now the lower end of Grosvenor Place, and they were rescued only with some difficulty. I could hardly believe that I was actually talking to a person who had himself been attacked by highwaymen in what was now one of the crowded thoroughfares of London. It seemed to link one in an extraordinary way with the past.

But, to return to Holkham. One evening there was to be a servants' ball in the audit-room, and we were to go to it. The band arrived from Wells, headed by Mr. Tysack, the Wells hairdresser, who was a most fascinating man to the

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maids, with dark corkscrew ringlets. He came up to the tower in the evening to cut our hair before the ball. My brother, Walter, was well pinned up in a white wrapper undergoing the operation, with Bâty holding a candle for Mr. Tysack to see, when, suddenly, the beautiful ringlets frizzled up—she had set Mr. Tysack's hair on fire! Down went the candle, and Bâty, horrified at what she had done, made a dash at Mr. Tysack's head, to put out the burning curls, when, oh! horror of horrors! the whole thing came off in her hands, leaving him with a bald pate! We, of course, incurred Bâty's high displeasure by enjoying the catastrophe to the last degree. I do not recollect whether he sent off to Wells for a fresh set of curls for the ball, but think this was most probable, as he would never have dared to appear without his ringlets.

We knew Sir Charles Clarke, the eminent physician, as he was a great friend of my grandfather's. One year Lady Anne was very ill with an attack of fever, and the local doctor said she was dying; she was almost pulseless, and in the last stage of weakness. My grandfather said, "If anyone can save her, it is Clarke;" and he had four horses put to his chariot, and gave orders that they were to go as fast as they could, and bring Clarke back in it. The moment Clarke saw her, he said that she must be bled. The other doctor was horrified, and refused to take the responsibility of such an act; but Sir Charles persisted, saying, "She must be bled till she faints, and I will do it on my own responsibility. I shall hold the watch and feel her pulse, and I shall tell you when to stop." The doctor, as he took out his lancet, said, "Lady Anne, I am putting a pistol to your head." As the blood flowed, her pulse rose, and she was saved. She had been dying, not from weakness, but from the fever.

Clarke amused us when we were children by telling us that he was once attending a lady who was very nervous:

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she was at breakfast at the time, and held a bit of toast in one hand, and the fee in the other. He watched eagerly for what he thought would happen, and, sure enough, he got the toast. He held it up, put it in his mouth, and ran out of the room saying, "Mind you don't swallow the guinea.

We used often to drive down to the sea at Holkham, which was a great novelty and a subject of interest to us. The coast there is a fine desolate one, with nothing to interfere with the full sweep of the breakers as they roll in with a thundering sound. The sands are, for the most part, hard and fine, but there are many quicksands in them, and boards were to be seen in all directions with "Dangerous" on them. Collecting shells was a great delight to us in those days.

I recollect our going from Cannon Hall to Mrs. Beckett's, at Barnsley, to see the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria pass through the town on their way to Wentworth House, where they were to pay a visit.* My father and mother were asked to Wentworth to meet the Princess, and they described her as a most simple, unaffected, and pleasing girl. In the evening she sang, while the Duchess of Kent accompanied her, and, through some oversight, everybody remained seated, the Princess being the only person who was standing. My father said this made him feel so uncomfortable, that he would have got up, but, being a guest, he did not like to appear to set the example to others in such a matter.

Some years after, when we were staying at Wentworth House, I was walking in the pleasure-ground with Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam, when she said, "This is where the Princess slipped." I asked her what she meant, and she told

* William IV. did not approve of these "progresses" of the Duchess of Kent, nor of her taking the Princess to visit at various country houses. —A. M. W. P.

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me that, when Princess Victoria was there, she was showing her about the pleasure-ground, and they met the old gardener, who said to the Princess, "Your Royal Highness maun be varie careful, for its varie slape." The Princess turned round, and said, "What does slape mean?" Just at that moment she slipped in the mud, and nearly came down, on which Lady Dorothy quietly said, "Now, ma'am, you know what slape means."

Soon after their visit, Lord Milton, who was the great favourite and hope of the county, was taken ill with typhus fever, and, to the great sorrow and regret of everyone, he died. It was not generally known, but Princess Victoria had an attack of the same fever after her return to Kensington Palace.

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CHAPTER IX.

When we got older, and a schoolroom was established, we used to remain at Cannon Hall all through the winter; but my father's health was never strong, and he could not stand the climate there at that time of year, so he and my mother regularly spent the six winter months at Holkham, which place always agreed with him particularly. Nothing could be happier than our summers, when our parents were at home, or more dreary than the winters, when they were away. My heart used to sink within me when they drove off, and we were left.

We had two governesses. The English one had been governess to Tom Hughes' sister; the other, a German, was the daughter of the musician Kiesewetter. The only advantage we found in having two, was that, if there was warfare with one, the other was especially kind to us.

My mother told me in latter years that we used *all* to be so much admired when young, that she was spoken of as, "Mrs. Stanhope with the beautiful children." Of course the knowledge of this was carefully kept from us. Lady Anne Coke used to say to her, "You do not make half enough of those beautiful little girls, you are not worthy of them." Her answer always was, "I am *afraid*." She thought of Lady Ellenborough. I well remember my extreme astonishment one day when we were at Cheltenham: I got separated from the others, and became lost in the Old Well walk, when a gentleman came up, bringing with him a lady, and I heard him say to her, "I want you to see

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her, I think she is the loveliest little girl I ever saw." I was very excited, and thought I should like to see her too. I looked eagerly all round in every direction for the little girl; but there was no one near, and they were looking at *me*.

My father, in speaking of us, used to say, "They are all as wild as hawks, but there is not one of them that would tell an untruth, or do a mean thing." *

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* Perhaps I may be excused for inserting the following letter, which I have found.—S. P.

"Wortley, 9th Jan'.

"DEAR LADY ELIZABETH,

"I must write you a few lines to tell you how delighted I and the children have been with Walter's and Anna Maria's visit to us. It was very, very kind of you to let them come. He is a dear, good boy, and I found him perfectly tractable and gentlemanlike; as to her, were I to say all I think of her, you, but *no one else*, would accuse me of exaggeration: her heart, her mind, her whole *manière d'être*, are singularly delightful. You have, indeed, reason to be grateful to God for giving you such a daughter, and, yes, *eldest* child too! How salutary must the effect be upon the others! . . .

"Believe me,

"Ever yr. affte,

"G. STUART WORTLEY."

From many old letters of my grandmother's which I have found, I feel sure that even she, in her heart of hearts, would not have considered a still warmer eulogium as an exaggeration.

I may add the following extract from a letter of my grandmother's, of about the same date as the above, written, probably, to her mother-in-law.—S. P.

"Anna Maria set off last Thursday, according to appointment, with Mark, in the gig to Pennistone, where she was met by Lady Georgina [Stuart Wortley], who brought her back, quite enchanted with her, on Saturday. She told me that she had never seen anything more perfect than her manner to Mr. Forster, to whom she was to act as Ambassadress in bringing him here. I must give you a specimen of the conversation for your amusement:—

"*Lady G. Wortley:* 'Mr. Forster, I have brought Anna Maria on an embassy to you from Lady E. Stanhope.'

"*Mr. F.* (drawing himself up): 'Oh! I am prepared to receive it.'

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My mother kept a shop for us about once a month, where we bought cheap things for presents to the villagers, or for ourselves. Our money was made by the pennies we received every Saturday evening, when our characters for the week were read aloud.

Many old customs still lingered at that time in the village of Cawthorne. The curfew was rung every evening at eight o'clock. On the first of May the school-children came up with hoops to beg for artificial flowers; these my

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"*A. M.*: 'Not an embassy, a petition: so I must make myself humble.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'So that's all! There is a shilling for you.'

"*A. M.*: 'Mamma desires me to entreat you to come to us. She has kept a very comfortable room for you.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'Pretty talking! When I get there, I shall find that Lady Elizabeth has put me into a place only fit for a coal-hole, looking into the chicken-yard, with the dog-kennel beyond it.'

"*A. M.*: 'Oh, no! It is a very nice room, just opposite the schoolroom, so that we may all take care of you.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'Just opposite the schoolroom! a charming noise I shall have!'

"*A. M.*: 'We will take care not to touch the pianoforte when you are in your room.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'If I don't hear *him*, I shall be sure to hear *you*.'

"*A. M.*: 'Your room has two doors, and the schoolroom one: they shall always be shut.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'A nice banging I shall have!'

"*A. M.*: 'Mamma says you shall do what you like, and go where you like.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'Very likely, indeed, that Lady Elizabeth would bear me hobbling about the house! The first thing she would do, would be to take my stick from me.'

"*A. M.*: 'If you will but come, you shall not be obliged to write yourself a lawyer's letter as an excuse to get away again.'

"*Mr. F.*: 'I should find some other means of getting away.'

"So they went on, till Mr. Wortley, and even Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, were in fits of laughter.

"She has made quite a conquest of Lord Wharncliffe, who volunteered shaking hands, and saying how glad he was to see her, indeed, she has quite domesticated herself there, and is as much at home as if she had lived there all her life."

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mother's maid used to sew on to the hoops, which, with ribbons and other decorations, were used in decking out a tall May-pole planted in the village. At Christmas all sorts of old ceremonies still prevailed: the carpenter used to bring the yule-log on Christmas eve into the library: no other servant had the right to bring it in. On New Year's eve, toast and ale went round for the servants: musicians and morris-dancers, and the "horse's head," appeared, while the choir sang under the windows, whatever the weather might be. Another night the singers used to come into the hall, and sing to us there. There were always some very fine voices amongst them, and they practised a good deal amongst themselves: indeed, this part of England was noted for producing good singers.

My father took the greatest pains with our education. He had a highly classical mind, and used to read a great deal of history and poetry with us, and especially with me, as I was the eldest. When he was away, he used to write letters on history to me, and these I had to answer. I have in after years realised the true value of his instruction, and have found that what I learnt from him has remained, and has left its stamp on my mind, long after the wisdom and learning of the schoolroom had passed away.*

On most days in the summer we used to ride with my father. He had made quite a study of the art of riding, in riding-schools both in England and abroad, and he used

* Whatever pains her father spent on her education, she well repaid on that of her own children. She never considered that any trouble or money spent on such an object was wasted. I have now some dozen note-books containing a history of England which she wrote for us, because she thought she could convey the facts to us better in her own words than in those of others. The facts, perhaps, have vanished from our minds, but the spirit of the teaching and of the teacher remains; and her labour has not been in vain.—S. P.

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to say that most people rode without knowing anything of the government of a horse; that it should be entirely from the wrist, and that a turn of the little finger should govern the bit of a horse. He told me that sometimes, when he was riding in Paris, everybody would scatter out of the way in alarm of his horse, though he was only amusing himself by making it dance!

When we did not go out riding with my father, we used to do gardening with my mother. She sat near us with her book, directing our youthful efforts at digging, weeding, and watering. We had each a flower-garden and a kitchen-garden.

Every day during our tea-time my father used to read aloud to us, either the plays of Shakespeare, or Roman history: and this was one of our great pleasures, for he read most beautifully.* Inspired by what had been read to us, we used to act plays on the stump of a tree in the park, and ride tournaments on our ponies.

A prime favourite of our childhood was Mitchell (Mitty), my mother's maid, who had been with her before she married. Her chief pleasure was in spoiling us: her next, in spoiling the whole village. She was always begging for some one; and it was as good as a play to hear my mother scolding her, remonstrating, and declaring her determination not to give, while Mitchell, holding her own, and not minding a bit, waited quietly, sure of getting her own way at the last.

Her great delight was in making the most remarkably clever rag-dolls for us, dressed like soldiers or sailors.

One day my mother found her at the poor people's closet, drinking up all the remains of the bottles of medicine, because, as she said, it was a great pity such good

* My mother, certainly, inherited to no mean extent the rare art of reading aloud, though she could not, as she always declared, imitate different brogues as well as her father did.—S. P.

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medicine should be wasted. Another day my mother found her with her mouth full of something, chewing away at it; the something was some of her finest lace, which was undergoing a process, which, Mitchell said, was the safest one for getting the dirt out. She was, however, wonderfully clever with laces and furs.

Poor Mitchell! she eventually ended by going out of her mind from softening of the brain, and had to have a home provided for her in a farmhouse.

We used to take great interest in the village, and my brother Roddy was a great favourite there. He could talk Yorkshire very well, which delighted the villagers, and any choice stories of the natives were always retailed to us. One day he remarked to the keeper on the number of rabbits in the park: "Eh! Mester Roddy, there's sadly, prattily, a fund o' rabbits in t' park." Another day he asked where something was, and was told, "It's 'oop a t'op 'o t'ous." There was an old woman whom we used to go to see, she had shaking fits, and told Roddy, "T' doctor says it's from t' liver; but a knows better; it's a hole in t' gizzard."

Once the same woman said to me, "I should like to go to heaven, and I mean to go there, if I *live* and keep my senses." Another woman said she hoped her son would still be lame, and have his crutches in heaven, so that she might hear him coming, for "how could she go, homfer, homfer, through all the courts of heaven looking for him?"

There was an old couple in the village whom I used often to go to see, and one day, when I found them sitting, one on each side of the fire, the old man said to me, "Well, t' missis and me, we've been married nigh on fifty year, and we've never had one quarrel." The old woman looked at me, with a twinkle in her eye, and said, "It war varie conscientious, but varie dool."

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As we got older we used to half live in the boat on the water in the park. We discovered an island, where my father, in former days, had made an arbour and some walks: this we appropriated, and we got an old man, Amos Gill, who was the living image of Count Ugolino, to come with us to cut the brambles, and clear the paths. When we took him back, he exclaimed, on getting out of the boat, "I am *thankful* to be on English shores again; I hope I shall never leave England more:" and we had to give up taking him, as the perilous voyages over a few yards of water were too much of a trial for him.

On one occasion we were walking by the Dean Hill tan-yard: the tan pits were all in a dark barn, and at the entrance to this we saw a man standing, laughing, and holding up a dripping bonnet by the strings. Presently there emerged such a figure! my sister Eliza, with her hair wet, and streaming down her back; her muslin frock clinging round her, with tan pouring from every fold: and in this draggled and drowned condition she had to walk home. She had gone, against orders, into the barn, and, in the dark, had fallen into one of the tan pits. The catastrophe was concealed from my mother, though she was puzzled to know why the tan-yard was smelling so strong that day.

Once Walter came in to dinner in the schoolroom looking very white: Roddy had been teasing the dog in the stable-yard, till, thoroughly enraged, the animal broke his chain, rushed at him, got him down, and bit his arm: the next minute he would have been at his throat, but, providentially, Walter was at hand, and saw what had happened: he was very strong, and gave the dog such a tremendous kick, that it slunk back into its kennel. Walter then took Roddy up in his arms, carried him into the saddle-room, and sucked the wound.

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During one very hot season there were an enormous number of wasps about, and my brothers took to smoking them with sulphur, and then digging them out. One day they brought in a very fine hornets' nest in a handkerchief, with the hornets in a state of torpor. They thought they would kill them by putting them into the oven, and preserve the nest as a specimen. After giving them time, as they thought, to be well roasted, they opened the oven door, when a great buzz was heard, and out flew all the hornets, resuscitated by the heat, and swarmed all over the kitchen. How they were finally got rid of, I do not remember.

One day, at Cannon Hall, there was a large party, which included old Mr. Bowen Cooke. He was sitting at one end of the table, and, in due course, stood up to say grace; when the expectant ears of the company were greeted by my brother Roddy's voice from the other end of the room, with,

> "Six children sliding on the ice,
> All on a summer's day:
> It so fell out that they all fell in,
> The rest they ran away."

Another day, when my aunt Anson and her daughters, Sir William and Lady Cooke, and others, were at Cannon Hall, they let off the water from the upper reach in the park, with a view to getting the fish, and then cleaning it out. We all went down to see it drawn, and my uncle Charles, who was there, persuaded Sir William Cooke to walk over the top of the cascade, as being much the shortest and easiest way of getting to the other side. Sir William Cooke had Roddy in his arms, and the stones at the top of the cascade were narrow and slippery; down went Sir William Cooke, slosh into the mud and water in the upper reach, letting Roddy fall from his arms, who went down the then dry cascade, bounding from one stone to another. They thought he would have been dreadfully hurt, but he sat

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down on the last stone quite unconcerned, washing his hands.

This anecdote recalls to my memory some verses which my uncle Charles wrote about us, and gave to me :—

Dear Anna Maria,
Who can but desire
To hear that you're healthy and happy and good.
And lively Eliza,
I hope she grows wiser
And taller to-day, than she yesterday stood.
That carpenter Walter,
Is ne'er a defaulter
At pleasing Miss Dawson* and learning his book.
That brave little Roddy,
Takes care of his body,
That fell from the arms of that good William Cooke.
That fat, fair Miss Alice,
A soul without malice,
Is loved and is loving where'er she is known.
And Baby Louisa,
Let all strive to please her,
Or surely our hearts are as hard as a stone.

When she grew up, my sister Loui, in spite of bad health, was active in doing all the good she could for others. She was deeply religious, and devoted herself to brightening the lives of the villagers, by whom she was deservedly beloved. One event, which gave her infinite pleasure, was their joining together to present her with a very handsome silver cup, and an address commemorating their gratitude to, and affection for her.

She had a remarkable love for animals, and the most extraordinary control over them, never seeming to have the slightest feeling of fear wherever an animal was concerned; indeed, one of her great desires was to have a tame lion.†

* The governess.

† The mention of a tame lion recalls to my mind an anecdote which my father told me of Sir Robert Spencer. In his ship he had a pet tiger, which he had got as a cub, and which was perfectly tame. One day he

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She had a little cart made to take her provisions to the poor in the village: it was quite low, and painted bright blue, with brilliant red wheels, and "Louisa Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope" inscribed on the back of it. To this she used to harness either a fox or a ram! Lord Stanhope, when he was staying at Cannon Hall, delighted in going with her to the village, and they took a regular Noah's Ark with them. The procession consisted of the fox and the ram, one or other of them drawing the cart; Lord Stanhope's little German dog, Löwe; a Chinese sheep, with flap ears, called Pekin; and two large German geese. Lord Stanhope afterwards made Loui a present of the geese, and they used to roam about the park, which was soon full of "the Stanhopes," as we used to call them.

Often when my sister Loui had ordered the fox to be harnessed to the cart, the grooms would come and say that they could not find it anywhere: then she would go to the trees near the avenue, and call, "Charlie, Charlie;" and out would come Charlie from his hiding-place, and follow her into the stable-yard, where he was harnessed to his cart—the "Daisy cart," as it was called.

Daisy, the ram, had lost his mother in early youth, and my sister had brought him up by hand. He grew into a handsome ram, with a long thick tail and twisted horns. He was perfectly devoted to my sister, but was a most dangerous animal for other people, and everyone was afraid of coming

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was sitting in an arm-chair in his cabin, with his hand hanging over the arm, when the tiger, who was lying beside him, began affectionately licking it. Sir Robert felt the licking growing harder and harder, and he knew that in a few minutes the beast would draw blood. He had the presence of mind not to draw his hand away, nor to move; but, with the other hand, he rang the bell, and told the servant, who answered it, to bring him a loaded pistol instantly. The man did so; and Sir Robert, taking it with one hand, whilst the beast was still licking the other, blew out its brains.—A. M. W. P.

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near him. He pitched one young man into a tank of water in the stable-yard, and, another day, he attacked a man on horse-back, who was riding in the park.

Once, when there was a frost, and my sister was being pushed in a chair on the ice in the park, Daisy caught sight of her, and rushed on to the ice after her; down he came, of course, but picked himself up again, and frantically tried to get to her, slithering and tumbling about in a most ridiculous manner.

But his devotion to my sister could not expiate his sins against other people; and, after having knocked down an old woman, and nearly killed the gardener's children, his death-warrant was signed, and he had to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

Another animal celebrity at Cannon Hall was a beautiful silver pheasant, with a very long tail: it used to walk about in the pleasure-grounds, and, though peaceably disposed to everyone else, it had taken a most unaccountable dislike to my father, and would attack him whenever it saw him. My father used to have to put up his umbrella to defend himself, when the bird would then fly on to the top of it, and my father had to walk home with the pheasant perched above him, forming a most ludicrous picture.

We had some beautiful Grecian dogs, like large greyhounds, which always followed the carriage. They had been bred from some dogs which my father had brought with him from Greece. Their names were Sparta and Corinth (vulgarized by the servants into Currant); the former black, and the latter a bright red-brown. There was also a very extraordinary dog from Van Diemen's Land. It was perfectly happy and contented till it caught sight of a child, when it immediately began howling in the most unearthly manner, and behaved as if it were going out of its senses. It had eventually to be sent away on account of this peculiarity.

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My father, also, used to keep some wild boars of a small breed, and one day the Exciseman was found sitting on the top of a wall, with a bull on one side, and the wild boars on the other.

When I was about ten years old I became very lame: no cause could be assigned for this, nor could it be ascertained what was the matter. My parents consulted Brodie, who, without seeing me, suggested I should not move from the sofa. This was carried out till I almost lost the power of walking, and my parents got thoroughly frightened about me. Several clever surgeons came over to see me, but could not discover what was wrong; and I had to go through experiments of hot bran-baths, leeches, blisters, etc., etc., but got no better. At last I was taken to Hay, the celebrated surgeon at Leeds, who ordered me irons up to the knee; my father remonstrated, but without avail; they were ordered, and arrived at Cannon Hall. My father said that he might pay for them, but that I should never put them on, and he settled I should be taken to London to see Brodie.

Just before we were to start, Miss Beckett came over from Barnsley. She was a very managing, strong-minded woman, and quite a character. She said, "Lady Elizabeth, before you take that child to London, will you bring her over to my mother's house, and let me appoint old Whateman, the bone-setter, to see her; he comes to Barnsley every market day." My mother consented, and we drove over to Mrs. Beckett's * on the appointed day. There we found old Whateman established. He was a fine, picturesque, benevolent old man, with his head tied up in a red cotton handkerchief. He first heard all that had been done, looked at

* She was an aunt, I believe, of the present Lord Grimthorpe.—S. P.

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my foot, made me walk, and then said to me, "My dear, the great men have done all they could to make you lame for life, but happily they have not succeeded. Now I will cure you; but I must doctor the boot first." He begged an old white kid glove from Miss Beckett, and taking that and my boot, he went into the town. He soon came back, bringing the boot, which had in the inside a small pad of white kid, and outside, just in the hollow of the foot, a wedge of strong leather. He put the boot on me, and then told me to walk, which, to my surprise, I found I could do perfectly, without lameness or pain. He said that until the foot was quite well I must never walk a step without wearing that boot; though, with it, I might walk as much as I liked; and he ordered me to have a douche of cold water every morning and evening, and to have a masseur from Leeds to stay in the house, and rub my foot six or seven times a day. This was carried out, and in three weeks I was perfectly well, and never had any trouble with my foot afterwards. He explained to me that some slight thing, such as a chilblain, had caused me to tread unequally, and in doing so I had overstrained the guiders of the foot, which had become like overstretched elastic, and every time I walked they gave way, and would become worse, unless they were properly supported by my boots; and that, instead of having had things to strengthen them, and to enable them to recover their tone, the treatment which I had been undergoing had served only to weaken them. Thus, from wrong treatment, a simple thing might have become a very serious one.

I am glad to give this my testimony to the very last of a remarkable race of men—the Yorkshire bone-setters.

I ought to give some description of the Becketts of Barnsley. Mrs. Beckett had a good house and garden, just

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at the entrance of Barnsley.* She had one son, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Eleanor, the grenadier of the family, was a thorough character. Very tall, thin, and masculine-looking; with spectacles, and a strong Yorkshire accent. She knew everyone's business, and what everyone *ought* to do, which she was always trying to make them do: but she was kind, and helpful in any difficulty. In Barnsley it was said that Miss Beckett governed England: *i.e.* she governed Barnsley, Barnsley governed the West Riding, the West Riding governed Yorkshire, and Yorkshire governed England. Augusta Beckett, the second daughter, was as tall as her sister, but not so clever, and was inclined to be sentimental; while Marianne, the third, was a kind and amiable person, who suffered from bad health.

The son, Staniforth Beckett (Stăn-iforth), was a quiet, inoffensive man, who took care of his money: indeed, money seemed to stick to everything of the name of Beckett. Beckett-Denison, Lord Grimthorpe's father, took the name of Denison for a fortune, which (the name, not the fortune) he dropped, on succeeding to the baronetcy.

The Becketts had a pet *protégé*, a pretty little Pole, Count Wierskinski; he was quite young, and found it

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* This Mrs. Beckett, so far as I can ascertain, must have been the wife of one of the sons of Sir John Beckett of Leeds, who was born in 1743, was created a baronet in 1813, and was grandson of Gervase Beckett of Barnsley. Sir John had three daughters and eight sons; of the latter, three successively inherited the baronetcy.

His 1st son, Sir John, married Anne Lowther, daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale.

His 3rd son, Sir Thomas, married his cousin, Caroline, daughter of Joseph Beckett of Barnsley.

His 5th son, William, was a banker at Leeds, and married a daughter of H. Meynell Ingram, of Temple Newsham.

His 6th son, Sir Edmund, married a daughter of W. Beverley, great-niece of Lady Denison; their eldest son, Sir Edmund, was created Lord Grimthorpe.—S. P.

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very convenient to be always welcomed at their table. One very hot morning, as I was riding, I passed Wierskinski sitting under a tree, cooling himself; he rose, and made me a profound salute. The next day, to my great amusement, my governess received a letter from him, apologising for having bowed to "*La vezzosa Signorina Stanhope*" without having his cravat on!

Augusta Beckett fell a victim to the little blind god, and actually committed the folly of marrying Wierskinski. She was gigantically tall, as I have mentioned, and old enough to be his mother. They reminded one of a caricature in the Bab Ballads. I never heard what was the after-life of this ill-matched pair.

Lady Ann Beckett, the cynosure of the Becketts' eyes, lived in the large house at the end of Stratford Place, and used to give grand parties there. She was Lord Lonsdale's daughter.

Mr. William Beckett of Leeds married Miss Meynell Ingram, when she was no longer young. She owned Temple Newsham, a fine place in the neighbourhood of Leeds. I remember Mr. Granville Vernon telling us that he had been asked to dine with them in London, "I went to my old friend, Bill Beckett," he said, "expecting a good, plain dinner, and a few old Yorkshire friends; instead of which I found, to my surprise, a very fine gentleman as my host, with a number of fine London people as guests, and a dinner of the most *recherché* character, with the finest of wines."

Mr. Granville Vernon was a son of Archbishop Harcourt. He had married Mrs. Danby Harcourt,* a rich

* As second wife: his first wife had been a Miss Eyre. According to Burke, Edward Vernon, the Archbishop of York, assumed the name of Harcourt on succeeding to his mother's estates. He married Anne Granville, daughter of the Marquis of Stafford.

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widow, who had a beautiful place, of which he had the enjoyment as long as her life lasted. She was a most quiet, unpretending person, and was always in very bad health. We used sometimes to go and see her, and I remember her showing us a wonderfully beautiful representation of the crucifixion in ivory, the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

Mr. Granville Vernon was a tall, distinguished-looking man, but he was decidedly unpopular.*

His father was the last Archbishop who really looked like the head of the Church, with his handsome face, framed in a full-bottomed wig, which conferred such an appearance of wisdom and dignity on the wearer. Before the see was divided, he used to come every year to Cannon Hall.

There was a little bridge in the pleasure ground at Bishopthorpe from which, it was said, a very good view of York races could be obtained, and there, the Archbishop and his secretary, well hidden by the foliage, used to enjoy their private peep.

Their eldest son, George Granville Vernon, or Vernon-Harcourt, married, firstly, a daughter of Lord Lucan, and secondly, the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. Their third son was William Harcourt, canon of York, whose second son is Sir William George Granville Vernon-Harcourt. Granville Leveson was the Archbishop's ninth and youngest son.—S. P.

* I have omitted a story illustrative of his unpopularity; it is familiar to a later generation, but is told of his nephew, Sir William V. Harcourt.—S. P.

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CHAPTER X.

My sister Eliza and I used to go to London every spring, for masters. This was a pleasant change for us, and we saw many sights and things of interest which we should otherwise have missed. We used to live a great deal in Langham place with our grandmother and aunts, and we often went to tea with our cousins, Lady Anne and Lady Louisa Primrose; also with the William Ansons, who had the same French mistress as we had. We were very fond of this mistress, and she used to get up little entertainments with her friends, at which we often acted charades.

The Zoological Gardens were a delight to us: and, in those days, the Colosseum was a great resource; every year there were beautiful dioramas with dissolving views there, and exhibitions of all kinds. I well remember the Swiss Cottage near a lake, and the African glen, with its stuffed animals, and natives at their various occupations: there was, also, an eagle perched on a rock, and many other things of interest.*

One sight, which I remember well, was very pretty, and, as it never can be seen again now, I will describe it. Lord Lichfield was Postmaster-general, and we went to tea with our cousins, his children, to watch from the balcony of his house the mail-coaches going round St. James's Square.

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* I have added as an appendix to this chapter a diary, which I found, written by my mother when eleven and a half years old, describing one of these journeys to town, and some of her doings when in London.—S. P.

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This they did on the Queen's birthday. There was an immense number of coaches, all freshly painted, and looking very bright: the horses spick and span, and some of them very fine animals: the coachmen and guards had all new scarlet coats, and new hats: and the reins, also, were new. They all drove, one after the other, round St. James's Square, blowing their horns, and, as they passed Lord Lichfield's house, which was in the corner of the Square, the coachman and guard of each coach took off their hats.

Once when we were in town, I was walking in Bond Street with my brother Walter, who was then a boy at Eton. Suddenly he dragged me across the street, between all the carriages, and rushed into a shop, taking me with him: then he, as suddenly, walked out again, re-crossed the street, and walked down it in a most dignified manner, taking off his hat to a gentleman whom we passed. I thought he had gone crazy, and asked him what he was doing: his answer was, "I was making you shirk Dr. Hawtrey: I forgot I was not at Eton, and in another moment I should have had you under the counter!" I can boast of having played battledore with Professor Whewell, as well as having "shirked" Dr. Hawtrey.

We used to see a good deal of the Milnes of Fryston. Mrs. Milnes used to sing to us in the schoolroom after she was dressed for dinner. I think I can see her now, in a very short and narrow gown of either yellow or ruby brocade, made just like a sack, quite straight down, with a small flounce at the bottom, showing some coloured shoes, and a turban with white feathers on her head. She was like the French caricatures after the Peace: "*Les Anglais pour rire!*" She used to sing "Froggy would a wooing go," to a most appreciative audience. She was a very good-natured woman.

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Her husband, Richard Pemberton Milnes, was tall and strikingly handsome, but had a very satirical expression. He was a more able man than his son (Richard Monckton Milnes), and made a speech, from which the highest expectations were formed as to his future political career.

He himself made a bet that before a certain age he would be a member of the Government, and, true enough, before that age he actually was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He refused it, and, to the surprise of every one, never took any further part in politics. He was offered a peerage, but refused that also, to the intense amazement of his son.

Once when he was staying at Cannon Hall he expressed a wish to see my aunts, who then lived at Banks. My father walked up with him, and, when they got into the garden, they found my aunt Frances pruning her roses. Mr. Milnes opened his arms wide, and exclaiming, "My dear girl, I am so glad to see you," gave her a hearty kiss! My father looked scandalised, and my aunt blushed the colour of a poppy. I ought, perhaps, to finish the story by observing that Mr. Milnes and my aunt are now both dead.

Monckton (Dickey) Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), as a public character, has been so often described, that any further description of him seems almost superfluous. His face beamed with kind-heartedness, imperturbable good-temper, and thorough enjoyment of life. He never showed the slightest approach to ill-nature. His father enjoyed having a sly hit at him, but let him do as he liked, and ask whom he pleased to Fryston.

Those who have never heard Monckton Milnes laugh, have lost an experience in life! It was an irrepressible burst of joyous merriment, such as could only have proceeded from a mind perfectly at ease, and quite free from any mean or unworthy thought. He was a man *à petits*

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talents: he had a very pleasant voice, and used to sing most agreeably the songs he had written, "The Old Arm Chair," and others. In London he took to going into people's houses in the evening, uninvited, which was not quite appreciated, and procured him the sobriquets of "The cool of the evening," and "London assurance."

One day when we were staying at Fryston, my mother went up to sit in her own room. It was a cold day, and she heard a great poking up of her fire: on entering, she found, to her amusement, Dickey Milnes, hard at work, making her up a good fire.

Once when the Roseberys were at Cannon Hall, Monckton Milnes was staying there, and he challenged us to guess a riddle which he had made up. I may give it here, because anything composed by him possesses a certain value:—

"My first is very near a tree;
My second my heart has done for thee;
Guess on, and never mind the trouble,
It will requite thee more than double.
Trebled."

After we had come out, we often went to Fryston. I thought it a most agreeable house at which to visit, for there was always a succession of clever people there, and you never knew whom next to expect. One morning at breakfast, I remember, Monckton Milnes suddenly announced that Thiers was coming that evening: but some business interfered to prevent his doing so.

In those days childish games were all the fashion in the evening, but childish games played by such men as Mr. Cheny, Mr. Spedding, and Sir Stirling Maxwell were regular encounters of wit, real *jeux d' esprit.* I remember we sent Monckton Milnes out of the room, and chose a character, which he was to guess and personate. We settled on Dick Turpin, which completely puzzled him, and he had to give in.

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After his mother's death, his only sister, Lady Galway, did the honours at Fryston. She was very good-tempered, like her brother, but had monopolised all the family beauty. She had been brought up in Italy, and sang like an Italian. Lord Galway was a very handsome man, and looked just like a brigand.

Richard Milnes, the father, once took me into his study, saying that he had something he wished to show me. It was a very fine portrait of Lord Coke, the Lord Chief Justice. Portraits of him were very scarce, and he valued it very much. He said to me, "Now, I want to know if you don't agree with me that your mother is very like this picture; I think there is a regular family likeness. Look at his mouth, and then look at hers! She has a regular Chief Justice mouth; see how it goes down at the sides!" There were *only* six generations between them!

One day, when Richard Milnes and his son were staying at Cannon Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bland of Kippax* were there, and Mr. Bland and Mr. Milnes set off to ride to the moors together. As they went along, Mr. Bland began boasting how free his part of Yorkshire was from coal-pits, saying that the worst of the Cannon Hall country was that the pits smelt so strong, you could simply not get away from the smell. All the way he talked of nothing else, "No doubt you smell them still, in fact, they are getting stronger and stronger!" All at once Mr. Milnes exclaimed, "Bland, you are the coal-pit; it is you who smell; you are smoking, you are on fire!" It was quite true: Mr. Bland had been smoking a cigar, and had put it, while still alight, into his pocket, where it had smouldered on, till it finally burst into a flame. It did not take long for Mr. Milnes to

* Kippax is near Pontefract. Mrs. Bland was Lord Stourton's daughter.—A. M. W. P.

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get the coat off, but it took a long time for him to give up chaffing Mr. Bland. When they got back to Cannon Hall, he went in triumph into the library, displaying the burnt coat, and telling such a good story against Mr. Bland, that Mr. Bland declared he would pay Mr. Milnes' expenses if he would go abroad.

There was a house with some land near Penistone, which had belonged to the Milnes for a great number of years, and constituted their connection with Penistone. On the hustings Monckton Milnes alluded to this, and said that he was no stranger to them, as his family had lived amongst them for four hundred years. At the dinner, a farmer got up, and gave the health of Mr. Milnes, as a gentlemen who had lived amongst them for four hundred years; whether this was the result of the good cheer or not, I do not know, anyhow, Monckton Milnes, who was staying at Cannon Hall, was much chaffed, and was called nothing but "Old Milnes" for some time after.

I remember rather an absurd thing happening in London, shortly after I came out. There was a large dinner party at our house in Harley Street, and some of the people were very late in coming. While we were waiting for them, it grew very dark, and I started wool-gathering. Forgetting where I was, or by whom I was sitting, I suddenly asked Monckton Milnes, (who was unmarried), if his son was getting on well at Eton. He gave me an excellent and circumstantial report of that imaginary person, and then burst into such a peal of laughter as perfectly electrified the bored and hungry guests.

Our time of greatest excitement in those days was at a general election. We were red-hot tories. My mother kept well with all parties: if, by chance, she found herself under the Orange colours, she was Mr. Coke's daughter; if

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under the "Banner of Blue," she was Mr. Stanhope's wife. Both sides received her well. On one occasion, which I well remember, both the tory candidates were staying at Cannon Hall: Mr. Wortley, afterwards Lord Wharncliffe, and Beckett Denison, Lord Grimthorpe's father. To my delight they asked me to go with them in their carriage. All the country-side by Penistone was tory, and we had a regular ovation. A very pretty sight it was: we were in Mr. Wortley's barouche, the postillions in blue, and the horses decorated with blue ribbons; on the hill below Penistone a band was waiting, which struck up as soon as we appeared, and a body of mounted volunteers with blue ribbons were there, too, to escort us: blue flags were flying in every direction, and flowers were showered into the carriage: there was music and cheering, and all the country people were out to receive us.

The following day at Barnsley told a different tale, however. There, all were radicals. Beckett Denison made a very gushing speech to melt the hearts of the town: he was their fellow-townsman; he had been born and bred in Barnsley; he had begun life as a grocer's boy. But Barnsley was obdurate; radical to its heart's core, and did not respond to the gush. Whilst he was haranguing them from the hustings in the market-place, some farmer asked him a question, and, instead of answering him, Beckett Denison, with very bad taste, made a long nose at him. This was too good to be lost by Yorkshire electors, and next day every place was placarded with silhouettes of Beckett Denison's nose, with a very stalwart fist applied to the end of it.

My father used to say that he never saw the Becketts without thinking of—

> "And you, good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England."

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On one nomination day we were very anxious to go to Wakefield, but were told that we must not do so, as there was a general report that the Dewsbury men intended to get up a great riot. The election proceeded most quietly for a time, and all seemed to promise well for the tory candidates: when, suddenly, in the middle of the speeches, distant music was heard. It was the Dewsbury men marching into Wakefield. All became confusion, people getting away as fast as they could; for the Dewsbury men had given out that they meant to pull down the hustings.

Old Mrs. Gaskell came up to my mother, saying, "Lady Elizabeth, come with me; an English mob is always generous; let us go to the front, on to the hustings; they will respect ladies." My mother said, "Thank you, I know rather more about English mobs than you do, and I have no intention of trusting myself to their generosity. I advise you to get away whilst you can."

Meanwhile the mob had assembled round the court-house, into which the magistrates and principal people had retired from the hustings adjoining. My father, who was never wanting in moral courage, volunteered to go out and speak to them: but no sooner had he got outside the court-house, and raised his voice to speak, than he was nearly knocked down by a violent blow on the side of his head; he would have fallen, had he not been steadied by a blow on the other side. Several people were seriously hurt, amongst them James Wortley. My father, fortunately, had on a high hat, which was new, and it saved his head, but it was beaten to pieces. For the next two hours they had a terrible time in the court-house: it was regularly besieged by the mob; every window was smashed, and brickbats, paving stones, and any heavy things they could lay their hands upon, were hurled into the rooms. There was one lady shut up with them, and my father said that

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he never saw anything like her cool, quiet courage: she dodged the brickbats, which were flying in all directions about the room, and, at last, she got under the sofa, and lay flat on the floor.

Meanwhile my mother and the other ladies were locked up in the cells belonging to the court-house. She did not know what had become of my father, and, all the time she was there, people were coming to the windows, bleeding and hurt, and begging to be taken in. At last, after a long time of tension, came the welcome news that the soldiers had arrived. The Riot Act was read, and the troops dispersed the mob.

It was a most serious riot, and was long known as "The Battle of Wakefield."

I may here mention a person who was very well known in his generation, and was a friend of my husband's from Eton days, Sir Francis Doyle. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was most amusing, and his wit and fun were quite spontaneous: though some of his jokes might, possibly, have done service before, they were none the less racy. He always had a look on his face as if he was intensely amused at his own thoughts, and was, without exception, the most absent-minded man I ever met: as Sir William Cooke used to say of him, "Doyle! a man one could not trust to put on his own stockings."

He married Miss Sydney Wynne, Mrs. Milnes Gaskell's sister. Not long afterwards, they went to stay with another sister of hers, Mrs. Lindsay, and there they told him that an aunt, whom he had never seen, was expected, and impressed upon him the necessity of being civil to her, as she was rich, and there were expectations from her.

The day she was to arrive, Lady Doyle had, unfortunately, so bad a headache that she could not appear, and

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was obliged to lie down and keep quiet. In the afternoon a carriage was heard driving up to the door: it was the aunt arriving. She retired at once to her room, and did not appear till she was dressed for dinner. Her dress, which was very handsome, looked, perhaps, more peculiar then than it would have done in these days, now that old fashions are being revived. It consisted of a beautiful old brocade, with elbow-sleeves, and fine old lace ruffles. She wore black mittens and high-heeled shoes, and carried a gold-headed cane and large fan. Her white hair was turned back from her brow, and her face, which still showed some signs of good looks, was very wrinkled; but she had lost her front teeth, and her voice was rather quavering.

Sir Francis Doyle was formally introduced to her as her new nephew. She raised herself on tiptoe, and gave him a kiss, expressing great regrets at not seeing Lady Doyle. Sir Francis offered her his arm, and took her in to dinner, during which he exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable to her, touching on every topic that occurred to him. Dinner was nearly over, when he felt a sudden sharp tap on the arm from the aunt's fan, and a familiar voice exclaimed, "Frank, don't you know me?" The imaginary old aunt was Lady Doyle disguised.

Addendum.

[While editing these memoirs, I chanced on a little journal, written by my mother when only eleven and a half years old, which well deserves insertion here. It is a remarkable production for a child of that age, but presents an attraction greater than that of literary merit, in the strong resemblance which it bears, both as regards its style and the character of mind displayed by it, to her writings of sixty-five years later. Those who knew and loved her, and,

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perhaps, even the casual reader of these pages, will recognise as easily in this infantile production as in her later writings, the depth of happy and intellectual enjoyment of the whole world around her, which characterised the writer throughout her life.

I have left uncorrected such few errors as there were in this journal. The original had, evidently, not been revised in any way since it was first written.—S. P.]

"Anna Maria Spencer Stanhope,

"Cannon Hall, June 3.

"My journal, beginning with an account of our journey from Cannon Hall to London in the year 1836, a distance of 182 miles, with our own horses in six days.

"We left Cannon Hall Monday the 14th of March. It was a fine day but rather showery, and there was a great deal of wind. The first place we came to was Barnsley, (a small town about 5 miles from Cannon Hall). It is a very pretty drive from thence to Barnsley, being a very hilly country. The wind was very high, and the clouds seemed to threaten us with a storm; but, as we went on, it became much finer, and the rain went off. We passed by Sir Francis Wood's, near the village of Hickleton. The road was not so pretty from Barnsley to Doncaster, where we arrived, after a pleasant drive, at about two o'clock, and had an excellent dinner; after which we left the Angel Inn for Barnby Moor. The whole of the country from Doncaster to Barnby Moor is very bleak and dreary, and appears like a cultivated common. We passed through the small, but clean town of Bawtry, which is not far from Mathisey (?). It was late when we got to Barnby Moor, and, after a comfortable tea, we went to bed.

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"The next morning we set off at seven o'clock, and were soon on our way to Scarthing Moor. We passed through the small town of Retford, and a little after we met some gypsies—a man and a woman, and some children, with a cart full of things, and a little thin, miserable-looking donkey, with a bed on its back, upon which were riding, quite merrily, three funny little bantams. Scarthing Moor is a very nice quiet Inn, for it is not in a town, but quite away from any other house. We had a pleasant breakfast, but, unfortunately, when it was time for us to set off, it began to rain a little, and we had a very wet journey to Newark, so much so, that we quite despaired of getting to Grantham that night; but, contrary to expectations it cleared up after we got there, though it had certainly been a most dreadful morning.

"On entering the town we saw Newark castle, which is a very beautiful building, and, though now nothing remains but the old ruined walls to bear witness of its ancient splendour and magnificence, yet these give sufficient testimony of what it once was. I must not forget to mention that Newark was one of the few places which, after the battle of Naseby, held out for Charles 1st, and was besieged by the Scotch army. That unfortunate Monarch, seeing that all was lost, and dreading to fall into the hands of the Parliament, formed the resolution of giving himself up to the Scotch, who, contrary to his expectations, delivered their unhappy sovereign into the hands of his inveterate enemies, the Parliamentarians, for the sum of 400,000 pounds. We had not a very good sight of these fine old ruins on account of the rain, which, however, soon stopped; and, after having dined at the Clinton Arms, we were able to proceed to Grantham in Lincolnshire.

"After having had fine weather most part of the time, all of a sudden the sky clouded over, and, before we had

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time to prepare for the storm, it began to hail with such violence that the horses would scarcely face it, and we did not know what to do. I do not think I was ever in such a storm; the wind blew very hard, and the hail came pattering in our faces; altogether it was very disagreeable; but it scarcely lasted five minutes. As we approached to Grantham, the road appeared as if it were cut out of a rock, the bank was so very high on both sides. Grantham is a very nice large town, and the Inn is quite splendid. We had fine large rooms, beautifully furnished, and very comfortable beds.

"On the following morning we set off; it was a fine day and we were not long in getting to Witham Common, which is about ten miles from Grantham. It is a delightfully clean place, and we all agreed in liking it exceedingly, particularly Miss Dawson, who found the bill very cheap. We had now eleven miles to go before we got to Stamford, where we were to dine. As we were coming along, we saw a very singular-looking dwarf. We soon arrived at Stamford (a town in Rutland) and had a very disagreeable dinner, (for the mutton chops were very tough and burnt), and the house was not at all pleasant.

"We had a very delightful drive from Stamford to Wansford, as the weather was exceedingly fine, and we had only six miles to go. The Inn at Wansford is much nicer than the one at Stamford, and is very quiet. We had a very comfortable tea in a nice little room, after which we went to bed. The next morning it rained a little. We had but six miles to go before breakfast; the rain went off, but the wind was very high. We stopped at a small town; but the Inn, though not very large, is better than the one at Stamford. We had a pretty good breakfast, and afterwards learnt that the name of the town was Stilton, from whence Stilton cheese comes.

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"We next went to Buckton in Huntingdonshire; we went to the Angel Inn just opposite to Buckton Castle. The mutton chops were rather better than usual.

"The next place was Eaton, which is a very nice place in Bedfordshire, and there is a very good Inn. Eaton is only a village, though it is such a clean delightful place, and the country is rather pretty. We had very nice rooms, and the next morning, when we got up, we were glad to see it was a fine day. We left Eaton in good time, and were not long in getting to Biggleswade, where we breakfasted: it is about fourteen miles from Eaton.

"We had an exceedingly pleasant drive to Stevenage as the weather was very fine, and the country quite beautiful, for there were no pollard willows, which, in my opinion, spoil so much the beauty of a landscape. We got out and walked about a mile and a half up a long hill: the horses were very much tired, and Mark, also, got down and led them up the hill. It refreshed us very much to have a little walk, for we were beginning to get quite tired of sitting cramped up in the carriage. We were now no longer in Bedfordshire, but in Hertfordshire; as we advanced, we found the soil very chalky, and on both sides of the road were hills, which, Miss Dawson said, reminded her very much of the White Horse hills in Berkshire. We now got to Stevenage, where we had a very good dinner, and afterwards went on to Welwyn, where we slept. It is a very noisy place, and we had the worst beds on the road. We set off early the next morning, as we had fourteen miles to go before breakfast. We were so very impatient to get to London after so long a journey, that the time appeared very long before we got to Barnet. We passed through Hatfield on our way thither, and saw the Marquis of Salisbury's house. There is a very large park, but the

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house is quite in ruins, for it was, unfortunately, burnt down last year.*

"I shall never forget how we enjoyed our drive to Barnet, the country was beautiful, the day fine; in fact, all nature looked green and delightful. The prospect of soon reaching London, and of seeing Papa and Mamma, and everybody else, after having been shut up so long at Cannon Hall . . . ., under such circumstances, this morning's drive was truly enjoyable. Barnet is a considerable town in Middlesex, it was here that the battle of Barnet was fought between Edward 4th and the Earl of Warwick. We breakfasted here.

"How shall I express how great was our joy when, after an apparently long drive of twelve miles, we at length came in sight of London. Though a clear day, the houses were scarcely to be distinguished from the . . . ., and Eliza exclaimed that it looked like a swarm of bees. We at length entered the City, and how shall I describe what we felt, when we at length got to Langham Place, where we found Papa and Mamma ready to receive us. I cannot say how very happy we were to see them, Grandmamma and Aunts, after having been so long away from them. We dined at Langham Place, and, after we had stayed a little while there, Pinfold came to fetch us. Aunties walked part of the way home with us and Miss Dawson. We liked our new house in Baker Street very much, and our first night in London was very happy and comfortable; and we slept very soundly till morning.

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* Hatfield House was burnt down in November 1835, not 1836, as has recently been stated. In the fire, Lady Salisbury was burnt to death. She was then eighty-six years old. It was this Lady Salisbury who had been so noted as a huntswoman; she followed the hounds, and was mistress of them, until she gave up that post in her seventy-ninth year. —S. P.

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"Having now finished a little account of the journey, I shall proceed without delay to give a short description of what happened whilst we were in London.

"PART 2.

"March 20th, 1836.

"The first day we were in London was Sunday. After we had breakfasted, we got ready, and went with Papa and Mamma to Langham Place. We had a very pleasant walk and enjoyed ourselves very much, for all around us was novelty; and, indeed, how could we but enjoy a walk with dear Papa and Mamma. We found the walk a great deal too short; but, when we arrived, we found Grandmamma and Aunts just going to church: Papa and Mamma went with them, and we went in to Aunt Isabella. We first read prayers with her, and afterwards amused ourselves as well as we could. When they came from church, we had a very good dinner, which we began to feel the want of, and, after dinner, we went to All Souls, Langham Place, which is a very nice church. After church we went home; Mamma and Aunt Frances and Aunt Maria went part of the way with us.

"We called at Sir William Anson's, and saw the Miss Ansons. Miss Anson, the eldest, is eighteen; Anne, the second, is about thirteen, and is a very amiable girl; I liked her very much indeed; Louisa, the youngest, is just four days older than Eliza, and made an excellent companion for her. Mamma left us, and went alone home to Baker Street, and had tea with Miss Dawson, who had been by herself all day. I quite forgot to mention that after church in the afternoon, when we were standing on the balcony with Aunt Anne, we saw all the Royal Princes

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galloping by, and amongst them the young Prince of Portugal, son of the Prince of Orange, who went over about a fortnight after, and married the Princess Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal. They were returning from a party the Duchess of Kent had given the night before, and to which Mamma had been.

"The next day, Monday, after breakfast, we went to Mr. Lewis's with Miss Dawson, and we left Mamma at Lady William Anson's on the road, and, as we came back, we went in and saw Madelle. Beau, a French mistress, who gave the little Ansons lessons. Mamma liked her very much, and arranged for her to come on Wednesday, and give us a lesson. In the afternoon Mamma had settled for us to go again with her to Mr. Lewis's. We stayed there some time, and saw Mr. Lewis and his three little boys; we stayed there some time, and brought home some beautiful sketches of his, and his three little boys' drawing books. Mamma seemed very much pleased with what she saw of him. We next came to Madelle. Beau's, 17 Manchester Street. We went to Cavendish House and some other places before we went home. It rained very hard all the afternoon.

"The next morning, Wednesday, Mr. Lewis came at nine o'clock to give me a perspective lesson (but in future I always went to his house), after which Madelle. Beau, also, came for two hours. Before I go on, I must mention that Mrs. Potter was our music mistress, and M. Luquit (a Frenchman) was our dancing master. Mr. Lewis, whom I have before mentioned, gave me lessons in perspective, and Madelle. Beau came four times a week to give us a two hours' lesson.

"To return to my subject: in the afternoon, when we went out with Miss Dawson, we called at 30 Portman Square to see Mrs. Chandos Leigh, a great friend of Mamma's, and

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to beg her to lend us the key of the Square, which her mother very kindly did; she also gave us two tickets of admission to the Zoological Gardens and the Museum. We walked about in the Square, after which we returned the key. When we came in, and had got off our things, Lady Rosebery and cousin Fanny Murray came to see us. Lady Rosebery invited us to go and see her some day, in fact, she was in hopes Mamma would take us with her when she went to dine with her the next day. Mamma thought it would be too late, particularly as I had a cold, but promised we should go another time. Mamma kept her word, for that same day we were soon either to go to Grandmamma's or to Lady Rosebery's: we could not settle which we should like best, but Papa told us he had broken off the engagement with Grandmamma, as she wished us to go to Lady Rosebery's to see the court dresses. Mamma took Mr. Lewis's book with her that evening.

"Thursday we got up in high spirits; Madelle. Beau was to come in the morning, and afterwards we were to have gone at about ten o'clock to Langham Place to see the Guards pass; but, unfortunately, when it was time for us to go, it began to rain very hard, so that we could not walk there with Papa. It soon became fine again, but we did not go, as the streets were too wet. We therefore set off with Mamma at a little past one to go to Lady Rosebery's; but, unluckily, we were caught in a hailstorm, which, though it came with great violence, was soon over, and we got safely to Lady W. Anson's, where there were a good many people assembled. We saw Lady and Miss Anson dressed for Court, in white satin and pearls; we also saw Mr. Anson before he went. We then went on to Lady Rosebery's, and were fortunate to see her before she went. Her dress was much handsomer than Lady Anson's, for it was composed of a very handsome blue satin and diamonds. We saw Lord.

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Rosebery and Lord Dalmeny. We were very happy all day. Lady Harriet was there, with her children, James and Charlotte, such dear little things; we played with them. After dinner we amused ourselves with looking at the carriages coming from Court; we were lucky enough to see the riding by. This amusement was put a stop to by little James Dunlop leaning his head too hard against the window, by which means he broke a whole pane of glass, and we were obliged to quit the window. The little Dunlops did not stay very long after dinner, but in the evening the Miss Cambells (the Lady Primrose's cousins) came.

"On Saturday, at about ten o'clock at night, a dreadful fire broke out in Bond Street, and, for want of water to fill the engines, a great many houses were burnt, and many tradespeople ruined.

"Sunday passed as usual. Tuesday morning Mamma and Miss Dawson went to church (for it was Passion week), and we went for the first time with Papa to Hyde Park. We had a very pleasant walk, and went almost to the Duke of Wellington's house, for the day was very fine. After dinner we went with Mamma and Miss Dawson to the Bazaar in Baker Street, where we saw a beautiful exhibition of wax figures, which were made by Madame Tussaud (a French woman). We were quite delighted, for they were so naturally executed that we found it difficult to distinguish the wax figures from real. It seemed as if a stroke of magic had brought us into the immediate presence of the greatest men and most powerful potentates of Europe, who have long been sleeping in their silent graves. Amongst others we saw Sir Robert Peel, O'Connel, Shakespeare, Dryden, and many other distinguished and celebrated men, besides the principal characters of the day. But I am afraid it would take too long a time to name them all; I must, therefore, content myself with mentioning a few. Amongst the Kings,

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there was, also, a figure of George the 3rd and his Queen; and, at the bottom of the room, George the 4th was seated on a throne, with Queen Caroline beside him. The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg were also there; Louis Phillipe of France, Louis the 16th and his family, and several other French kings. On the other side of the room there was Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and, among others, Pitt and Fox, and Fame crowning both with laurels. But the most conspicuous part was two groups in the centre of the room, one containing the chief persons in the late war, such as Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Nelson, etc., etc. The other represented the coronation of the present King and Queen. Mamma said it was the image of the King. The Bishop of Norwich was crowning him, and behind were the emblems of Britania, Caledonia and Hibernia; the whole had a beautiful effect, and was worth seeing. There was also an excellent representation of Fieschi and the infernal machine.

"That evening Madelle. Beau and the little Ansons came to drink tea with us at about five o'clock, and we spent a very merry evening together.

"Wednesday was very wet. We went to Mr. Lewis's. It became finer towards the evening, and we walked part of the way home.

"The next day was Mamma's birthday, and we gave her a little candlestick, which we had commissioned Miss Dawson to get us the evening before. Mamma was very much pleased with it. In the afternoon we went to the Bazaar in Baker Street.

"The next day was Good Friday; we went to Langham Place, and Miss Dawson went to her sister's. It was a very fine morning, but the rain began about one o'clock, and it actually poured the whole afternoon; notwithstanding which,

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Miss Dawson came home that night, and got quite wet, which made Mamma very vexed; and afterwards she always stayed till Monday night, and, if ever it rained, she did not come home till Tuesday morning.

"Two days after was Easter Sunday; in the morning it was fine, but a little before dinner a most violent hailstorm came on, and in a few minutes the tops of the carriages were covered with hail, and the coach was sent to fetch Grandmamma and Aunts from church. After dinner it was again fine, but too wet to go to church.

"Monday, Madelle. Beau came to give us a lesson; she stayed to dinner, as Miss Dawson was out, and that same evening, after M. Luquit's lesson, she was so kind as to call, on purpose to take us to drink tea at Lady W. Anson's; but, unfortunately, just as we were going to set off, Lady Lichfield called [with] her children, and Lord and Lady Harriet Anson, which made us a quarter of an hour later. (We stopped in Manchester Street for Madelle. Desportes, a friend of Madelle. Beau, who lived with her.) We amused ourselves very much. The following morning Miss Dawson came home; in the afternoon we went with Aunt Hudson to Mr. Dumerque's; she staid there, and we came back with Tanner; we stopped at a linen draper's in Bond Street, who said he remembered Mamma when she was less than five years old. Some time after we returned to Langham Place, we heard of Lady Anne's illness.

"Thursday we walked with Papa in Regent's Park. On Friday we went with Mamma to Langham Place, and afterwards we went again with Aunt Hudson and Miss Dawson to Mr. Dumerque's, who pulled out one of my teeth and two of Eliza's. We immediately went home, and the carriage took Aunt Hudson back. Mamma had promised us to have Punch that evening, but it was too late, therefore we had it set up the next morning. It amused Eliza very much.

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"Sunday morning we set off early, and in the afternoon went to church, and afterwards walked in Park Square with Aunties and the little Palmers, some children who lived in Langham Place, with whom we had made acquaintance.

"On Monday, before Madelle. Beau came, we went out with Papa; and in the evening we saw a very nice house in Edward's Street.

"Tuesday, Mamma went with Miss Dawson and fixed upon No. 26 Edward's Street as our future house; and Thursday was the day of our removal. In the afternoon we went in the carriage to Langham Place; there we met Lady Rosebery and Lady Anne and Louisa Primrose; we went with them and Aunties to the Diorama, where we first saw the interior of the church of Santa Croches at the break of day, and the village of Alagna, in Switzerland, during a snow and thunderstorm. It was very natural and beautiful, for the smoke was seen rising out of the cottage chimneys, and the village was surrounded on all sides by high mountains, whilst the cottages were reflected upon the lake; but the wind began gradually to rise, and a dreadful storm came on; the thunder rolled, the snow fell in flakes, and the village was quite hidden in a thick fog or mist; it gradually cleared up, and the church spire and the whole village appeared; the mountains, and everything below, was quite covered with snow. It was very beautiful in its way. When we got into the carriage, Mamma settled to go to the Colisseum. Unfortunately the other carriage was gone; however, we went alone: Aunt Hudson was with us. We first went through the saloon of Arts, and, as we were deliberating where to go, we were met by a very smart, dandy-looking man who accosted us with 'This way, ladies, if you please,' and led us into a very small room with seats all round it. When we and two other ladies were seated, and the door shut, we were addressed with 'Sixpence, if you please, ladies.' We were quite ignorant

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of what we were going to see, but gave the sixpence, and a minute after, to our surprise, we felt the room turning round, which was not at all pleasant, and we were not reconciled to our fate by the man's assuring us that it was a very quick way of getting to the top of St. Paul's, and spared us eighty-eight stone steps, and we had only to ring a little bell if we wished to come down the same way. I thought the Panorama of London a surprising work of art, and was very much delighted with it, particularly when I learnt that my friend, Mr. Lewis, had had a hand in painting it. It took us some time to look about us, and we were very much amused, particularly as there was a very nice man who was kind, and explained everything to us.

"And here, I suppose, I must for the present conclude, as the limits of my paper will allow me to go no further; but at some future time I may perhaps continue a little account of what happened that day, and, indeed, what we did the remainder of the time we were in London."

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CHAPTER XI.

My father had long been in very bad health, and had been ordered by the doctors to the South of France: but he did not like leaving his mother, to whom he was very much attached, for what was then so long a journey; so he decided to try Boulogne for a month, being attracted there by the fact that the consul, Mr., afterwards Sir William Hamilton was an old friend of his. They had been fellow prisoners at Verdun, and he was a regular warm-hearted old Scotchman. His wife was French, a Verdun lady; a remarkably clever and agreeable woman.

It was in the spring of 1839 when we started, *toute la boutique;* carriages, horses, coachmen, governess, nurse, lady's maid, butler, cook, and all the under servants, even to two Yorkshire housemaids. We stopped a night or two in London, and then posted on to Dover, where, I think, we stayed a day before embarking, as the sea was very rough. The gangway had been drawn in, and the paddle-wheels had begun to revolve, when a voice was heard from the shore, "Stop the boat, stop the boat." The boat was put back, and we saw, descending the steps, Lord Brougham, followed by Lord Opulston.

Lord Brougham told us that he was on his way to take possession of a house which he had just bought, on the banks of the Mediterranean; that it was the most absolutely solitary place that could be imagined, there not being another house within reach, only a few cottages belonging to a village called "Cannes:" that he was looking forward

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to not seeing an English face, or hearing an English voice, till he got back. He said he meant to be naturalised as a Frenchman. He then told us that he had had a very good breakfast, and had taken a berth, meaning to go to sleep, and wake at Boulogne; that he thought this the most satisfactory way of crossing the Channel.

So he disappeared. Lord Opulston had had no breakfast at all, and was going to try the system of starvation as an antidote for sea-sickness; which, by the way, proved singularly ineffective. My father got into our carriage on deck, and said it answered perfectly, as it quite broke the motion, and was like going over a rough road.

We had a most fearful crossing, and, when we got close to Boulogne, it was found to be unsafe to attempt crossing the bar, which was then a very dangerous one: so we had to go on to Calais. It was as good as a play, when the boat stopped, to see Lord Brougham come on deck rubbing his eyes, saying, "Lady Elizabeth, can you tell me, am I awake or asleep? Am I dreaming? I embarked for Boulogne; and, surely, this is Calais port and pier! What does it mean?" He always specially enjoyed fun with my mother; she seemed to excite him to display his wit.

Sir Walter Scott says of him in his journal, "Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met: to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information, and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it—I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, 'This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes,

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Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in one post-chaise.'"

We saw this *multum in parvo* climb up into the diligence, and start for his solitary French home. If he could have had a vision of it in after years, as the centre of a large town, the most fashionable resort of the English, I think he would not have gone on so happily to take possession of it.

We had to post from Calais to Boulogne. I remember we were much amused at the mixture of finery and dilapidation in our outfit, so unlike anything English. Four horses were harnessed to each carriage, but they were rough, shaggy, and uncombed; their manes and tails were plaited, and each had a fox's brush on its head: they had large, untidy-looking collars, with bells hung all round. The harness was of rope, and kept constantly coming undone. The postillions had enormous jack-boots, lined with white fur, and blue jackets trimmed with gold lace; not to mention immensely long whips, which they cracked as they went along.

We went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Boulogne, and stayed there a week, whilst a house was being found. We eventually took a large and very good house in the Upper Town, Parvis Notre Dame, just opposite to where the Cathedral was being built. This part was not then, as it is now, overshadowed and darkened by the Cathedral, as little more than the foundations of this were built, and we had in front of us an open airy space, where we found an interest in watching the progress of the building.

Just before we got to Boulogne a very interesting discovery had been made: a large crypt had been found, immediately under the foundations of the Cathedral: nothing was known about it, but it was believed to be very ancient: it was left open for people to see, as the discovery of it had caused great excitement.

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When all was settled, we moved into our house. I went up into my bedroom, and opened the window. At the same moment I saw all the workmen leave their work, running and calling out, "*Au feu! Au feu!*" Looking round, I found my room quite full of smoke. All our luggage was in the court, so the first thing to do was to lock the *porte-cochère*, and keep the people out. The Yorkshire housemaids had been sent in the day before we came, and, not understanding French grates, had lighted an immense Yorkshire fire on the hearth, and set fire to the house. The fire had been smouldering all night, and might have continued to do so still, but for my opening the window, when it burst into a blaze. It was a very serious fire, and a good deal of damage was done, which took some time repairing. I think we returned to the hotel for several days, before we could get into the house.

The Consul introduced my father and mother into all the best English and French society of the place. The latter was very exclusive, for, as a rule, the French did not mix with the English at all. The Boulogne of that day was a very lively, amusing place. It was essentially French; but there were a great number of very good English families established there for months at a time, chiefly for the education of the children; as masters were very good, and much cheaper than in England. Of course, there were also many *mauvais sujets* there, as it was specially advantageous for them; but the line was so strongly drawn, that no one of that sort attempted to make acquaintance with the respectable inhabitants.

We had many young friends, and amongst them were some who afterwards filled a marked position in society: Lady Londesborough, Lady Wolverton, Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, and others. Lord Dundonald had a house with a very large garden at Capicure, and Sir James Lyon, who had been Governor in the West Indies, had the Château de Maquétra,

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a little way out of Boulogne. Lady Lyon, who tried to be a very fine lady, was the daughter of Coxe, the historian. We used often to go to tea at Maquétra, and many a merry game of hide-and-seek we had in the large garden there. It is now a convent.

My father had been particularly ordered to the South of France, as the doctors thought his lungs were affected, and he proposed, therefore, staying only for a month at Boulogne, by way of experiment: the climate, however, though a northern one, had such a marvellous effect upon his health, that, instead of staying one month, we remained there a whole year; and, in the end, he lost his cough, and entirely and permanently regained his health.

We had a whole host of different masters, which we enjoyed. Amongst them were, of course, some characters. M. Noël, the master for French grammar and composition, lived out of Boulogne, and had four miles to walk in every morning: the consequence was that, by the time he arrived, he was very sleepy. We were quite prepared for this. He used to begin to rub his eyes, and say, "*J'ai mal aux yeux.*" We kept very quiet: in a few minutes it was safe; and out from under the table used to come our needlework and games, to return to their hiding place, whenever he began again to rub his eyes and repeat, "*J'ai mal aux yeux.*" Of course, French grammar did not prosper, and M. Noël had to be changed.

Then there was the greatest contempt between M. Léon, the fat dancing-master, and M. Cordier, the master for fencing and deportment. If they met, it was a perfect farce. They looked at each other with supreme scorn, and used to remark to us, "*C'est le maître de danse?*", the other saying, "*C'est le maître d'escrime?*"

M. Cordier was a great favourite of ours: he was *décoré;* one of Napoleon's old *Légion d'honneur.* He was, of course,

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devoted to the memory of the Emperor, and when the "Colonne," which was then being built at Boulogne, was finished, he was appointed its custodian. M. Léon used to produce a bright red silk handkerchief, soaked in bad Eau de Cologne, wave it on the top of his fiddle-stick, and say, "*Allons, Mesdemoiselles et Messieurs, rangez-vous sous le drapeau de Terpsichore!*"

My father's great amusement was walking down every day to see the boat come in; and if anyone was on board whom he knew, he used to bring him up to the Haute Ville. In this way we saw many clever and agreeable people. My parents used, also, sometimes to give dinners, and often dined at the Hamiltons'. One day, I remember, they were asked to meet Joseph Hume. He was very conceited, and very proud of his French, which was atrocious. He settled that, as Mrs. Hamilton was French, the proper thing was to talk French, which he accordingly did, to their immense amusement. I only wish I could fully recollect the conversation as it was told to us the next morning. Mrs. Hamilton offered him something good at dinner, "*Non, Madame, non; je suis très gothique* (*goutteux*): *Mon pere était gothique, ma mere était gothique, et tous leurs enfants sont gothiques. Moi, j'ai avalé quatre médecins en un jour, mais ils ne m'ont pas fait de bien.—Quand je suis en Angleterre je vais voir tous les galères*" (*galleries*). "*Mais, monsieur*," said Mrs. Hamilton, not taking it in, "*quelle horreur! aimer voir les galères!*" "*Oh! j'aime beaucoup les galères; je vais voir tous les galères quand je suis à Londres.*" There was much of the same description. They were all ill with laughing, and the more they laughed, the more Mr. Hume laughed, never suspecting the cause.

My father was asked to decide about a road that was to be made outside of the town: he was to settle on the best line for it, and to give orders to the workmen. This

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amused him very much, and gave him a pleasant out-door occupation.

One day Prince Louis Napoleon landed by the boat, with his tame eagle, to conquer France; or rather, expecting to find everything at his feet, as its legitimate sovereign. *Veni, vidi, vici.* Instead of which he found himself a prisoner in the Castle of Ham. The French people laughed at this foolish attempt very much: they looked upon it as a most silly end to his career, and were very full of his obstinacy. They said "*Nous croyons avoir à faire avec un âne, mais nous avons à faire avec un mulet.*"

While we were there, there arrived from Egypt the finest mummy that had ever been sent to Europe, and it was put into the museum. The features were intact; the hair, teeth, etc. quite perfect.

Amongst the other events of that year, there was a most wonderful tropical storm. As, I believe, nothing like it had been known in Europe, it is worth recording. It was in July. The weather had been generally very hot, but one day it was so stifling, that we felt we had to gasp for breath. After sundown a thunderstorm came on: but there was not a drop of rain, and it got hotter and hotter, till the air was like a furnace. The storm lessened, but still no rain fell. Soon after sunset a most remarkable sight was to be seen, and the ramparts were thronged with people who went to look at it: there were six distinct storms going on at once, the clouds opening and presenting vivid fiery pictures. Besides this, there was a thing just like a catherine wheel revolving in the sky, and, every now and then, something that looked like a flaming sword appeared.

Everyone said they thought this was the electricity spending itself, and that the storm would pass over. The heat, however, continued insufferable, and still no rain; nothing to cool the over-heated atmosphere; and all was perfectly still.

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Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a violent rushing sound was heard, and a sweeping wind took everything before it. With the wind, which blew windows and doors open, there fell large lumps of hail, the size of a pigeon's egg, each containing a hard kernel of ice in the middle. Every window in Boulogne, which had not shutters, was immediately smashed; and the sound of breaking glass, mingled with the wild roar of the storm, was indescribable. Sir James Lyon said that the sudden rushing wind was exactly like the coming on of a hurricane in the West Indies, but that he had never seen anything like it in Europe. Then the wind suddenly went down, and the full fury of the storm burst upon us: it was as if the six storms had united in one; there were, apparently, no distinct flashes and claps, but we seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of fire, and the lightning appeared to be very low down, as if it ran along the ground, while there was a constant rattle of thunder. The heat was perfectly stifling, and we did not know what was to come next, or how long the present state of things would last. There was still not a drop of rain.

About two o'clock in the morning we were all assembled together in one of the bedrooms, when suddenly the room was lighted up by a blue flame, and, simultaneously, there was the most terrific explosion, ending in a sound as if something were being driven into the ground: the house shook to its very foundations. My father exclaimed "The Cathedral has saved us!": but it was not so: the thunderbolt fell, not on the Cathedral, but in the court-yard of the Castle on the ramparts, where all the gunpowder was kept. Had the Castle itself been struck, and the gunpowder ignited, it is probable that half the Haute Ville would have blown up. The next day the gunpowder was all removed, and orders were issued that in future none was to be kept in the town. There was a lull for a few minutes, and then

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it was as if the windows of heaven had been opened at last, and down came the rain in perfect sheets of water. I have never seen nor heard anything like it; one could have fancied that the ground actually hissed. The air soon became distinctly cooler. We felt we were saved, when we heard that merciful rain; but the curious thing was, that most of the harm done was done by it, and not by the lightning.

Only one life was lost, a young girl in the country, who was overtaken by the flood and drowned; but the whole country was laid under water, trees were rooted up, and the Lianne became a roaring torrent. Dreary was the sight from the ramparts the next morning! The whole place strewn with broken branches, the land like a lake, and the town, as if it had been bombarded, was boarded up in all directions, for there were not enough glaziers to mend the broken windows.

A meeting was called to decide whether the sluices of the Seine should be opened to drain the country; but it was much feared, if this were done, that the result might be that the port of Boulogne would be destroyed. A young engineer proposed some other means of letting off the water, which proved successful.

In the early spring there took place the marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, her cousin. The consulate was illuminated and decorated with flags, and a ball was given by the Hamiltons, to which my father and mother went. We repaired to the ramparts to see the illuminations, which were very fine.

Our home at Boulogne was broken up soon after. My sister Eliza, and the younger members of the family, returned to Cannon Hall, with the nurses and governess, whilst my parents, my brothers and I, started for a tour.

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We went in our own open landau with four horses; my parents and I inside, the boys on the box, and Mitchell and the courier in the rumble behind. We first went through Belgium, stopping to see whatever interested us. The weather was delightful: it was early spring, and everything was bursting into green, and looking most lovely. We halted to see Waterloo, and went over the plain. Brussels we were much interested in, but we did not stay there long, as my parents thought that, if the King heard of their being there, he would ask them to dinner, which would be a bore to them while *en voyage*, and would, perhaps, detain them longer than they wished. So we moved on to Chaudfontaine, in the pretty valley of the Vesdre.

From Aix-la-Chapelle, where we were much interested in seeing the Cathedral and the tomb of Charlemagne, we proceeded to Namur, whence we drove over to the Château de Brumagne, occupying a most lovely position on the Meuse. Here Captain Chaplin had several young Englishmen under his care, studying fortifications: amongst them was Edward Collingwood, our cousin, who had broken his leg; and the object of our visit was to see him, so that we might report to his father how he was getting on. We found him on the sofa, and convalescent. My mother walked with Mrs. Chaplin in the garden, and the boys and I, with the two (or three) Miss Chaplins, went a delightful ramble over the rocks on the bank of the stream, commanding a most lovely view down the river. At the top of the hill we found a party of the pupils, who assisted us in running down the steep bank. We then went in to dinner: I sat by the Duke of Beaufort, or, as he then was, Lord Worcester, a gentlemanlike youth, with very good manners. About sunset of a most lovely evening, we started to drive back to Namur. The purple and

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golden light of the sky reflected from the hills and rocks was quite beautiful, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable drive.

The next day we embarked at Namur, on the Meuse steamer. We were fortunate in making acquaintance with a most gentlemanlike and intelligent Belgian, who gave us the history of every castle we passed. When we came opposite to Brumagne, we found the whole of the pupils assembled in an arbour in the garden to see us go by, and there was a general waving of hats and handkerchiefs as we passed.

At Cologne we got onto one of the Rhine steamers. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we made acquaintance with some very pleasant people. We were bound only as far as Bonn, where my father intended to look up a friend of former days, who lived there, Baron Börselager. On our arrival, we found the faithful Baron waiting for us at the landing stage. He seemed very pleased at renewing acquaintance with his friend of auld lang syne, and walked with us to the hotel, where he had engaged rooms for us, just overlooking the Rhine with a view of the Seven Mountains.

Baron Börselager was the richest and most influential man in Rhenish Prussia. He and my father had been great friends in their youth in Paris. He had married Countess Belderbusch, a countess in her own right; she was now dead, and he was a widower with one little girl of about thirteen, to whom he was devoted, and who had been most carefully brought up. She had the prettiest manners, but had never been allowed to associate with any other children: so our advent was quite an event in her existence.

The Baron devoted himself to us. He was the most simple-minded, amiable of human beings, with a very

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German face, and a light Caxton wig. It was very interesting seeing, as we thus did, German aristocratic life in all its quaintness and simplicity. Every morning he used to send his servant to the hotel to propose some expedition for the day, either walking or driving: he used to delight in going long walks, and in dragging my mother up all the mountains, "*C'est très-bon pour la santé.*" Then we always landed at some restaurant, where we had coffee and played under the trees. The little Baroness was always accompanied by her two governesses and her little greyhound "Jolie."

The Baron's sister, Frau von Romberg, had two daughters; one was married to Baron Fürstenberg, the other to Count Metternich. Baron Fürstenberg had £30,000 a year, and a château on the Rhine. One day the Baron drove us over to this château, to spend the day there. It was a very interesting experience of German country life. Nothing could exceed the kindness of M. and Mme. Fürstenberg; they drove us out in two carriages, one drawn by four magnificent Mecklenburg horses, the other by five most beautiful Russian greys. They took us to see *one* of his studs, consisting of thirty-five splendid horses of different nationalities. I was much amused to see each horse with its name and pedigree over its stall. We were shown everything about the place.

Another day the Baron took us in his carriage to Cologne, twenty miles off, where he showed us the Cathedral and some Roman Catholic relics, priceless to the true believer. One, I remember, was one of the stone jars in which the water was turned into wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee.

Another expedition which I remember, was to the top of the Drachenfels, all of us being mounted on donkeys. Then we went by the steamer to the island of Nonnenwerth, where we were shown over the Convent, and rambled about

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the island, listening to the nightingales, and gathering handfuls of lilies of the valley, of which the woods were full. We then dined at Königswinter, and returned by the boat. We used sometimes to take a very long walk, and come back by the boat.

We often dined at the Baron's; his dinner was at two, and was a very long affair, as there were a number of dishes, which had to be partaken of in turns. Then came a sumptuous dessert, and when that was over, and before we moved from the table, cards were produced, and some round games played. I used to be amused at Anton, the Baron's head servant, who, when he walked round the table handing any dish, used to stop to look at our hands, and advise us what cards to play; the Baron often addressing him as "My dear Anton." He was like part of the family, having spent his whole life in the Baron's service. The servants in a German establishment generally remain with their master through life, unless they become guilty of some very gross delinquency. About four o'clock we used to go down into the garden to drink coffee and *Maiertrank*, which was served in a large bowl: this was a sort of aromatic lemonade, with pieces of orange floating in it.

In a letter written by my father to his mother, while we were staying with the Baron (May 31st), he says,

> "One of the prophecies for 1840 has come true: At the *precise* time that was expected, the poor King of Prussia died. He was strongly impressed with the feeling that 1840—or, rather, that the years with 40 in them—were fatal to his House, and, more particularly, that he was not to survive *this day;* for upon this day there was to have been a great commemoration in honour of Frederick the Great. Everything was arranged here for a grand ceremony: the students

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were to have marched past our part of the town in procession: the military were to have had a sermon preached in a field: and, in short, there were to have been various ceremonies. Yesterday an order arrived to suspend them all, in consequence of the state of the King's health, which, as this ceremony takes place only once in a century, was considered as tantamount to an announcement of his death; and this has been confirmed this morning. What changes may take place in consequence, I know not: plenty of Sovereigns are collected in Germany."

My mother adds to the same letter—

"John is gone to see the Prussian troops swear allegiance to their new Sovereign. The steamboats look quite dismal, with their black eagle flags bound with a broad black border; but I never saw the death of a Sovereign taken as coolly as it is here: indeed, the affair with the Archbishop of Cologne had made him very unpopular with the Catholics, and the Baron prides himself on not having received the Crown Prince in his last visit here, as he had always before made a point of doing.* All the foreign potentates and Emperors, even Napoleon and Josephine, used to sleep at his house. And a curious specimen it is, with its magnificent saloon hung with the *most beautiful* Parisian embossed white and rose-coloured satin damask, but wanting paint in every part, and with a hole through the ceiling of one of the principal rooms. The Baron is like his house, a mixture of the most extraordinary simplicity, with the perfect manners of the *grand monde* and of the usages of society, when he chuses

* The Archbishop of Cologne was related to the Baron.

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to put them on. He is the most amiable, attaching being I ever met with."

I heard the Baron say one day that he had the highest possible opinion of Franz Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. He was quite young, but he thought him clever, and a very superior man; and he said that, if he lived, he would make his mark amongst the Sovereigns of Europe. He said that when the Emperor was staying with him, he (the Emperor) told him the thing he most regretted was that he had not been educated at Eton. My father asked the Baron, what sort of a man Prince Albert was: he laughed, and said, "He is a regular Saxe Coburg: you will find out he has been managing you without your knowing it. He used very often to dine here, when he was at the University, and from the way he used to talk of the Queen, and of England, I felt sure that that marriage would take place. When he was a student here, he regularly attended all the lectures, conformed to every rule of the College, and obeyed every order of the professors. They told me that they considered him the best and most obedient pupil they had, and thought that they governed him entirely, till they found out that it was themselves who were governed, and that he did exactly as he liked, and got his own way completely."

The little Prince of Prussia was at Bonn at this time, and we used to see him riding about every day on a very pretty little pony, with a groom behind him.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, also, was there, as a student at the University, and had rooms in a house looking into our garden. He is the present King of Denmark, father of Queen Alexandra.

And now a new interest sprang up: the Baron introduced us to the family of Professor Bischoff, the eminent

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Professor of Chemistry. They had large rooms in the Palace of Popplesdorf, attached to the University, and a little garden-house in the long avenue of Popplesdorf. His family consisted of Madame Bischoff, five children, (the two elder sons being by a former marriage), and Mlle. Ziegler, her sister. Madame Bischoff was a very devoted mother, and altogether a very charming person. My parents had been looking out for a safe place, where they could leave my brothers, when we went on to Switzerland; but hitherto without success. One day Madame Bischoff said, "Why not leave them with me? I would take the same care of them as I do of my own children, and we have plenty of room." This plan presented many advantages: the only question was, whether Professor Bischoff would give his consent. There was nothing mercenary about the Professor, and his only objection was, that English boys were used to so many luxuries, that he was afraid they would not be comfortable with him. This objection was easily disposed of, and the thing was settled. They soon found themselves located in large airy rooms in the Palace, with young companions as associates, to talk German with all day long; and Professor Bischoff, finding that Walter was fond of science, arranged that he should attend his Chemical Lectures at the University.

Our table d'hôte at the hotel was very popular amongst some of the Professors, who often dined there, and it was very interesting to listen to their clever conversation. Sometimes, also, we had parties of the students: one day there was a large party of Prussian students, the aristocrats of the University, who took a fancy to Roddy, and insisted on drinking his health as "The little Englishman," my father having to make a sort of acknowledgment for him. The students (sad to relate) had to leave off coming, because the landlord would not give them three months' credit. There

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was one curious individual who generally dined there, whom my father called Peter Schlemihl. He was six feet high, and wore an oilskin hat on his head: he had a most singular countenance, like that of Charles XII., sometimes very stern, at others very pleasing, but somewhat cold. He was a Danish Count, a son or nephew of the minister Moltke: he was a little mad, spoke English and most European languages very well, and was very amusing.

One night we saw a most exciting scene—a torchlight procession of the whole University in honour of Professor Arndt, the old poet and writer of most of the German national songs. They passed our windows. It was a very dark night, and each student carried a lighted torch, while, with the whole power of their glorious voices, they sang in chorus the songs of Arndt; "No, they *shall* not have it, the Rhine, the free, the German Rhine!"; and another, "What is the German's Fatherland?" one of the conditions being, "There where every Frenchman's held a foe." It was very inspiriting. They marched on to Arndt's house, sang in chorus under his windows, and each student threw down his torch, till there was quite a bonfire; Arndt, meanwhile, bowing his acknowledgment from the balcony.

Another day, I remember, we went to see a marriage. Orange-flowers are not worn in Germany; it is all the myrtle wreath.

And so the happy days sped by, and we had to start on our travels.

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CHAPTER XII.

We took the steamer, and had two most delightful days on the Rhine. We slept at Coblentz, saw Ehrenbreitstein's "shattered wall," which looked far finer then than it does now: then left the Rhine at Mayence; saw Mannheim, Heidelberg, the Necker, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, and Carlsruhe, exploring them as we proceeded. It was very interesting: the country was not overrun with English people as it is now, and we did not hurry, but saw everything on our road, working our way leisurely to Switzerland.

I copy a letter which I have found, written by my father to his mother, as what was written at the time will give a more correct account of our doings than I could give from memory.

> "Thank God, our journey hitherto has been most fortunate, though directed more by chance than by anything else.
>
> "We entered Switzerland at Schaffhausen, and much disappointed we were with the celebrated falls. We stayed there for a day, and then proceeded to Zurich, and were much pleased with the richness and beauty of the country round the lake. We did not, however, explore it as much as we ought to have done, as Anna Maria was not quite well, and Eliza was afraid of venturing on the steamboat: but the weather afterwards turned out so fine, that we got into a little boat with a man and a boy, and proceeded most gallantly,

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till a storm began to gather, and we found it wiser to turn back: but before we got far, a violent thunder-storm burst upon us. The ladies behaved very well. We were obliged to make for the shore, and got into a public house, where the landlord produced slippers, and our stockings and shoes were dried: after which we returned to Zurich, and determined to be satisfied with what we had seen of the lake. We had a beautiful view of the sunset. We went from there to Lucerne, and were much delighted with the scenery, which is wildly beautiful. Unfortunately we missed the steam-boat by a minute, and, therefore, were again obliged to have recourse to a boat. We saw that end of the lake, but were forced to give up the attempt of seeing more, and dined at a comfortable little inn, beautifully situated at Gusau, and got back, after having completely knocked up our rowers. Frances will cry out, 'How stupid,' when she finds nothing about the Righi: but to speak the truth, though she may think it to our shame, we did not even attempt the ascent, to Anna Maria's great sorrow. Eliza is not at all disposed for ascents, nor am I any more so: I like much better looking at a mountain, than fancying myself delighted with the view from the top of one, when I am shivering with cold: besides, I neither feel myself equal to a ride or a walk of several hours, and am very much afraid of the change from heat—violent heat—to cold. However, in this case we were most fortunate: two Germans, whom we had met at the table d'hôte, passed us *en route* on their way up, and overtook us at Lucerne: they met with torrents of rain, and had to stay the greater part of the day on the mountain. An Englishman and his young wife were not a little impatient, and to the great astonishment of the natives, set off under a pour-

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ing rain, and the people at the inn could talk of nothing but '*Cette pauvre Anglaise; c'etait bien singulier.*'

"We next had a very pleasant drive to Thun, stopping at a most curious Swiss village for the night. All the houses were of wood, but so very large and handsome, that they looked as if they had been suddenly produced by an enchanter's wand: the country the whole way was beautiful, and we were very much pleased with Thun. We found the inn nearly full, and there were two ambassadors there, according to Bruno's [the courier] information. We walked to a sort of summer-house on the top of the hill, from which we had a beautiful view of the sunset. The mountains, indeed, looked finer than they do upon a nearer inspection. We came on here (Interlachen), and, leaving some of our things behind, proceeded without halting to Grindelwald. We were overtaken by a storm, but still had time enough to proceed (though in fear and trembling, for the storm was hanging on our rear), to the further of the two glaciers, with which we were much delighted, though a little disappointed. It was curious to go on to the ice, streaming with perspiration, and to go into a cave in the glacier, where the effect of the light was extremely beautiful. However, I did nothing but pop in and out, for I trembled at the thoughts of the cold."

My mother adds a line to this letter, and says:

"You would have smiled to see me carried down the precipices to the glacier, which I thought so disagreeable, that I soon abandoned my *chaise-à-porteurs* to Anna Maria, and scrambled down on my feet. The ice cavern of azure blue was quite warm, so completely

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was the air excluded, and was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. I did not pass a very comfortable night at L'Aigle Noir at Grindelwald, as we were at the foot of the Wetterhorn and its glaciers, and heard, alternately, the thunder roar, and the avalanches falling, with almost incessant lightning, and a wind, which would have unroofed the houses, without the heavy stones, with which they are all protected. However, it was well worth a little nervousness to pass a night in such scenery, and no evil happened to us, except having my face unmercifully stung by the mountain flies. In crossing the Albis, I lost John and Anna Maria, who were walking, and had to make their way over cornfields, at the edge of precipices, etc. However, as it was in the middle of the day, with a bright sun, I did not feel much alarm. Yesterday we met a large char-à-banc, with a quantity of tourists, who cheered us as we passed."

One day my mother felt something hard under her bed, and, on looking the next morning, she found she had been sleeping on the rock: the châlet was built on the mountain side, and a great piece of rock had been built into the room.

When we were in this part of Switzerland we visited a most remarkable cave, the Grotte de Balme. Instead, however, of trusting to my own memory, I will quote my father's journal, written by him at the time, prefacing his description of our visit to the Grotto by an account which he gives of Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as will be seen, had an unpleasant connection therewith. Just after my father's escape from France in 1813, he joined Lord Cathcart's mission, which was then at Strasburg. An armistice had been signed, and Lord Cathcart's headquarters were at Reichenbach: the

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rest of the party were established in different villages near. My father says:

"Our life here was monotonous enough. We rode about, lounged about, and dined every day with Lord Cathcart, who now kept a *maison montée*. In a cottage nearly opposite to that in which I lived, was Colonel Hudson Lowe, who had come to the head quarters upon some mission to Lord Cathcart, and was waiting till the business was transacted to return.

"We arranged that, if he got his *congé* in sufficient time, we should travel together, but, as day after day passed without his business drawing to a termination, and as I began to feel more and more anxious to be at home again, I resolved not to delay my journey any longer on his account.

"Colonel Lowe was a man of very singular manners, which were cold to the very greatest degree, almost repellant. I had, indeed, always supposed him to be a German, so little did his appearance resemble that of an Englishman. It was a common amusement amongst the young attachés of the English staff, when they had nothing better to do, to call upon Colonel Lowe, on purpose to quiz him: but they were apt to receive back more than they gave. I understood that upon one occasion, for it was after I had left Reichenbach, Lord Cathcart mortally offended him, by placing him and several others at the side table, on the occasion of a large dinner-party that he gave. Colonel Lowe at once marched out of the room, and it was with some difficulty that Lord Cathcart succeeded in soothing his irritated feelings. He took rather a fancy to me, principally, I believe, because I was going to travel in Greece, and he felt for that country a warmth of attachment, of which

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the coldness of his manner led me to suppose he was scarcely capable. He devoted much of his time to study, and seemed particularly attached to that of Geography.

"From these traits in the character of the Colonel, there will be no difficulty in discovering Sir Hudson Lowe of St. Helena fame.

"I was subsequently told by Sir James Campbell, under whom he had long served, indeed, whose aide-de-camp he had, I believe, been, that these peculiarities were artificial; that he used to dress himself with them, if I may use the expression, as a fine Parisian lady dresses and forms her face into the shape which she thinks most becomes it: he certainly did not, like her, *paré* himself with smiles. As his name is historical, I speak of him without hesitation; but, whilst describing his peculiarities, it is but fair that I should justify his character: for, if Sir Robert Spencer's account is to be believed, and of that no man can entertain a doubt, never was man's character more undeservedly traduced. 'I should be the last man in the world to vindicate Sir Hudson Lowe's character, unless I knew he deserved it,' observed Captain Spencer: and, certainly, so staunch a Whig, the brother of the then Whig minister, Lord Althorp, was the last man I should have expected to have heard taking up the defence of a man so universally disliked by his party. Sir Robert told me that he had himself been at St. Helena, and that, from what he had collected, was fully satisfied that everything had been done on Sir Hudson Lowe's part to make Napoleon's residence at St. Helena as comfortable as circumstances would allow; but that there was evidently a preconcerted plan, on the part of the Emperor and his suite, to get up every sort of grievance, in order to

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create a sensation in Europe, and prevent the interest felt in his favour from dying away. He said that Sir Hudson Lowe had kept a detailed journal of everything that had occurred; that he (Captain Spencer) had access to it, and that he should detain me all night if he were to relate to me half the anecdotes that it contained. He said that at one time the principal grievance was, the little progress that was made in building the house at Longwood; Napoleon complaining that every obstacle was thrown in the way of its completion. After this, the work proceeded with still greater rapidity. But this did not suit the Emperor; he was afraid of losing so convenient a grievance: so he, all of a sudden, took to shooting at a mark to amuse himself. The balls flew about the workmen's ears, who made a remonstrance on the subject to the Adjutant. The latter went to the Governor for orders, who told them to leave off their work, as soon as Buonaparte began shooting. This was just what the Emperor wanted: he complained that the workmen neglected to proceed with the buildings at Longwood, in consequence of orders that they had received from Sir Hudson Lowe. The Governor replied that he could not allow the work to proceed at the risk of the men's lives, but that if General Buonaparte would leave off shooting, the work should be forwarded with the greatest despatch. The Emperor flew in a rage, gave up his shooting, declaring that he was not allowed to take the amusements and exercise necessary for his health.

"A general cry of indignation was raised throughout Europe against Sir Hudson Lowe for his savage cruelty in breaking to pieces a plaister bust of young Napoleon, which had been sent to his father to shed a ray of comfort over the melancholy hours of his captivity.

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The fact was, that it contained a letter. It had been calculated that it was the safest vehicle that could possibly be adopted, and that even the hardest heart could not help entering into his feelings as a father. But, either Sir Hudson Lowe knew his captive too well, or had received some private information as to what it contained, and had the bust broken in pieces; when he discovered the letter. Mme. Bertrand upon hearing it from him, burst out laughing, and said, '*Vous nous avez découvert.*'

"Sir Robert Spencer gave me, as a proof of Sir Hudson Lowe's anxiety to contribute to Buonaparte's comfort, the following anecdote:—Napoleon, having been much pleased with a pony-carriage that he had seen, sent to the Governor to desire that he might have a similar one brought out from England by the first ship. Sir Hudson Lowe immediately mounted his horse, and rode to the house of the Major, to whom the pony-carriage belonged; not finding him at home he desired to speak to his wife, and told her that he particularly wished to have the pony-carriage, that he would give her husband any price that he chose to put upon it. The Major, of course, acceded to the Governor's wish, and the pony carriage was immediately sent to Napoleon. Another time the Emperor took a fancy to a particular sort of fish, and expressed a wish to have it as often as it could be procured: Sir Hudson immediately sent to the market to lay an embargo upon all fish of that sort for Napoleon's table.

"These are all of Sir Robert Spencer's anecdotes that I can now call to mind, but I will add another that I heard in Switzerland two years ago. Whilst my daughter, Anna Maria, was exploring the Grotte de Balme, not feeling sufficient curiosity to accompany her,

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I amused myself with conversing with the woman at the cottage, to whom was entrusted the charge of the Grotto. She was complaining of various misfortunes that had befallen her, and instanced the following as the most distressing, one that had occurred two or three years before. I must first mention, that the Countess Bertrand had some time previously visited the Grotto, and feeling, I suppose, that inclination, so common to travellers, of leaving behind them some traces of their visit, and, perhaps, not ill-disposed to associate her name with that of one whose memory was so dear to her, she took out her pencil and wrote on the wall:

"Honneur à Napoléon,
"La France te révére.

"La Comtesse Bertrand, t'ayant suivie partout."

"One day, as the custodian was sitting in her cottage, a carriage with four horses drove up to the door: a gentleman got out, and desired her to conduct him to the Grotte de Balme. She did so, and, having left him there for a short time, upon her return, she found that he had occupied himself in effacing this inscription of Mme. Bertrand's. She rated him soundly, telling him that it was not the action of a gentleman. During this conversation, three young travellers entered the Grotto, one, who had been there the preceding year, having told her daughter at the cottage that he knew the way, and could serve as guide to his companions. Upon looking round the Grotto, he turned to the woman, saying, 'Madame, I do not see the inscription I saw here last year written by Mme. Bertrand: where is it?' '*Monsieur vient de l'effacer*,' she answered. Their eyes were immediately turned upon the

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stranger, and a mutual recognition instantly took place. The stranger was Sir Hudson Lowe; the young travellers, Louis Napoleon, young Count Las Cases, and the third, the son of a distinguished Parisian lawyer. At what a place, and in what a moment did they meet!

"The young men rushed with fury upon their oppressor, who was now in their power. A violent altercation ensued, but as it was carried on in English, the guide could not understand what passed, but she heard Sir Hudson declare in French that 'he was not as bad as they supposed, as he only obeyed the orders of his Government.' They bade him prepare for instant death, and dragged him to the borders of the lake, which forms one of the greatest curiosities of the Grotto. In vain were his supplications and prayers: three times she saw his head hanging over the water, into which he was about to be precipitated. She threw herself on her knees before them, and made use of every argument in her power to induce them to spare his life, dwelling upon the position in which she would be placed, when found with the body of a rich Englishman, whom she had conducted to the cave, whilst they, who had committed the deed, would have totally disappeared. At length she succeeded in mitigating their fury: they consented to spare Sir Hudson's life on one condition—that he should meet Louis Napoleon on the following day. She saw him shake hands with Sir Hudson, whilst he used these words: "*Demain, sur la Flegère.*" But Sir Hudson had had enough of it, and had no inclination to put his life again into the hands of such rash and exasperated opponents. As soon as he got back to the cottage, he put himself into his carriage, and set off to Geneva as fast as he could go. The affair became public; a commission was ordered by the Piedmontese

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Government to enquire into the circumstances of the case, and the Grotto and cottage were shut up, I think, for two months; after which the woman was allowed to pursue her usual vocation.

"I have given the story as near as I can in the woman's words, but I can hardly bring myself to believe that three young men, so distinguished in birth and situation, could have really contemplated the commission of such a murder, or could have for a moment entertained the idea of satisfying their hatred of an individual by an act of such cowardly vengeance. I am more willing to suppose that their only object was to derive some satisfaction from the terror into which they put poor Sir Hudson."

There was to be a *tir national*. We met the procession going to it, and a very interesting one it was, with all the banners of the different Cantons flying, and all the men of each Canton in their respective national dress.

We went to Geneva, and stayed there a little time, going frequently down the lake in a steamboat. Our old friends, Sir John and Lady Katharine Boileau, had a villa near Geneva, and we used to go expeditions with them and with Lady Vernon. Lord Vernon had gone to the *tir national*. I remember one day, when we had been dining at the Boileaus', we had a perfect race to get back to Geneva before the evening gun was fired, when the gates of the town were shut.

On our way back we slept at Basle, with the swift-flowing Rhine under our windows. The next morning we got up early, and went on board. There we found a very pleasant little *société*, including a French Count and Countess de Gasparin, with whom we had made acquaint-

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ance in Switzerland (I think on the Lake of Geneva) a clever and amusing doctor, named Conquest, and an invalid sister of the Bishop of Ripon.

So dense a fog came on, that it was impossible to see an inch before us, and the stream was so strong, that it would not have been safe for a large boat like ours to proceed: so the anchor was dropped, and there we had to lie motionless in the fog. Dr. Conquest had extended his tour to the very last day, and had made engagements to see six patients on his arrival in London; so nothing could have been more inconvenient for him than to be delayed in this way, and it was excusable that he should lose his temper in consequence: he stalked about the deck at last in a perfect fury, exclaiming, "*C'est une chose inouie, je ne le souffrirai pas: vous me payerez ceçi! J'intenterai un procès!*" "*Bon, monsieur, vous avez raison; intentez le procès! mais il faut l'intenter au brouillard: nous n'avons rien à y faire!*" We lost half a day before the sun came out, and we were able to proceed; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Conquest's six patients were none the worse for having to get on without him.

At Königswinter a very handsome young Prussian officer, whom we knew slightly, came on board. He went up to my mother, and, with a graceful bow, took her hand, raised it to his lips, and kissed it. Such were the manners of that day. He was very tall, and his svelte figure was set off to great advantage by the becoming Prussian uniform. Another foreign greeting, of a somewhat different character, awaited us when we walked into our hotel at Bonn; our former little waiter suddenly caught sight of my father, and giving a scream of delight, seized him by both hands, and shook them nearly off.

We found there a message from the Baron, asking us to dine with him, and meet my two brothers and Mlle. Ziegler.

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We went to Popplesdorf the next day, and found both the boys well and happy, and very much improved in their manners, albeit a little Germanised. My brother Roddy, I remember, showed his collection of butterflies to my father, and pointed one out to him as an "immensely seldom butterfly." My other brother, Walter, had gone in for beetles.

After staying a few days at Bonn, we travelled back to England, crossing from Ostend; and, after sleeping one night in London, we went on to Cannon Hall.

Travelling in Switzerland was very different then from what it is now. There were no railways or funiculars, no omnibuses or great caravansaries, one exactly like another, filled with nothing but English and Americans. In those days you saw the country through which you passed in its every-day natural state, the people living their own lives in repose, still unspoilt by a constantly moving herd of travellers. Everything around was new to one, full of its own identity, and not ground down to one general level. The Swiss were then a most honest, simple people, very religious, and very fond of their country. The spirit of Tell and of Hofer was not yet extinct. The châlets were very clean and comfortable, and the life in them afforded endless variety: sometimes we would be sleeping in one on the top of a mountain, the next night in one in the valley: the table d'hôte was literally what it professed to be: the master of the house presided, gave you the best he had, and told you all the news of the country round. Sometimes his wife or children were there, and often when we drove off, flowers and fruit were put into the carriage. Our coming was a great excitement, and they parted from us with regret. What made a great difference was that, instead of the remarkably ugly, ungainly and ill-dressed figures, which you now see working in the fields, then every creature, man,

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woman or child, wore the picturesque Swiss dress. You could tell whenever you got into a new Canton, by a complete change in the dress: and all day long one heard the jodeling answered from every hill and valley.

One day they dressed me up in one of their fête-dresses, which are heirlooms: it was a most beautiful costume: the front of it and the sleeves being white, with a black velvet bodice over it covered with silver chains and ornaments, and gold and silver coins. I went in to my father as a Swiss girl, carrying something for him.

When we went any mountain climb, we had a char-à-banc, a light wooden car with planks put across for seats; sometimes a whole procession of char-à-bancs started together, and, with the tinkling of the bells on the horses' heads, it was very gay; there were also *chaises-à-porteurs*, for use in places were a horse could not go.

I have also travelled through the Tyrol and the Pyrenees, when they were free from the taint of foreign travellers, and were still unspoilt. My brother Walter and I went all through the Tyrol *en voiturier*, stopping at the peasants' houses, dining under the trees, and living a life of the most delightful independence, and of constant change. We engaged our coachman and horses for the whole time, and never went more than three stages a day; so we had time for walking, sketching, botanising, and doing just as we liked. With the exception of three Englishmen, whom we kept meeting, we seemed to be the only English travellers in the country, according to the books at the inns.

So unsophisticated were the people, that they had never even heard of tea: we took our own, and they asked if it was medicine. When we tried to explain to them how we made it, and what we wanted to make it with, the results were most amusing: off they went, full of zeal to supply our requirements, and in one place they brought us two

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soup-plates full of tepid water, with which to make it. Another day a maid came in, very delighted, with a flower-pot, which she thought was just the thing. It was so hopeless that at last my brother took the tea down to the kitchen, and made it himself by the fire, all the peasants coming round to see the operation.

We fared very well in other respects, with trout just out of the lakes, and the best of cream, milk and butter, and good meat.

In the Pyrenees, where I went after I was married, one was even more out of the world than in the Tyrol. In those days the borderland mountains were shared by French and Spaniards, and not an English face was to be seen. The peasants spoke nothing but Basque, of which my husband and I could not understand a word. The men were dressed in coarse white blankets, thrown over their shoulders, and very wide *sombreros*. We rode on mules, which were most gaily decorated, and furnished with Spanish saddles. Such French tourists as there were always travelled in close carriages. Mr. Scott, the consul at Bordeaux, warned us we should not find such a thing as an open carriage anywhere, and advised us to buy one for our use: this we did, and sold it afterwards when we were leaving. We went many expeditions into the mountains, and were amused with the way in which the French did their exploring. They always went in large parties, got up in what they considered proper style; the men dressed for effect, with bright sashes round their waists, and other sashes on their wide-awakes; their mules very smartly ornamented with trappings and bells: while the ladies rode on Spanish saddles covered with red cloth. Their riding parties looked very gay, if not business-like.

One day, I remember being in the passage of the hotel, when a *chaise-à-porteurs* was put down by four Spaniards, who had brought it over the mountains: inside was a large

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white figure completely swathed in linen; nothing to be seen even of the face or eyes. This huge figure got out of the *chaise*, and the men began unrolling fold after fold. I looked on full of curiosity; when, suddenly, out skipped a smart-looking French girl, dressed in a riding-habit. This was the orthodox way of conveying her over the mountains from St. Sebastian in Spain.

At the small town of Bigorre, where we arrived in doubt as to whether we should obtain any eatable fare, we were agreeably surprised by having a most *recherché* and excellent dinner set before us. On enquiry we learnt that the brother of our hostess, who had cooked our dinner, was the famous Francatelli, who had been *chef de cuisine* to Louis Philippe for fifteen years.

I was much amused at the sister of our guide, who was our housemaid. She was a most hopelessly vulgar-looking girl, fat, awkward, and blowzy, with a red face, and fat red arms. These she put akimbo, and said, "*Oui, nous sommes pauvres, mais nous sommes nobles: c'est une famille de trois-cents ans*" The *sangre azul* of Spain!

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CHAPTER XIII.

One day—I think we had been up to the moors—we were very tired, and had gone to bed early. We were all awakened out of our first sleep, by an extraordinary noise and bustling in the house: a Sheffield fly had driven up, and out of it had got Professor Bischoff, Madame Bischoff, his son, Karl Bischoff, Mlle. Ziegler (Madame Bischoff's sister), and my brothers, Walter and Roddy, having posted all the way from Sheffield. They had stayed four days in London, but this had been kept secret, as their arrival at Cannon Hall was to be a surprise for "the dear father and mother:" and a surprise it certainly was! Roddy had represented in vain to the Bischoffs, that, if they arrived unannounced, they might find the house full. The boys also told us that they had, in spite of their remonstrances, gone to the city to take up their quarters, because they thought "the City" *must* be the most fashionable part of London. They made their appearance in London in some extraordinary Polish garments, called Katzavickas: Madame Bischoff's was a long pelisse, reaching to her feet, with a cape and sleeves; it was of the most lovely rose-coloured stuff, trimmed with Chinchilla: Mlle. Ziegler's was of the same make, only of very rich, dark blue, watered silk, trimmed with dark Russian sable. Roddy and Walter remonstrated with them, and told them they could not possibly go out dressed like that, or they would have a mob after them. They were very angry at this, and said that they had worn them in Berlin, and in Vienna; and why could they not wear them in London? So, after my brothers and

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Karl had started on a most delightful expedition with the Professor, sight-seeing in the town, the ladies sallied forth in their Polish dresses, to captivate the world. But they soon returned, furiously indignant, with a large mob at their heels. It must be remembered that, in those days, anything novel in the way of dress was a much greater wonder than it would be now.

The Professor and Karl stayed at Cannon Hall a short time, and then left to go to Scotland, where the Professor was to examine some mines. During their absence the ladies remained with us. One morning, after breakfast, they appeared, arrayed in the Katzavickas, and said they were going for a walk; but they would not tell us where they were going. Luncheon came; but they did not appear: the afternoon wore away; but there were no signs of them: dinner came; and still they did not return. It was getting dark, and we were becoming seriously alarmed, having settled that they must have been lost! After dinner my father sent men in different directions with lanterns to look for them, though, indeed, that was not of much use, as we did not know in which direction they had gone. At last, late in the evening, in they walked, looking very white: they had walked off to Wakefield, quite ignorant of the way, on a pilgrimage to see the "Vicar of Wakefield." Fortunately, Dr. Sharpe, the then vicar, was at home, and was quite equal to the occasion, for he promptly produced some cowslip wine: he knew that all through Germany the idea of English literature is, Shakespeare, and the "Vicar of Wakefield." I do not know whether our visitors were ever quite clear as to whether they had really seen Dr. Primrose, or not; but, doubtless, they would give out in Germany that they had done so! They dined at Wakefield, and then set off to walk the ten miles back to Cannon Hall. They had walked twenty miles altogether before they got home.

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The Professor could not stay very long in England, and, when he returned to Germany, Madame Bischoff and Karl went with him. Mlle. Ziegler remained at Cannon Hall till we left, as she wanted to learn English; she gave us German lessons in return.

While she was there, the Bishop of Ripon came for a short visit. In the evening, my sister Loui came into the room: "Make a cradle (meaning a courtesy) for the Bishop, my dear," said Mlle. Ziegler; while Loui's puzzled look, and a twinkle in the Bishop's eye, delighted us. Then Mlle. Ziegler, with her head and her long curls on one side, looking very sentimental, said to the Bishop, "It is very disagreeable walking in the woods here; they are so full of lüvers, you cannot get away from them." The Bishop looked as if he were exercising no small amount of self-control to prevent laughing. She had been getting up some sentences for the benefit of the prelate, and had asked us what the English for *Brombeeren* (brambles) was: we had told her "sweethearts;" but she had looked this up in the dictionary, and had settled that its synonym, lovers, sounded much more refined, and so had employed it for the edification of his lordship.

Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and Archbishop of Canterbury, was our friend of many years. He confirmed and married me. My father used to say that he was "Butter in a lordly dish." He, certainly, never forgot for a moment that he was a Bishop; but, even if there was a slight amount of acting, the result was altogether so perfect, that you could not wish anything different. He was very handsome, with a fine head, a refined and holy expression, a very well-modulated voice, and the most courtly and perfect manners.

Mrs. Longley was certainly not one's ideal of a wife for him, but she was, at any rate, a very good foil. Without

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being refined, she was the most thoroughly natural person I ever knew, with true Irish warmth of heart, and always saying just what came into her mind. She was Miss Parnell, Lord Congleton's daughter. She told me that the first time she had any tender thoughts for the Bishop, was when she was staying at Harrow, and saw Dr. Longley, then Master of Harrow, clear a five-barred gate in pursuit of some of the boys. She turned to her cousin, and said, "After all, Dr. Longley is not so old." "Who ever thought him old?" was the answer.

He was a wonderfully active man, and a very good rider. When he was at Harrow, there was a regular rebellion and barring out. The Doctor was on the upper floor, and, when he came out of his room, he found the stairs all boarded up, and the young rebels standing on the landing below. He immediately sat down on the planks, and slid into the midst of the boys, who received him with a cheer.

One day I was walking in Hyde Park with my father, and we were talking of the Bishop, when, suddenly, we were startled by his riding up to where we were. My father exclaimed, "*Parlez du soleil, vous voyez ses rayons.*" "There is another version," said the Bishop, meaning, "*Parlez du diable, vous voyez ses cornes.*"

The incumbent of Silkstone, Mr. Millett, was a first cousin of the Bishop, and the Longleys used to stay there generally on every alternate visit to our part of Yorkshire. This did not suit Mrs. Longley, who did not like losing her visit to Cannon Hall, of which she was particularly fond. On one occasion they were at Silkstone, and we were asked to dine there: in the middle of the dinner the Bishop said, "Now, Mr. Stanhope, I will give you a hundred guesses: what have I been doing?" "You've been cutting down my trees," said my father immediately. "How could you possibly guess that?" said the Bishop, very much astonished.

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"Why," said my father, "I knew there was a fall of timber in the wood close by, and I knew your active habits: I concluded you would want some exercise after the Consecration; and cutting down the trees was just what would suit you." The Bishop then told us that he had gone into Silkstone Fall for a stroll, where he found a man cutting down trees, and had asked him if he could give him an axe; which he did; and the Bishop set to work with him. The man told him that he had been at the Consecration in the morning, and had seen the Bishop: he told him all about the ceremony, and what he thought of the Bishop, without finding out that he was talking to the Bishop himself.

We knew the Archbishop of York very well, and used often to visit at Bishopthorpe. Archbishop Musgrave was a big, rough, burly man, with a large head, and something approaching a bottle-nose. He had risen from the ranks, and, it was said, had worked at the tailor's bench. He was very hard-headed, and clever; very natural, and quite above any ecclesiastical parade. My father delighted in him. There was a double bond of union between us and the Musgraves. Mrs. Musgrave, the Archbishop's wife, was a sister of Lord Waterpark, (who had married my cousin, Eliza Anson), whilst Miss Musgrave, the Archbishop's niece, was our governess at Cannon Hall; and a very common-place little person she was.

Mrs. Musgrave, or, as she was almost universally called, "The Empress Catherine," was a very tiny, but a very pretty little thing; always dressed "*à quatre épingles*" in the loveliest brocades; and, in the evenings, wearing a long train. She had a gardener who had lived with the Duchess of Sutherland, and every night he placed on the table a most lovely bouquet for her, such as he had been in the habit of making for the Duchess.

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It was most amusing to see the rough, unpolished Archbishop with his little wife: he seemed to be completely lost to everything else in his admiration of her, in his interest in her beautiful dresses, and in everything belonging to her. He was entirely without a thought of self, but was really a very determined man, when left to act for himself. It was said in the diocese that everything he did right, was his own doing; and that everything he did wrong, was the doing of the Empress Catherine.

Once when we were staying there, and the York races were coming on, the Archbishop suggested to my father that he might like to go to them, but, as it would not quite do for the mitre to be seen on the course, he could not lend his own carriage for that purpose; but if we would go in *our* carriage, and use *our* harness, he would send *his* horses, and *his* servants in plain clothes. Thus it was arranged. I do not remember anything about the events of the day, but I know that we enjoyed ourselves, without creating any episcopal scandal.

The Archbishop used to be very amusing in his confidences to my sister Eliza and myself. He said that when they went to stay anywhere for a consecration, etc., Mrs. Musgrave's gowns had to be so carefully packed, and took up so much room, that his lawn sleeves came very badly off; and that, as they often arrived only at the last moment, he had to go into church, looking all tumbled and untidy. Then, he said, if it was at a village where the consecration was to take place, the pulpits would be of deal, and often only half-finished, with a great nail sticking up here and there, on which the unfortunate lawn sleeves were sure to catch, with a tragic result; when, on his return, instead of getting comfort from Mrs. Musgrave, he would be received by her and her maid, one as bad as the other, with a regular scolding; the unlucky remnants of the sleeves being held up to view, with the oft-

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repeated information that they cost four guineas. So he had made a bargain, that when it was a simple village consecration, he should have sleeves made of muslin, and reserve the lawn for the more fashionable affairs.

The Archbishop told me that once, when he was going to stay somewhere, he found that his servant had put him up a pair of slippers all in holes, which he had told him to throw away. Not long after, a very smart pair of slippers made their appearance, worked by the young ladies of the house, who, he supposed, had treasured the others as a *holy relic!*

The Archbishop's brother, Archdeacon Musgrave, was a man of a very different stamp. He was terribly afraid of risking his dignity, and had none of that natural ease of manner and good-nature, which, with the Archbishop, was so noticeable, and which became all the more prominent, when he had attained an assured position. The Archdeacon was, however, unlike his brother, a very good-looking man: he had very handsome legs, of which he was particularly proud, and always encased them in the finest silk transparencies that could be procured.

The Archbishop used to say, "My brother is a *much* greater man than I am: you must *never* forget that he is an Archdeacon. He is a great dandy, and, when he comes here for a few days, he brings more luggage than I should take, if I were going to France."

There was one great inconvenience at Bishopthorpe: the steamers were continually going up and down the Ouse, and all the rooms, when the windows were open, became filled with a dense, dirty smoke. The Archbishop, consequently, petitioned that the smoke should be turned off while the boats passed his Palace. The first day that this was done, the officers quartered in York went by in the boats, and, as they passed the Palace, the funnels were lowered, the bands

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played on the decks, and the officers all saluted. It was rather a pretty sight. We stood at the open window, and the "Empress Catherine" bowed her acknowledgments.

Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, and Mrs. Longley came to stay there for a few days during one of our visits, and we were amused at the ecclesiastical stir which their coming made; one special alteration being that we had prayers in the evening, which we had not had before. Mrs. Longley, I remember, had a black lace cap on with some red poppies in it, and, while looking enviously at Mrs. Musgrave's beautiful dress, she said to me, "My dear, it is *such* a pity that the Bishop will not allow me to wear artificial flowers; these came from the fields: that is where I have to go, when I want to look like other people."

The mention of these ecclesiastical dignitaries recalls to my mind Mr. Sandford, the brother of the Bishop of Gibraltar. He came to Cannon Hall in his capacity of school-inspector. In the morning, when he wanted to start for the schools, he could not find his hat anywhere, and, after a regular search, it was found in the bushes, wet through with the heavy dew: how it got there I do not know, but he could not wear it, and so he started without a hat. He went to the upper part of the park; but there he lost himself in a dense fog, and got completely wet through, wandering about in the long grass. At last he caught sight of the school; but he was so soaked, that he had to take off his coat to have it dried, and had to borrow a pair of the girls' stockings and shoes, before he was able to enter on his office.

Her Majesty's Inspectors consider themselves very important people, and very often behave as such. In his address to the school, Mr. Sandford asked the boys, "What am I?" "A man;" answered one of them. "Yes, I know I am a man, but what sort of a man?" "Varie oogly," was the reply.

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His brother the Bishop once said to the children, "I wish if there is anything you do not *quite* understand, or that puzzles you, you would just tell me, and ask me to explain it." After a pause one of them said, "Please, my lord, how was it that the angels wanted stairs to go up and down to Jacob, when they had wings?" The Bishop was fairly nonplussed, and did not know what to answer: he got out of the difficulty by saying, "Think a little, and if any reason occurs to you, let me hear it." "Please, my lord," piped a shrill voice from the back of the room, "perhaps they were a-moultering!"

Archdeacon Watkins, once when he was inspecting them was very grand and patronising, and addressed the boys with, "Now, my dear boys, living as you do in the country, I think you ought to know something of the nature around you," (feeling sure that they knew nothing of it,) "you ought to study the trees, their forms, and the differences of their foliage; you should know their names. Now, can you tell me the names of any trees?"

"Apple-trees, pear-trees, cherry-trees, walnut-trees, gooseberry-trees," etc., etc., was the too-ready answer.

"Well, yes, yes; but can you tell me the names of any birds?"

"Cock-robins, Spinks, Dickey-dunachs, Tomtits," and a number of others, whose local names the Archdeacon had never heard before.

Flowers were then attempted, but with the same result, there being a chorus of voices shouting out, "Daffydowndillies, Sweet Williams, Marygolds, Perrywinkles," and a host of others; till the inspector thought it hardly safe to give the reins to Yorkshire boys.

The clergyman once asked the children what was the difference in our Saviour, when he descended from Heaven, and when he ascended into it again. One of the boys

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answered: "He war a boy when he came down, and he war a man when he went oop."

I was told that, when my husband was quite a little child, he was sitting one very windy day by the window, when the dust was flying in eddies, and was heard to sigh deeply, and say, "Oh! poor Adam and Eve!" His mother asked him what he meant, when he said, "Don't you know; it was said to Adam and Eve, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,' and just look how they are blowing about!"

One of my children said to me, "I know that God made heaven and earth, but where was He when He made it?"

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CHAPTER XIV.

As I was now just seventeen, it was decided that I was to come out, and to spend the winter at Holkham with my parents: it was also arranged that the rest of the family, with the servants, were to be settled there at the "Inn," a large house just within the park gates. This was a delightful arrangement for me, for it enabled me to spend the day with my brothers and sisters, and to take long walks and drives with them, as we had a carriage at our disposal.

My mother, from the time of her marriage, had spent half of every year at Holkham, and, having been always very much respected and looked up to, still retained much of her former position there: so her time was very much taken up in looking after the guests, and she very wisely considered me to be far too young to be turned independently into a house of that sort. Of course, had I spent the whole day at Holkham, I should, probably, have much more to record now; as it was, my time was spent in the following manner:—I breakfasted in the schoolroom at eight o'clock with Margaret Coke and her governess, Margaret being on her invalid couch: I then went to my father's room, and read with him. Afterwards, I walked to the Inn, either with him, or with our footman, and spent the rest of the day there, till my grandfather and my aunt Anson called for me at the end of their drive, and brought me back. My father would generally be out shooting, for, on the days when there was no battue, he used to go out

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independently, wherever he pleased, having a keeper who had been told off to attend to him specially.

Had I not spent that winter at Holkham, I never should have realized the enthusiastic way in which my grandfather was worshipped by those around him: and well did he, whose whole life had always been spent for others, deserve the love bestowed upon him.

My mother used to tell me that in former years, when he was unhampered, and his purse-strings not drawn for him by others,* his noble liberality and romantic generosity knew no bounds: she used to say that he would have shared his last crust with any friend who wanted it.

From my earliest childhood I was devoted to him, and he considered me as his special favourite. This now became much more marked, and I believe that my being there added a peculiar element of happiness to this, the last year of his life. I remember Edward Coke saying to me one day, "Anna Maria, I really and truly believe that my father cares more for his granddaughter than he does for all of us put together: you are certainly more to him individually than any one of us is."

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* *I.e.* before his second marriage. In a letter to me on this subject my mother says:

"The following occurrence will illustrate my reasons for holding this opinion. My grandfather and Lady Leicester were staying with us in Harley Street the year that I came out. There was a dinner-party one day, and the ladies had gone up to dress, leaving my grandfather lying on the sofa in the library. I was with him; and he suddenly pulled out his purse, looked round very uncomfortably, and took out a ten-pound note, which he gave me, saying, 'Don't tell Lady Leicester.' He looked as if he had done more than he ought to do, and cautioned me a second time to say nothing about it. But I told my mother the next day, and she seemed very much annoyed, saying, 'In former days he would not have been satisfied with a hundred pounds for his favourite grandchild on her first coming out.' There was something wrong somewhere."—S. P.

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I can better understand it now, perhaps, than I could then. Lady Leicester was quite taken up with things in which *he* took no interest: as for his sons, he was certainly fond of them collectively, and I have heard him speak with pride and admiration of Edward—and no wonder, for he was six foot high, with a fine figure, and so splendidly handsome that he was considered the handsomest man of his time, and was always very steady and good; a son for any father to be proud of: Wenny, the youngest, he spoilt, and used to call "Little Benjamin our Ruler." But a young family, consisting of a number of boys, whom he saw only during their holidays, and of an invalid girl, poor Margaret, whom he seldom saw at all, represented an idea in his life which could not possibly pretend to vie with the recollection of *her* (my mother), who had been the object of his care and love from her earliest* childhood, and the friend and companion of the prime of his life.

That recollection I forcibly recalled to him, and in a way that nothing else could. He used often to say to me, "It's your mother over again. My darling, you are so like your mother, that, when I have you, I feel as if I had got her back." Often, also, would he say, especially when something had displeased him, "You are a dear, good little soul; I wish all the world were more like you," or, "I wish others would take pattern by you." He never missed an opportunity of shewing me his strong affection: every day was I made aware of it by his every action: while, for my part, I worshipped him.

One day—it was the audit-day—all the tenants were dining in the audit-room, and the gentlemen of the house-party were dining with them. My grandfather had not

* My mother was only four years old when her own mother died: both her sisters were then married women, and so my grandfather's affection was naturally centred upon her.—A. M. W. P.

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been down to any of these dinners now for a long time, but this evening he announced his intention of going with his granddaughter to see his tenants, for he always treated me as if I were the daughter of the house. Nothing could have delighted me more; and the tenants were very excited at the thoughts of his coming. But, alas, at the last moment he was prevented, as they said it would be too much for him: though I think that it would have given him peculiar pleasure to have gone. I went down to a little room next to the audit-room, and there I heard the tumult when his health was drunk: benches and chairs were knocked about; cheers were given which threatened to bring down the roof-tree, and then, all in chorus, they sang the spirited song of "The Old English Gentleman,"—

> "Like a good old English gentleman,
> One of the olden time."

As may easily be imagined, the various relationships in my mother's family were of a very perplexing character, her elder sisters being some 30 years older than she, and her half-brothers and half-sisters, some thirty years younger.* I remember that one day at Holkham, Lord Huntingtower, who had just arrived, was sitting by me, and said, "I

* Mr. Coke was 70 years old when his son and heir was born. On his entering the House of Commons on the next occasion after that event, he was received with hearty cheers of congratulation. There was an interval of 52 years between the births of the eldest and youngest of his children. The present Lord Leicester has followed the example of his father very closely: he has been married twice, and has two separate families; his youngest child was born to him when he was 72 years old; and there was an interval of nearly 50 years between the birth of his eldest and youngest child. There is an interval of no less than 103 years between the birth of this youngest child and of that of her aunt, Lady Andover. Lady Anson's family was, also, a large one, and gave rise to further complications, owing to one of her daughters having married Lord Rosebery, while another had married his son.—S. P.

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suppose you are a relation, and can tell me all about these people: I wish you would, for I do not know any of them." "Oh! yes," I said, "with pleasure; I can tell you who they all are. That is my mother; and that is her brother, sitting next to her, (pointing to Edward Coke, who looked like her son); that (pointing to Wenny, then a little boy) is uncle to the old gentleman sitting near them (Lord Rosebery); that is Lady Rosebery, and she is niece to my mother (being just the same age as she was); and that is my father, sitting next to his mother-in-law (who was much younger than he was):" and so I rattled on through the whole party, which sounded far more extraordinary than any description here can give the slightest notion of. I burst out laughing, and said, "Now I have told you who all the people are, and how they are related to each other; and, I think, you will consider us to be a very peculiar family."

The Duke of Sussex generally spent the greater part of each winter at Holkham, usually staying there about two months. He sent word on this occasion that he should arrive on Sunday, during the afternoon service. On Sundays, the services were always alternated; one week, the morning service was held at the church, and the next, it was held at the chapel in the house, the chaplain officiating, and all the village people attending. The afternoon services were similarly alternated. This Sunday afternoon, the service was at the church, and the carriage came round, as usual, to take us to it. As we were going along, my Aunt Anson began fidgeting, because no one was left to receive the Duke of Sussex on his arrival: but my grandfather said, "If the Duke of Sussex chooses to come at this hour, he has no right to complain of my not being there to receive him." When we got back we found the

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Duke, with his wife, the Duchess of Inverness, in the saloon.

The Duke was, like Saul, a head and shoulders taller than the people. He wore a magnificent diamond order, and a black velvet skull-cap. The little Duchess was good-temper and good-nature itself. She was very small and common-looking, and appeared very ridiculous by the side of her magnificent husband. When she was dressed out in the evening, in stiff, shining, silver and gold brocades, she looked just like a little queen on a twelfth cake.

The Duke had twice defied the law, by morganatic marriages: he had been married first (1793) to Lady Augusta Murray, Lord Dunmore's daughter: she always called herself Duchess of Sussex, but the marriage was not acknowledged by any of the royal family, being shortly afterwards declared null and void, and was dissolved in 1794. She had two children, a son and a daughter. When the son went to court, it was doubtful how, and by what name, he would be received. George IV. came forward, shook hands with him, and said, "How do you do, Sir Augustus d'Este?" D'Este being, of course, their family name.

The second Duchess was Lady Cecilia Underwood. She was the daughter of Lord Arran, an Irish peer, who had married his children's governess. She first married Sir George Buggins, a city knight; and, after his death, travelled about with the Duke of Sussex, under her maiden name of Lady Cecilia Underwood. Many people were still inclined to look coldly upon her, but at Holkham they knew that she had really been married to the Duke, (though only after she had lived with him), as the marriage ceremony was performed by a friend of my grandfather, Archdeacon Glover. It seems strange that, whilst Lady Augusta Murray, who had in every way a better

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right, was never acknowledged by the royal family as the Duke's wife, Lady Cecilia Underwood, was not only acknowledged, but was created a Duchess with one of the Duke's royal titles of Inverness. She was devoted to the Duke, and injured her eyes by constantly reading to him in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke.

A few days after they came to Holkham, there was a dance for the tenants in the Statue-Gallery. We were dancing the Triumph, or some country dance, and the Duchess of Inverness was dancing with Sir Archibald Macdonald, who was equerry to the Duke. Unfortunately her foot slipped on the parquet floor, and she fell; but being very light, Archie never noticed what had happened, and went on capering all down the room, dragging the poor little Duchess along the floor. The Duke did not see the occurrence, as he was in the saloon, playing whist; and she came up to me, and showed me her arm, which was frightfully bruised and hurt, saying, "My dear, do not mention a word about it to any one, for, if anybody knows and talks about it, it is sure to get round to the Duke, and he would be very angry with Archie." So the Duchess and I kept our own counsels, and it went no further.

The Duke always breakfasted at ten o'clock, and my mother presided at that breakfast: Lady Leicester breakfasted with my grandfather at nine.

The Duke seemed to me to be very agreeable, though he was fond of an argument. One day I heard him say, that, for eighteen years of his life, he had kept a journal, and that, as he had put everything down as it occurred, there were many very curious and interesting things in it. It was full of anecdotes about people, many of whom were still alive, and he thought of the mischief that it might make, if, in the event of his

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death, it were to be published unrevised; so, to avoid this, he burnt it himself, and from that day never wrote any more diaries.

He was a great student of theology; but he said, "My knowledge of the Bible is nothing to my father's: you should have seen *his* Bible; it was marked all through." He said that the only sermons he ever read were Arnold's sermons for the Rugby boys; he thought them most excellent, and had read them so often, that he knew them almost by heart.

He pretended to wish there should be no ceremony observed towards him, but, in reality no one was quicker than he to notice the slightest breach of etiquette in those about him. He always said we ought to sit down when he was there, but I noticed that he did not like our doing so, unless he had specially told us to. I have seen him look very disgusted when Mrs. Anson, presuming on being a beauty, reached out her hand to him without getting up. One day, I remember, he amused himself by sitting down, and deliberately yawning, for the fun of making us all yawn; for, of course, yawning in the very face of royalty was highly incorrect.

One night, at dinner, the Duke seemed very much amused at something: presently he called out to my mother, who was sitting opposite him, "It's very becoming, ma'am: we can all see that it is quite new, and what it cost!" She had a new head-dress on, and the card, with the price on it, was sticking up in front. A somewhat similar thing happened a winter or two before, when the Duke of Sussex was there: my father had a new coat sent down from London: it was of blue cloth, with brass buttons, and the buttons were all carefully done up in silver paper. My father put it on just as it arrived, and went down to dinner: he was received with a shout of laughter, Lady Leicester

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exclaiming, "Impossible not to like a man who comes to dinner with his buttons all in silver paper!"

The Duke of Sussex declared that he intended to leave his body to a hospital for dissection; and a very good caricature of him had been drawn as "A Royal Subject." It had just arrived, and my father was looking at it, when the Duke came into the room: he tried to smuggle it out of the way, but it would not do: the Duke had seen there was something not meant for him, so, of course, he asked to see it, and my father was obliged to hand it to him. He looked at it for some moments, and then gave it back, saying, "Much better, I think, than being buried in the dreary vaults at Windsor, amongst those *rascals*, my ancestors."

One day the news arrived at Holkham of the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Duke was very anxious that he should be called "George": he said that he was very much afraid they would call him "Albert"; but that it was not an English name, and as such, was not a fit name for a King of England. At dinner, that day, I sat by Archie Macdonald, who, filling his glass, and, standing up, said, "Sir, here's to the health of the Prince of Wales." We all filled our glasses and drank the toast. But the Duke was very angry: he said, "Archie, you know very well that that's not the proper way to drink the Prince of Wales's health. You know it ought to be drunk standing." "But I did stand, Sir," said Archie, "I drank it standing." The Duke paid no attention, but went on, "You know quite well, that is not the right way to drink the health of the Queen's son, sitting: it is better not to do a thing at all, than to do it disrespectfully." Archie turned to me and said, "That is not meant for *me*, it is meant for all of *you*. He knows well enough that I stood, and he will put it all right with me as soon as we are alone."

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Sir Archibald Macdonald was wonderfully musical, and used to play the violoncello most beautifully. He was Lady Leicester's nephew. His mother, Lady Sophia Macdonald, was a Keppel; his father, Sir James Macdonald, died of the cholera, and he was left without father or mother, or any near relations. He was a ward of the Duke of Sutherland's, his grandmother being the late Duke of Sutherland's daughter. Both his grandmother and great-grandmother were daughters of Dukes of Sutherland. His grandfather, Sir Archibald Macdonald, was in a high position at the bar, and bought Woolmer Lodge, near Liphook.

Old Sir Archibald was a great friend of my father's in his young days. He said one day to Sydney Smith, "I shall come some Sunday to hear you preach in St. Paul's." "If you do, I shall name you from the pulpit," was the reply. Undeterred by this threat, Sir Archibald went to St. Paul's. After Sydney Smith had entered the pulpit, he looked hard at him, and was then seized with a wonderful fit of sneezing; "Ar-chie, Ar-chie, Ar-chie:" after which he proceeded to deliver a very excellent sermon.

One afternoon when I was at some party with my mother, I noticed her sitting on the sofa beside an old gentleman, with whom she was deep in conversation. Presently they got up, and went in opposite directions: a few minutes later, the lady of the house came up to her laughing, and said, "That old gentleman has been to me in ecstacies, telling me that he had seen the face of an angel, but that he did not know her name." It turned out to be Sydney Smith.

But, to return to Holkham. The Duke used to retire early, and Archie used to make a great show of being a very devoted equerry: he danced off with two lighted candles, and walked backwards, carrying them before the Duke: this was in the hope that he might have the excuse of

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bringing them back, and so get back himself to the drawing-room; but, more often than not, he got caught, the Duke telling him to come to his room, where they used to sit up smoking and gossiping till a late hour.

At dinner, my grandfather and Lady Leicester, with the Duke and Duchess, always occupied the centre of the table. When dinner was over Lady Leicester left the room with the Duchess, and most of the ladies followed shortly afterwards. But there was a little ceremony to be performed every night, before I was allowed to leave the room: from whatever part of the long table I had been sitting at, I had to go round to where the Duke and my grandfather were standing together; I then courtesied to the Duke, who shook hands with me, and he, looking round for my grandfather, who could not see very well, used to put my hand into his, saying, "Coke, here is your granddaughter." My grandfather then took both my hands, kissed me most affectionately, and said, "God bless you, my darling." This took place every night, and I was never allowed to leave the room till the ceremony had been performed.

When Lady de Lisle died,* the family went into mourning, as she was my grandfather's niece; but, for me, the mourning was, necessarily, a very slight one. I wore a white muslin, with a black or white sash, jet ornaments, and black mittens, instead of white kid gloves. Mittens were then often worn, particularly in mourning, and, owing to the slightness of my mourning, they formed rather an important item in my dress. I went as usual that evening, and courtesied to the Duke, but he did not take my hand, or say anything to me, though my grandfather kissed me as usual. The next night the same thing happened: I could

* The de Lisles lived at Penshurst. Lord de Lisle was the representative of Sir Philip Sidney, as I have mentioned elsewhere.—A. M. W. P.

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not imagine what I had done to displease him, so that he would no longer take any notice of me. The following day at dinner he said, loudly enough for every one to hear, "I can't bear those new-fangled things that some ladies are taking to wearing on their hands, like stockings with the toes cut off." I sat convicted; and some one said to me, "Well, he may call himself blind, but I think he certainly can see through a stone wall," for I was sitting quite at the other end of the long table. The next evening, I took care to put on white kid gloves: I was then most graciously received, and had the usual shake of his hand, which was never again omitted.

One day, when it was wet, a large party of us, piloted by Lord Albemarle, started to go all over the house. This was rather a favourite amusement, when there were any people there, who wished to see the pictures and the rooms. There are two state rooms, the north and the south: in the north room is a beautiful plaque of Augustus Cæsar over the mantelpiece, which, it was always remarked, bore an extraordinary likeness to Napoleon. This room was the Duke's bedroom, and there, to our amusement, we found the ducal stockings, warming at the fire: holding up one of them, Lord Albemarle exclaimed, "This is the biggest stocking in the British dominions." The Duke was in a little sitting-room close by, and probably overheard this; at any rate, he called us in, and we found him enveloped in smoke, with the little Duchess reading aloud to him.

The Duke had a black servant, dressed in an Eastern dress with a turban, who always guarded his room when he was in it, and, I think, slept on a mat outside, during the night. There was a very good story, though I am afraid I do not remember it fully, of a lady's maid, who had lost herself in the house, and, after wandering about the passages in despair, and trying several rooms, at last got to the Duke's

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room, and had her hand on the handle; when, up sprung the faithful blackie, and sent her flying down the passage, screaming out that the devil had jumped out of the floor, and was going to seize her.

A French lady's maid, I remember, was found by some gentlemen one day, seated on an old cannon, which there was in the guard-room, crying bitterly, having lost her way, and having given up all hope of ever finding it again.

The cellars at Holkham were considered well worth seeing, and it was said that there were as many bricks underground as there were above. We, of course, went down to them. Suddenly, from behind one of the pillars, appeared a figure, candle in hand, which made one think of Daniel Lambert. I thought that he must be a friend of the butler's, and was much surprised when I saw my mother greet him affectionately. It was Mr. Hamond of Westacre. Mrs. Hamond had come with him, and I was much interested in seeing her, for she was the daughter of Lord Byron's boyish love, Miss Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley (Mrs. Musters). She was the "favourite child," on whom the well-known verses were written, when Byron saw her.

'When late I saw thy favorite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break:
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake.
I kissed it, and repressed my sighs,
Its father in its face to see:
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me."

I remember Colonel and Mrs. Wildman, with her sister, staying at Cannon Hall. He was a great friend of Lord Byron's, and had bought Newstead Abbey from him. He took the greatest pains to keep it up in the state it was in when Lord Byron owned it. My Uncle Philip was a very great friend of Colonel Wildman's, and often stayed at

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Newstead: there was a picture there of a man in armour, which they declared was wonderfully like my uncle, and one day they dressed him up in a suit of armour, and sent him to walk along the road to Nottingham, much to the consternation of the natives.

My mother and sisters went to stay at Newstead once, where they occupied some of the large state bedrooms opening into each other. My mother and my sister Alice were sitting up rather late reading, when they were very much astonished at hearing the sound of a garden-roller dragged backwards and forwards under the windows. She was just going to call my sister Loui's attention to it, when Loui came into the room in a great state of excitement, having just been reading Washington Irving's account of Newstead, in which he relates that, at twelve o'clock at night, there was sometimes heard the distinct sound of a garden-roller being dragged backwards and forwards in the garden.

There was, also, another ghost connected with the house, in the shape of a lady in white, who occasionally made her appearance: but they did not see anything of her.

Colonel Wildman, when he was at Cannon Hall, had a servant who was the son of Lord Byron's page, and, at the same time, we had a footman who had lived with Walter Scott: so we had high poetical connections downstairs. Sad to relate, the footman seemed to have imbibed a greater taste for mountain dew than for poetry; and my father once found him lying all his length on the stairs, with the coffee-tray as a pillow.

There was a great deal of high life below stairs at Holkham. My mother's maid asked her one day to tell her what courtesy meant? She said that Lady Anson's maid walked before Lady Andover's, but they were both Viscountesses, and Lady Andover was the elder sister: yet when she asked the reason, she was told that one went by courtesy:

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she did not understand it, and wanted my mother to explain it to her. My aunt, Lady Andover, told me she once overheard her footman say to another, "Exchange cards, Mitchell." The servants were always called by their master's names. One day, when I was sitting in our carriage at the door, the footman having been sent into the house for something, I heard the following scrap of conversation between him and another servant, "Well, Stanhope, if you see Rosebery, just ask him if he has cleaned Keppel's boots."

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CHAPTER XV.

It was the custom at Holkham to dine in the south dining-room till a certain date, when the party for the winter began, and then to move into the north dining-room. Up to that time, any one who came, was received as a family friend, and not as a visitor, and, whoever they might be, no alterations in the *ménage* were made on their account, my grandfather remarking, "What is good enough for me is good enough for my friends."

There was a large party at Holkham all that winter, and a constant coming and going of guests. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford were there for some time. They were both charming, and she had been very beautiful. She was Lady Anna Maria Stanhope. She never could quite make out how it was that I had not been her godchild, and persisted that there must have been some mistake; she would say to me, "My dear, I think it was a great omission on the part of your father and mother; you *ought* to have been my godchild, when you had the same name." The Duke told us that the Duchess had had a terrible accident: she had run the risk of being burnt to death, and he thought that her life had been saved mainly by her own patience, and the extreme sweetness of her temper.

What the Duchess delighted in, was having tea every day at five o'clock in her own room with my mother, when they used to talk of all things past and present. In those days this was looked upon as a very strange proceeding: tea had not become installed amongst the meals of the day. However, it was no new institution with the Duchess of Bedford, for I

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have seen an old book of my mother's, which she had when she was Miss Coke, in which there was a delightful caricature of one of these teas, with likenesses of those who used to frequent them. Lord Albemarle was the secretary, in a poke bonnet and a large shawl; Sir Robert Adair, the diplomatist, was there, and he, and all the other gentlemen likewise, wore bonnets and shawls: Lord Albemarle had just been promulgating his code of laws, which were written on the next sheet in the book; but all I remember of them was, that each member was restricted to six cups of tea. Under the table, seated on high stools, were some black velvety cats, supposed to be spitting at each other, labelled with their names, Malice, Envy, Ill-nature, etc.; anything to illustrate the harmony of the tea-table. The Duchess always had her teas in Belgrave Square, to which we had a general invitation; and she always seemed delighted to see us.

Amongst the other guests whom I remember at Holkham that winter, were Lord Gosford and Lord Spencer. The latter was a great agriculturist, and, also, a bibliomaniac, his own library at Althorp being one of the most noted in England. His wife, Lady Althorp, had not lived to become Lady Spencer. She was a most charming woman, and he never got over her death: he always wore mourning for her, and would not allow anything in her room to be touched; the book which she had been reading, and the work she had been doing, all remained just as she had left them.

Mrs. Henry Baring, Lady Suffield's mother, was, also, at Holkham for some time: she was a very clever, agreeable person, and had a fine voice, and great musical ability: she used to sing us some beautiful old English songs, now long forgotten. She had a wonderful necklace of black pearls, which had been taken from the hilt of Murat's sword.

While mentioning some of the many guests at Holkham, I must not omit the Hostes. They were a Norfolk family, a

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gallant, high-spirited race, many members of which had distinguished themselves in the Navy. Jane Hoste, my mother's early and life-long friend, was a singularly fine character; a friend worth having; as she was possessed of unusual elevation of mind, and was very clever and amusing. She married Mr. Burroughes, M.P. for the county, and brought him ten thousand a year, and two estates in Norfolk, Burlingham and Hoveton.

Young Sir William Hoste was one day dining with us in Harley Street, just after he had come back from Paris, where the Commune was reigning supreme: and he told us that he was standing somewhere in a crowd in the Paris streets, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, Rachel appeared, carrying the Tricolor flag, and singing the Marseillaise. She went round the crowd, and then suddenly wound the flag round her, and, screaming more than singing, *"Allons, enfans de la Patrie,"* led the way, while the excited mob followed, shouting, yelling, and singing. He said he never saw so thrilling a scene; that he felt perfectly carried away by it; that he followed in the crowd, and so completely lost his self-control, that he believed he would have joined in any deed of blood. Thus were the passions of the multitude worked upon, till they were in a state of ungovernable frenzy.

Sir Edwin Landseer was often at Holkham. He was just like a Skye terrier, with little twinkling eyes, and rough, untidy-looking hair, hanging down on each side of his face. He was very amusing, but not a man for whom one could feel much respect. I remember one day finding Lady Georgiana Hill, Lady Leicester's sister, making the most extraordinary faces: Landseer had told her that she had a fine "snorting" nostril, and she was, in consequence, practising snorting.

I remember Landseer telling me, when I was sitting next to him one day at dinner in London, that, a short time before, he was in his study, somewhat overcome by the heat and the closeness of the weather, when, between sleeping and waking,

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he heard a voice say, "There is a lion at the door." He was returning to the land of Nod, when he heard the same voice say, "It is quite true, it is at the hall-door, in a cab. What am I to do?" He roused himself, and went out to see what it meant; and there he found a cab with a lion in it, but, fortunately, a dead one. The driver told him that it had just died at the Zoological Gardens, in a very emaciated state, after an exhausting illness; and the authorities had sent it off immediately to Sir Edwin. Landseer got it into his studio, and immediately set to work on it. He told me that he worked steadily at it for thirty-six hours. I forget under what title his picture was exhibited, but it was one of the most striking ones at the Royal Academy—the dead monarch, lying alone on the wild, bleak mountain top.

Sir Francis Chantrey was a valued friend of ours, both at Holkham and at Cannon Hall. He was so true, so simple and straightforward, so genial and warm-hearted, that no one could help respecting and liking him. He stayed twice at Holkham that winter. The first time, he was in very good spirits, and I remember him telling us the story of how he got his first start in life.

His mother had a small farm near Sheffield, where he spent his boyhood. One day she was going to give a dinner-party; she had been very busy all the morning, cooking the dinner herself, but came to her son in a distressed state of mind, as she had made such a beautiful pie, but found that it looked so plain, and was quite spoilt for want of some ornament on the top. He said that he would see what he could do: and, accordingly, set to work, and modelled in paste a sow with a litter of little pigs, by way of ornament. The dinner came, and the pie was much appreciated, both inside and out. Amongst the guests, there was a gentleman who was a man of education, and he was so struck with the evident genius displayed in the modelling of the pigs, that

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he took the boy up, and gave him the advantage of a suitable education. That was the beginning of his success in life.

I have often heard Chantrey say that "he could follow the plough as well as any man in England."

One day, when we were in London, we went to see him at his studio in Eccleston Square. He was in his working dress, busy on a colossal horse, which was intended for a Square in one of the principal towns in India. I remember him stooping down, and picking up a piece of clay, which he gave to my brother Roddy, saying, "There, my dear boy, that's what I began life with."

My father told me that, some years before, when Chantrey was at Holkham, working at his bust of my grandfather (one of the best of his works), he came to him, and asked him to have a look at it, and to suggest anything which he thought might be an improvement. My father ventured to ask whether he thought a little light through one of the curls, might not be an advantage; and he said, he felt quite nervous when, without answering, Chantrey took up his chisel, and drove it straight through the marble. Luckily, it was a decided improvement.

One winter, a few years before, when Chantrey was at Holkham, my father was walking round the lake, and met him coming up to him with a face of glee: he had just killed two woodcocks at one shot. He carved a bas-relief of them in marble, which he gave to my grandfather. My father wrote the following verses (the first of many scores of verses which have been written on the same subject), which were placed on the marble pedestal on which the woodcocks rested in the library:—

> Two woodcocks fall to his one shot,
> The joyous Chantrey smiled to see;
> But, pitying their untimely lot,
> He gave them immortality."

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My father was so pleased with the word "joyous:" he said, "that is just what *did* describe him: 'the joyous Chantrey.'"

Chantrey's special pleasure was taking children to the play for the first time. He took a box for us to see Macready in Richard III., and he himself accompanied us and our parents. We were very well up in Shakespeare, and, never shall I forget how I hung upon every word! To me it was not acting; it was all reality: the people were as real as if I had known them all my life. No second time did I ever feel quite that same illusion: I can recall my feelings now; and if Chantrey wished to give me pleasure, he certainly succeeded; for the recollection of what I felt that one, unique evening, has lasted me through my life.

Chantrey had tea for us in a room adjoining our box, and he was most delightful and amusing.

Child as I was, I remember that I did not like the way Macready ranted out, "So much for Buckingham;" it seemed to me to have no meaning. Also, I did not like the way he mouthed, and yelled up and down the stage, "A horse, my kingdom for a horse." I thought it very unroyal, and not like a brave man! I asked my father about it, and he told me he thought it very bad, and that Macready certainly did rant. He told me that he had seen Kean as Richard III., and that he never ranted the words "A horse," but brought them out as if it were a most natural exclamation; also, that, in the other passage, he used to place the fingers (two fingers) of his right hand in the palm of his left, and in a whisper, but a whisper that could be heard throughout the house, say, "*So* much for Buck-*ing*-ham!" He said the house was breathless to hear it. He always put a special emphasis on the syllable "ing" in Buckingham, and at the same time jerked his hand back in a manner which expressed the most sovereign contempt.

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It was a point made by the genius of Kean, which was missed, or rather marred, by Macready. Still, Macready was considered the best actor of that day.

I remember the pleasure I experienced some years afterwards in seeing Perlet act in Molière's "L'Avare;" but even that did not approach the enchantment of my first play.

Chantrey used to give most delightful, well-selected breakfasts in Eccleston Square, to which my father and mother were constantly invited. One day my mother said to Lady Chantrey, "How delightful it must be for you to have all these clever people constantly coming!" "To tell you the truth," was the answer, "I find it a monstrous bore."

In spite of Lady Chantrey's opinion, her breakfasts and dinners were very amusing. Amongst the many people whom I have met there, I may call to mind Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. They were both very conceited, and he always seemed much more taken up with his fashionable acquaintances, than with the Silurian deposits; though, no doubt, *when* one got him on to his own subject, he was very interesting. He showed us a magnificent avanturine vase, taller than himself, which had been given him by the Emperor of Russia: but he evidently valued it more on account of the exalted position of the donor, than for its own sake, or as a mark of appreciation of his own abilities.*

Sir Sidney and Lady Smith, we used also to meet: they were the great attraction in London that year, having just come back from the war in India.

Then there were Lord and Lady Lovelace: she was Byron's daughter, and looked like a poet; though they said

* The vase was 4 ft. 6 in. high, without the pedestal. It was bequeathed to the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn Street. The only other similar vase in existence is one which was presented to Baron Humboldt, and is now in the Royal Museum, Berlin.—S. P.

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she used to boast that she had never read any of her father's writings.

The mention of Byron's name recalls to my mind Mrs. Somerville, and, also, Lockhart, with what Scott calls his "hidalgo air." He was very tall and dark, with a cold Spanish expression on his handsome face. His daughter was a pretty, fair, English-looking girl: she always appeared on her father's arm, and they formed a very striking contrast to each other. One day after dinner, my mother said to me, "You *are* to be envied, having had such a long conversation with Lockhart." "Not at all," I answered, "he would talk of nothing but French polish; I suppose he thought my intellect to be just up to that, and to nothing beyond."

I was much surprised at reading Sir Walter Scott's opinion of Mrs. Somerville. He was disappointed in her when he met her, as she did not tally with his preconceived notion of what she ought to be; and he accuses her of frivolity, flirting her fan, tripping about on her toes, opening and shutting her work-box, and, in short, of behaving like all the rest of the world. It appeared to me that such censure was quite undeserved, and that the real beauty of her character lay in her unpretending simplicity. She was a true woman, and, in spite of her genius, she never pretended to be anything else; her pleasures and daily occupations were those of her sex; and her religion, like everything connected with her, was bright, happy, and, above all, natural. She was devoted to her daughters, and enjoyed staying with them in Italy, and studying works of art. She was very fond of needlework, and used to do some beautiful things in it. Someone was asked, who was the cleverest woman he had ever met? He promptly answered, "No doubt about it, Mrs. Somerville;" but, correcting himself, he added, "at least I am not quite sure: a Mrs. Grieg,

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whom I once met, was, I think, her equal: but those two were by far the cleverest women I have come across." This said as much for Mrs. Somerville's ability, as for the acumen of her admirer, for *she* was Mrs. Grieg before she became Mrs. Somerville, having first married a Russian, Waronzoff Grieg.

Another celebrity, whom we used to meet at the Chantrey's, was Babbage, with his squash, frog-like head, his immovable features, and his yellow parchment complexion. I thought that I had never seen such a typical fossil before, and imagined that his thoughts must be inextricably entangled in his calculating machine. After a time, however, I noticed that he was only a semi-fossil: that there was an expression on his face, which did not altogether belong to the calculating machine. At last he came up to me, and said, "I want to give a party: but, before sending out the invitations, I wish to ask you if you will promise me that you will come to it. If you won't give me that promise, I shall not give the party." The promise was not given, nor the party either.

But, to return to Chantrey. He and Lady Chantrey were first cousins; they married because they were the only relations each had in the world. She was totally inferior in mind to him; but, though quaint and original, she was one of the most generous, liberal-minded and unselfish of people; every one liked her.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, but Chantrey painted very well, in a Rembrandt-like style, with fine effects of light; a sort of chiaroscuro. I have seen several of his heads: the drawing was beautiful, and the colouring very fine.

He left Holkham while I was there, but, later on, returned to it again. He was then very ill, and suffering from

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ossification of the brain. I never saw anything so sad. His once fine, clever, joyous countenance had become dull and heavy, almost idiotic-looking; while his eyes were quite lustreless. He was impressed with the idea that he was overwhelmed with debt; that he had not a penny, and would die in gaol. No argument could rouse him from this state of miserable depression: it was so sad; especially when one knew that one stroke of his chisel would save him from such a fate as that. My father used to devote himself to him, and used to take him round the lake, and for walks, making me come too, to help in trying to cheer him. He left Holkham, and it was arranged that he was to return again on a certain day. When that day came, we expected him to dinner; but he did not arrive; and the next morning a letter informed us that his troubled spirit was at rest. He died on the morning of the very day he was to have been at Holkham.

His studio was thrown open to the public: it was brilliantly lighted, and full of his works, finished and unfinished; and there, on a low bier, surrounded by the creations of his genius, lay the dead body of Chantrey. They said that it was a most affecting sight.

His works were subsequently sent to Oxford, he having bequeathed them to the Museum there: but Lady Chantrey made an exception in the case of a study of a bust of my grandfather, and had it sent to my mother, at her earnest request.

Poor Lady Chantrey found that keeping a house, and having servants to look after it, was a great trouble; so she settled that she would give it up, and live quietly at an hotel. She took rooms at an hotel at Brighton, and found herself very comfortable there for a time. One morning, as she was standing by the fire, she suddenly felt a stab in the back, and, looking up into the glass in front of her,

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saw the maid of the hotel standing over her with a knife in her hand. She rang the bell violently; luckily, assistance came at once, and the woman was taken into custody. Lady Chantrey's life had been saved by a bone in her stays, which had diverted the blow, but she was much shaken, and was ill for a long time afterwards. I asked her what could have made the woman do such a thing: "Oh! my dear," she answered, "I think she was very fond of me, and thought that the kindest thing she could do for me, was to send me to Heaven at once." But Lady Chantrey did not appreciate this sort of kindness, and gave up the experiment of living at hotels.

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CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING was now coming on: the Obelisk Wood was full of the sweetest smelling violets, and the park, and the walk round the lake, were yellow with daffodils. But we were to leave: a house in Harley Street had been bought, and was to be furnished; for I was to come out; after which my grandfather and Lady Leicester were to pay us a visit. So we left Holkham, greatly to my regret, while all the rest of our party remained on at the Inn.

We went first to pay a visit of a few days to Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End. It was a fine place, with a hall extending the whole height of the house. The park was very pretty, with some fine trees in it, and in the pleasure ground there was a large aviary, quite full of the most beautiful gold and silver pheasants.

Lord and Lady Braybrooke were people who stuck to their own friends, and did not care for the friends of the world. Never a year passed, that we were not asked to their house.

After a very pleasant visit, we went on to London, where we found nothing but bare boards in the house: but the furnishing went on much more rapidly for our being there. Then my grandfather, Lady Leicester, and little Margaret, came and stayed some time with us; and, after they had left the party from the Holkham Inn joined us.

I went to Court with my mother and Lady Leicester, and we gave many large dinner-parties, asking all the friends who wished to meet my grandfather.

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A ball was to be given in Harley Street for my coming out. My mother went for a drive, and left me to send the invitations to the young gentlemen: when she came in, she found me in a dreadful state; I had just discovered that, instead of sending out the invitation cards, I had sent her visiting cards, with my name upon them, but no "dancing." There was nothing to be done. The result was, the intended guests all came and called, to return the visit. They made great fun about it, and wanted to know what they were expected to do, saying that they had all put the cards up in their glasses. The joke went all round London, and, I think, it helped to start the ball merrily.

The momentous day arrived, and, amongst the first comers, was my aunt Andover (in a pair of black cotton gloves), escorted by her husband, Sir Henry Digby. Then who should walk in, but old Lord Jersey, quite by himself; and, a few minutes after, appeared Sir George Anson. It was most amusing to see my aunt Andover, looking very handsome, very placid, and very pleased, seated between the two lovers of her younger days, while her husband stood unconcernedly in the background.

Presently the door opened, and in a loud voice was announced, Mr. Malkin. A little man with black hair and spectacles marched up to my mother, and, making her a bow, said, "Pray, ma'am, is this Dr. Fiddlerun's house?" "No, sir, it is *not* Dr. Fiddlerun's house," said my mother, drawing herself up with great dignity. The Malkin turned on his heels, and disappeared, leaving us all in perfect convulsions of laughing. The next moment Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar came up to my mother, and said, "I must apologise to you, Lady Elizabeth, for having come under a feigned name, and not in my own person. You see, they *will* shout out Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, which is very disagreeable; so I came with my friend, Mr. Lloyd,

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and sneaked in as his brother." Prince Edward was a great favourite in his regiment, and, I was told, if there was a dinner or festive gathering at which he was present, the officers used to begin by calling him "Your Serene Highness," but soon got to "Prince Edward," and before long ended with "Saxe-Weimar." He was the nephew and heir of the Queen Dowager.

When the ball was at its height, about three o'clock in the morning, a deputation of ladies came up to my mother, representing to her that the polka had never yet been danced in London, but that there were six ladies in the room who knew how to dance it, and that everybody was so anxious to see it: would she object to its being danced for the first time at her ball? She gave her consent most readily, and I never saw anything like the excitement the dance caused. Lady Jersey, the Duchess of Bedford,* and all the fine ladies, whose names I have now forgotten, climbed up, and stood on the benches, so that they might see better. The six ladies who danced were, curiously enough, all in deep mourning; as some one observed to me, it was like the dance of the chimney-sweeps. It is almost impossible at the present time to give an idea of the extraordinary *furore* caused by the polka in London. In these days, if a new dance is started, in three or four evenings the whole room will be gigging it, *tant mal que bien!* no one thinking of the dance, but all dancing something they call by its name. But it was very different then. Quadrilles were the chief dances; there were very few waltzes, and many people did not waltz at all. Those who knew the polka, and they were very few, were the only people who dared to dance it, while the other people looked on, and did not attempt to learn it: gentlemen

* I remember that the Duchess of Bedford wore a necklace of magnificent uncut diamonds, quite priceless, but very ugly, as they looked like large pieces of glass.—A. M. W. P.

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would only dance it with the partners whom they knew, and with whom they had practised it. Everyone who danced the polka at our ball, became, from that moment, marked people of fashion, and remained so: they could do what others could not!

Our polka was the beginning of Lady Pollington's career —"pretty Poll," as she was called in London. She was Lady Rachel Walpole, and, just out of the school-room, she had recently married Lord Pollington, Lord Mexborough's son. She danced beautifully, and, at one part in the polka, she used to call out, "Spear," and dance on tiptoes. Then there was Lady Georgina Lygon, who became Lady Raglan; also Miss Cavendish, and the two Miss Macleods of Macleod.

The history of the Macleods was remarkable: they were great friends of my grandmother and aunts, who had known Mrs. Macleod in her youth. Their brother was the Laird of Macleod, and lived at Dunvegan Castle, in the Island of Skye. They and the Macdonalds were hereditary enemies. We often met them at tea in Langham Place, and used to think them very handsome, particularly Roma. They hardly went out at all, having no invitations, and knowing very few people. They lived in a little lodging, and were so poor that they could hardly manage their dresses for the evening.

Mrs. Macleod had been a very pretty, merry, English girl, when my father first knew her. She married; and was transported at once, as the Laird's wife, to the wild solitude of Dunvegan Castle. She threw herself forthwith into the life before her, and brought her children up as true Highlanders. She told us that the thing which distressed her sorely, was that, when she was going to give her first dinner-party, and the neighbouring Lairds were expected, some one said to her, "Now you must be careful not to call them by their names, but by the names of their places: you must not, for instance, think of saying 'Mr. Campbell!'" "But how

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can I say 'Saddle, will you have some mutton'? or, 'Muck, will you have some haggis'?"

Some people thought Mary Macleod the handsomest of the two daughters, but I always admired Roma, so called, because she was born in Rome. She was tall; and her beautiful, perfectly colourless face, seemed to have but little of this world in it: she looked like a beautiful spirit: her eyes were full of soul, and had a far-off expression in them, which was unspeakably touching. She used to make me think of Flora McIvor working at the shroud of Fergus!

A story was told that she was engaged to some very charming person, and that one day, without knowing of his death, she met his funeral! This was, most probably, a pure invention. It was, however, an extraordinary thing, that from that one ball of ours, the Macleods, who previously knew no one, and went nowhere, suddenly became the fashion and the rage in London: no party was perfect without them, and their likenesses were in all the Books of Beauty, and in every print-shop in London. They went to the Queen's fancy ball: Roma as the White Lady of Avenel, and Mary, as Mary, Queen of Scots. At parties, they used often to stand up with their mother, and, without any accompaniment, sing the popular songs of Scotland, some of which were very amusing. When they sang, "My heart's in the Hielands, my heart is not here," they looked as if they felt it, heart and soul.

How they managed to afford to go out so much, I do not know: but it was all day, and every day; morning, noon, and evening, that they were at some entertainment: it was as if they *dared* not relax for a minute: a strong person could hardly have stood it, and one could not look at Roma, without feeling that her mother was killing her. I used to think how very much handsomer she looked, when, in the days of her retirement, she used to go to tea in Langham

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Place, than now, when she looked more ghastly and haggard from day to day, and utterly worn out! At last her health gave way, and it was the next year, I think, that we heard she was dying of consumption. She was attended by Dr. Ferguson, and, over the death-bed of Roma, he and Mary Macleod became engaged. The medical profession did not rank then as it does now, and he was old enough to be her father: a widower with four children. Poor Mrs. Macleod used to exclaim, "And Mary, who was the proudest of my children!"

The morning after our ball, my sisters, Ally and Loui, who slept in an attic at the top of the house, declared that they were both awakened by a very beautiful lady, covered with diamonds, coming into the room, with a candle in her hand; that she looked all round the room, and then walked out again. We told them they must have been dreaming; but it was not so. The "beautiful lady" was a *très-grande dame*, Madame de Flahault, who had been for many years the Ambassador's wife at St. Petersburg, and was Baroness Keith, in her own right. The house in Harley Street had belonged to her father, Lord Keith, and she was quite determined to see her old bedroom again; so she had gone upstairs, and had managed to do so. Her daughter, who was a very pretty person, married Lord Lansdowne.

One day we dined with Lord Stanhope. He was quite a character, and looked like a barber's block, with large features, just as if they had been cut out in wood: a brown scratch-wig, a snuff-coloured coat, and a very long, peculiar-cut waistcoat, completed a peculiar exterior. He was very fond of everything German, and was the kindest-hearted and most benevolent of human beings. Lord Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Harrington were the elder branches of the Stanhopes, my grandfather being a younger

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branch. Lord Stanhope and my father mutually delighted in each other, and he used always to call my father "*Mon cher cousin.*" After Lady Stanhope's death, there was nothing which used to please him so much as coming with his little dog, Löwe, for a long stay at Cannon Hall. Lady Stanhope, who was Lord Carrington's daughter, was an excellent woman, but very out-spoken. Their only child was the great beauty, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, afterwards Lady Dalmeny, and mother of the present Lord Rosebery. On Lord Dalmeny's death she married the future Duke of Cleveland. She was one of the Queen's bridesmaids. She had a wonderful talent for art, and used to draw outline illustrations for ballads and works of fiction. One evening, I remember, she took me up to her room after dinner, and showed me a quantity of clever, and very interesting etchings done by the Queen.

The Queen was very fond of her, and saw a great deal of her in the early part of her reign, often going out riding with her. One day the Queen was particularly anxious for a ride and sent for Lady Wilhelmina to come with her: but Lady Wilhelmina could not have her horse, and was obliged to *refuse*. On which the Queen said to Lady Stanhope, "Poor thing, won't she be very disappointed?" "It's good, ma'am, for young people to be disappointed," was Lady Stanhope's uncourtier-like answer. Whether the Queen took the sentiment home or not, I do not know!

I was told a story about the Queen, but by whom I do not remember: I think it was by one of the officials, who saw her get out of the carriage on her return from her first opening of Parliament. He was struck with the extremely quiet dignity of her manner, while crossing the rooms in the Palace at St. James's; and, as she passed through a door which led up a staircase to her own apartments, a wish came across him to know whether

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this stately dignity would be maintained, after she had passed out of sight of others: he managed to satisfy his curiosity, and, at the foot of the staircase, saw her roll her train round her arm, then take up her dress all round, and, like a girl, as she was, run up, two steps at a time, calling loudly to her dogs.

Another story I was told, which I thought very remarkable. I forget who my informant was, but I remember that he had had it straight from Lord Melbourne himself. When the latter was Prime Minister, in the early days of the Queen's reign, he was surprised one night after dinner, while crossing the courtyard at Buckingham Palace, to see a female figure going out of the gate: something, too, struck him as familiar about her; so he followed her, and found that his surmises were correct: it was one of the Queen's attendants; either a Lady-in-waiting, or a Maid-of-honour, I forget which. He asked her what she was doing. "I am leaving the Palace," was the answer, "and I shall never enter the gates again." "What do you mean?" asked Lord Melbourne. "I mean that I am not going to stay anywhere, to be insulted by anyone." "Who has insulted you?" "The Queen: she is in a passion; she has insulted me; and I am not going to stay: I am going to leave the Palace this very evening, and shall never return." "You are going to do no such thing," said Lord Melbourne, "there is not going to be a revolution in the country for you. You must tell me exactly and truthfully what has happened." She did so: he listened attentively, and then said, "Go back to your room, take off your bonnet, do not say a word to anybody, and wait till I come." She did as he desired her. Lord Melbourne then went to the Queen's room, and told her what had passed, and what had been said to him, concluding, "Now, ma'am, there is only one thing to be done,

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you must *apologise*. If you will consent to do this, I will bring her here, and the whole thing will be put right in a few minutes." The Queen, who never opposed the mentor of her youth, consented. Lord Melbourne took the attendant to the Queen's room, the Queen apologised, and the whole thing was soon put straight.

I remember Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich, saying to us, that, when he was first presented to the Queen, he was determined to look her through, and to decide for himself what stuff she was made of; "and," he added, "she stood my gaze, and gave me back a firm and unflinching look." One must have known the Bishop, rightly to judge what his gaze could be! He had the most piercing eyes I ever saw: his face was thin, his hair snow white, and he had the most extraordinary, black, penthouse eyebrows. The wish of his heart had been to be a sailor, and, when he was made Bishop of Norwich, the first thing he did, on arriving in his diocese, was to climb to the very top of Norwich Cathedral. From this he got, and always retained, the name of Jim Crow; and, sometimes when he appeared in public, there were heard the irreverent strains of a now almost forgotten song,

> "Turn about, twist about, and do just so;
> Turn about, twist about, jump Jim Crow."

These stories about the Queen remind me of an anecdote which Mr. Bertie Wynne told me. He was in Regent Street at eight o'clock one morning, when a French woman came up to him, and asked if he could speak French. She was in great distress, and wanted to get to some part of London, but did not know where it was, or how to get there, and could not speak a word of English. Mr. Wynne told her to go to a corner close by, where the omnibuses stood; to look out for one with the name of her destination on it, to get in, and give the con-

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ductor the fare when she arrived there. He waited, curious to see the result of his instructions. He saw her in an animated conversation with an old gentleman, who took her to the right omnibus, helped her in, and told the conductor where to put her down: the old gentleman then raised his hat and walked away. Mr. Wynne went up to the omnibus where the woman was sitting, and asked her, "*Connaissez-vous ce monsieur?*" "*Ce bon veillard? non, je ne le connais pas.*" Mr. Wynne said, "*Ce bon veillard, c'est l'oncle de la reine. Il est fils de notre feu roi, George trois.*" It was the late Duke of Cambridge.

We went to most of the best balls and parties in London. I remember one most lovely ball given by Lady Charlotte Guest in Spring Gardens. There was a large tent with refreshments, and from it a passage and steps, all lighted with lamps, led into the gardens, which were also brilliantly lighted; and beyond them were seen St. James' and the Green Parks, from across which we could hear the bugles, and the music at the Horse Guards. I remember standing in the tent, close to old Lord Huntly, Lady Charlotte's father, who was nearly ninety, when a champagne cork flew up to the top of the tent, and came down with a rebound, hitting him on the nose so violently, that he was almost stunned for the moment by the blow and by surprise.

One night we went to a party at Lansdowne House, where the gallery was beautifully decorated. I recollect seeing there a little boy, or what looked like one, with long red hair, and dressed in a kilt. "Who is that?" I asked; my father replied, "The Duke of Argyll." "What, that! That, MacCallummore! That, the great Argyll!"

On another occasion we went to a beautiful ball given by the present (now late) Lord Salisbury's father. He was an

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old friend of my mother's, and a most charming-mannered person. I remember there was an enormous glass dome over the whole ball-room. The house was pulled down by the present Lord Salisbury, and a new one built on its site in Arlington Street.

I have already mentioned Mr. Bland of Kippax: at the time of which I am now speaking he was dead, and his son, Tom, was in possession. We had told Lady Rosebery, who was not quite indifferent to mundane advantages, that Kippax had been built with a view to the front of the house being as long as that of Wentworth House, and that, to effect this, the stables and offices had been joined to the main building. I was sitting by Lady Rosebery at Lord Salisbury's ball, when Tom Bland came up, and had a long talk with me. Lady Rosebery did not take any notice of him at the time, but, as he moved away, it suddenly struck her who he was, and she seized my arm saying, "Dear, dear; but that was the man with a front as long as Wentworth House!"

I remember there was another ball that made a great sensation. Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall (he was afterwards created Lord Llanover) had a large acquaintance, but not a large house; so they engaged the Hanover Square Rooms for their ball, and, instead of the usual standing-up supper, they had a number of little round tables. You engaged a table of whatever size you wanted, and invited any friends you chose to join you. It was the first time that such a thing had ever been done, and the scheme proved very popular.

My mother and I used in those days almost to live at the Roseberys'. My cousin, Lady Louisa Primrose, was my great, I may say, my only real friend. We had many interests in common, and she was certainly far too clever for her *entourage*. She had a most glorious contralto voice,

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and used to sing the songs of Charles Edward, as I have never heard them sung since. I fancy I can hear her voice now!

"We'el may we trust him to bear himself dauntlessly,
Scotland can witness fra' heroes he springs,
Noble his bearing, untainted his gallantry,
Worthy the son of a hundred Kings."

Another song referred to Charles Edward, when, in disguise, he crossed over from Kingsborough with Flora Macdonald:

"There's ane bonny maiden,
There are twa bonny maiden,
Crossed over the Minch,
And crossed over the Main!"

One day we were to dine in Piccadilly (at the Roseberys'), and when we got there, luckily rather early, the servant told us that Lord and Lady Rosebery had just received a command to dine with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and had gone there. They left word that they would be very much obliged, if my father and mother would do the honours for them; and the consequence was, that we had a remarkably merry dinner, which was not altogether a usual occurrence in that house.

I forget whether it was during that year, or at some other time, that all London was in a state of commotion, as a phantom coach had made its appearance. It was a very handsome vehicle, drawn by four white horses: but old fashioned, of the time of George the third: the coachman and two footmen were in the dress of that period, with cocked hats, powdered hair, and bag wigs. It used to drive slowly into the Park at Hyde Park Corner, and then down one of the drives. It created a great sensation, and was quite the talk of the day; numbers of people going into the Park on the chance of seeing it. I saw it myself once. The

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mystery was at last solved, and it was discovered that it was done by some medical students at St. George's Hospital, by means of various mirrors and lights.

One evening, I remember, we were very much horrified at hearing them calling out in the streets, "Murder of Mr. Henry Drummond." We knew him very well, and, only a few evenings before, had had a conversation with him at some party at which we were. A more amiable and inoffensive person never existed. He was mistaken for Sir Robert Peel, and was shot, instead of him, in the streets.

One day, when we were dining out in London, we met the Stanleys, and were ushered into the room at the same time as they were. After dinner Miss Stanley came up to me, and said, "Oh! Miss Stanhope, I have had such fun, I have been personating you all dinner-time." I am afraid I was not much flattered, as she was a good many years older than I was, and peculiarly ugly—the Dean in petticoats; only, with the addition of a red nose! She went on: "I have been sitting by Mr. Cholmondeley, who began talking to me about Holkham: I saw the mistake at once, and was determined to lead him on. This was easy, as we had been at Holkham last winter: and I went on talking as if I were a relation of the family, till he asked me some leading question, which any relation must have known how to answer. Then he was quite non-plussed, for he found that I knew nothing about it. He looked very much surprised, and tried Yorkshire as the next topic: with the same result. I had just been staying with my brother, who has the living of Doncaster, so I knew all about the country: but, when mention was made of Cannon Hall, I knew *nothing*. Having hopelessly mystified him, I began to talk of my brother, and said, 'I believe you are a great friend of my brother's?' His answer was, 'I dare say I am; but who *is* your brother?' Then the explanation followed."

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This Mr. Cholmondeley was a regular *bête noire* to me: I did not know him personally, but was continually coming into contact with him, and always under some unlucky circumstance. My next adventure connected with him was at a ball, where he was my *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille. The room was lighted by uprights with oil lamps, fixed on the walls; and I noticed that the upright opposite me was loose, and that every time Mr. Cholmondeley banged against it, he made it still looser. At last, down it came; and five oil lamps, with all the burning oil and the broken glass, crashed on to the floor at my feet. My dress was spoilt; but I was only too thankful that no greater damage was done, and that they had not come down on my head.

Another adventure in which Mr. Cholmondeley figured, was during one of our subsequent visits to Tatton. We were asked every year regularly for the Knutsford Ball. Tatton is a very fine place, and belonged to Mr. Egerton, now Lord Egerton of Tatton. The house is large, and there is an immense, but very flat park, with a fine mere, as they call it in Cheshire. The park is full of cattle, the land being let for grazing, which renders it by no means very safe for walking.

The ball at Knutsford, a little town about a mile off, was a very good one. When it was over, and the carriages were being called, Mr. Cholmondeley suddenly appeared, and, calling to the coachman of a carriage, which was just driving off, to stop, he opened the door, and handed me up the steps. I had almost got in, when I saw, to my horror, that it was full of nothing but men. Mr. Cholmondeley had heard our carriage being called, and thought that I was being left behind.

The following day we all went in a very large party to Knutsford, to see the salt-mines. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton had had it all lighted up for us: and a very beautiful and inter-

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esting sight it was. We went down in a bucket, lowered by machinery, four of us at a time, with a miner to steer it, and ward off the empty one, as it passed us. Then we were each given a lighted torch, and were led all over the workings. The mine was very large, and the roof very high, and it all sparkled and glittered, like so many diamonds. We walked about with our torches, and saw everything; amusing ourselves just as we liked. At last, Lord Howe suggested that it was time to go, and asked me to get into the bucket, which was standing on the ground. I did so. At that very moment Mr. Cholmondeley gave a loud shout to call some of the party to come, and the man at the top of the shaft hearing this, thought that it was a signal for him to start the machinery, and the bucket began to rise. Lord Howe was in a great state, and tried to get in, but could not manage it; then the miner endeavoured to climb in, but I was already too high up, and *he* could not reach it. He called out to me that now I *must* go up alone, but, whatever I did, I must keep tight hold of the chain, and not let go of it for a moment: that the bucket would swing a great deal, being so light, and that I must try if possible, to prevent the empty bucket from knocking against mine. As I was nerving myself for my perilous upward journey, all the party got together at the bottom of the shaft, and, with one voice, they called out "Stop!" so loudly, that the man above heard it, and stopped winding. Thus I was saved from an experience which might have been a very unpleasant one.

We used to be asked regularly every year, when we were in London, to the Queen's Ball, which was probably very different then from what it is now. We always started directly after dinner, so as to be in good time. Those who arrived before the Queen, all stood in the corridor waiting for her: and punctually at half past nine she appeared on

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Prince Albert's arm, while we all courtesied as she passed. If we were not there before the Queen's arrival, a little more ceremony was observed in introducing us. The Queen enjoyed herself very much, and took part in the dancing, but danced quadrilles only. It was most amusing to see her dance. The fashion of walking, instead of dancing, was then coming in, and people went gliding and slipping about, never thinking of doing the proper steps: not so the Queen: her idea of dancing was to conscientiously do all the steps she had been taught as a girl, Pas de Basque, Pas de Bourrée, Chassée croisée, etc. She wore her gown very short, showing her ankles and sandalled shoes.

When the Queen had danced in one room, the Court all moved down the gallery towards the other ball-room, the band playing "God save the Queen," and all the people standing on either side, so that she and Prince Albert might pass slowly between them, bowing right and left all the way.

Sometimes the Highland fling and sword dance were danced before the Queen, by the Highlanders, dressed in their kilts, and accompanied with loud shouts.

The supper was very handsome, with a grand display of gold plate.

A very little thing seemed to amuse the Queen. I remember once she stood up to dance a quadrille, and Julien, the great band-master of those days, struck up a waltz instead: as soon as he was aware of his mistake, he raised his bâton, all set in diamonds, to stop the music, and in doing so he struck the chandelier: the White wand advanced on the other side, and, in a zealous frenzy, threw up *his* stick, and followed suit by striking the chandelier under which he stood; the two chandeliers tinkling together in chorus. This pleased the Queen, and she laughed considerably.

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Punctually at two o'clock the Queen and Prince Albert used to leave the rooms, and the ball was over, everybody going down into the hall to wait for their carriages.

Private balls were then very different from what they are in these days. Originally, nothing was danced but country dances: after the peace, quadrilles were introduced from France, but, for some time, it was only a few people who knew how to dance them. When my father arrived in London after his travels, being a beautiful dancer, and a pupil of Coulon's, he established a dancing-class in Grosvenor Square, to which numbers of young ladies came, he acting as *maître de dance*, and teaching them. These little meetings were very popular.

Soon, to the quadrilles, there was added an occasional waltz; but many people could not waltz, or did not approve of it. I was never allowed to waltz, and was confined to quadrilles. After each dance, the partner brought his young lady back to her mother, and made his bow: there was no such thing as sitting out, and one never danced twice with the same person at any ball.

A feature of those days, which now no longer exists, was the number of beautiful private concerts which used to be given; and the number of excellent singers who used to appear at them. Grisi, Persiani, Albani, Mario, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and young Lablache: these were all stars of the first magnitude.

Those who have not heard Lablache are not likely to hear, or see, anything like him. His height, his great size, his large head, with a crop of white hair sticking straight upright; his deep, magnificent voice, and the look of inimitable fun and good nature in his face, rendered him unique. They all went to "Papa" Lablache, as they called him, to help them in any difficulty, or to settle their quarrels.

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One evening, I remember, Lablache and Albani were singing the laughing song; always a trying performance. First Albani, and then Lablache, nearly gave way, and then they both broke down together, and laughed in good earnest: the other singers soon joined in, and then everyone in the room began laughing, while those in the adjoining room, hurrying in to find out what had happened, were seized with the infection, till the whole assembly was in a convulsion of laughing; and all, apparently, about nothing at all.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE season (1842) was at its height, one engagement following another, when we received the news that my grandfather (Lord Leicester) had been taken ill at Longford; and, after a few days of great anxiety, we heard of his death.

His loss was a great blow to me, and brought a reaction, saving me from becoming engrossed in a thoughtless whirl of enjoyment, and leading me to look for more substantial happiness. Truly could I say,

> "Go, search the land of living men,
> Where will you find his like again?"

It was arranged that my sister Eliza, and the younger members of the family, should at once return to Cannon Hall, and that we should receive Lady Leicester and her children in Harley Street, as soon as they were able to come. They came in course of time, and stayed several days—Lady Leicester, the present Lord Leicester, Edward Coke, Margaret and her governess. They were all going abroad, and remained with us till they started.

As soon as they were gone, we left London, and went down to Cannon Hall by rail. The first thing I did when I got there, was to mount my horse, Medora, and go for a ride. Medora was a bright chestnut, very hot-tempered, and she had, owing to our absence, not been properly exercised. As we passed a little wood, a pheasant got up, and so terrified her, that she nearly came down on her knees, threw

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me off, and then ran away. The groom went after her, leaving me lying in the ditch. I was in great pain, the horse having, I suppose, trodden upon, or kicked my foot. It was some time before the horse was caught, and then came the difficulty of how I was to mount, with my foot in that state, for it was my stirrup foot. Medora, also, had broken her bridle, which added to the difficulty. As my foot was not then stiff, I thought the best plan would be for me to walk on, till I found some means of mounting: so I started, and had to walk fully a mile, before I came to a low wall, from which I managed somehow to scramble into the saddle. It was found that no bones had been broken, but I was kept six weeks in bed, and, after that, I was three months on crutches.

When I was able to move, we went into Northumberland, and stayed at my uncle's at Dissington. While there, I was taken into Newcastle to see Sir John Fife, the great surgeon. He said that my foot had been bandaged too long, and that it had affected the circulation, and the action of the muscles. He put the foot into almost boiling water, with strong brandy and mustard, and, when he had brought some life into it, he made me walk, in spite of the pain caused thereby. He said it had been a very serious thing, far worse than a broken leg, and if the blow had been on the ankle, this would have been completely smashed.

The Tyne-side is very pretty, and there are some beautiful drives by the river. One day my cousins and I went in the carriage to the railway-station, to get a portmanteau which my uncle had left there. We had to drive along the river at a part where it ran through a deep ravine, with very steep, high banks on either side. They had just put up a long wooden bridge across the water, and the sound of the wood under the feet of our horses, which were quite young, frightened them considerably. However, we got

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over, crossed the railroad, which ran parallel to the river, and drove up to the small station a little further on. Having got the portmanteau, we started to return; but the horses, remembering their fright, refused to face the bridge; they got halfway across the railway-line, on to a turntable which there was, and there they stuck, banging their feet upon it. At that very moment, to our horror, we saw the train appearing round the corner, coming along the same line of rails on which we were so hopelessly fixed. Behind us was the cliff, and before us was the river, with its very steep bank; the narrow bridge across it was our only hope. The coachman turned the horses heads towards it, and, standing up, lashed them with all his might; terrified, they bolted across the bridge, and before we had reached the other end, the train thundered over the very spot where we had been standing.

On our return, my uncle sent a complaint to the railway company, and they took immediate steps to prevent the occurrence of accidents at this dangerous place.

It was not very long after my grandfather's death that his widow, Lady Leicester, married Mr. Ellice.

Mr. Ellice was a very well-known person in those days, and many books of that date contain some mention of him. He was universally called "Bear Ellice," or "The Bear." I do not think that his origin was known; but he was supposed to have made his fortune in Canada, in the fur trade. He had married Lady Hannah, a daughter of Lord Grey, who was not very young at the time, and was now dead. This marriage had introduced him to politics, and to all the leaders of the Liberal party. According to his own opinion, nothing could be done anywhere without him. He professed to adjust all disputes; he dictated to the ministers themselves what they ought to do; he had a finger in

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every pie, and thought that the country could not possibly get on without him. This love of putting things to rights gained for him the name of "Mr. Harmony." My father told me that, one morning at Holkham, he was sitting by Mr. Creevey at breakfast, when some one asked the latter if he would have some cold meat; he raised some objection, when, in a moment, Mr. Ellice was at the sideboard, carving it for him. Mr. Creevey nudged my father, and said, "I knew my man! I didn't want to get up myself."

Bear Ellice had one son, who was called "Calf Ellice": the Calf was a very straightforward, good-natured man, but not particularly clever. He was married to a most charming little person, Janie Balfour: dressed in a black velvet bodice and silk tartan, she would dance Scotch reels, or the Highland Fling, to perfection; or she would sit spinning, and singing the Highland border-songs. Her drawings and sketches were, also, very clever. She was most popular, and very good natured, and, in consequence of some story of her having made her escape with her sisters in an open boat, when pursued by Indians, she had the reputation of being a woman of great spirit and resource.

Bear Ellice had a lovely place in the Highlands, called Glenaquoich, where he entertained considerably, and where Janie did the honours. When, in after days, Mr. Ellice married Lady Leicester, and stepped into possession of Longford, he gave up Glenaquoich to the Calf and Janie.

My grandfather, evidently, had some idea as to Mr. Ellice's future intentions towards Lady Leicester, and I remember my father saying to me, "I do not think Lord Leicester minds it; rather the other way: with his great unselfishness, it is a comfort to him to think that she should have some one to take care of her, when he is gone, and *that*, too, a friend of his own. I was standing at the door the other

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day, while he was waiting there in the carriage, when they both came in from their ride, and he said to them, 'I hope you will have many happy rides together.' It was easy to see what he was thinking of."

My father, however, little approved of the prospect: he said to me, "I never see those two (Lord Leicester and Mr. Ellice), without thinking of Shakespeare's 'Look on this picture, and on that.' All I can say is, if Lady Leicester marries him, she will rue it. But how can she!"

Mr. Ellice had a delightful house in Arlington Street, overlooking the Green Park, and we used often to dine there, after he had married Lady Leicester: we used to call it "Elysium." She was not then in good health, as there had been some threatenings of consumption, and, after giving birth to a stillborn child, she died at Longford.

Soon after my grandfather's death, the subject came under discussion as to what was to become of Margaret Coke. She was between sixteen and seventeen, and the time for her having a governess was drawing to a close. The alternatives were, for her to live, either at Holkham, at Cannon Hall, or with her aunt by marriage, Lady Maria Keppel. Mr. Keppel, Lady Leicester's brother, was a clergyman, and Margaret's money would have been a grateful addition to their means; but Margaret objected, having already had experience of living with her aunt—"Old Ria," as she called her. Holkham was her proper home, but Julia (the reigning Lady Leicester) did not like her living there. On the other hand, Margaret was fond of my mother, and, I believe, Cannon Hall was the place to which she really wished to go. The unexpected often happens; but nothing was ever more unexpected than what happened now. Sir Archibald Macdonald, knowing the difficulty in which Margaret was placed, and moved, perhaps, by generosity, as much as

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by love, asked her to marry him, and to make Woolmer her home. After some demur on account of her lameness, she accepted him, and they were duly married.

After staying a day or two in London, they went down to Woolmer. Shortly afterwards they went out one day together, Margaret riding on a pony, and Archie walking by her side; he got a fly into his eye, and, in trying to get it out for him, Margaret let go of the reins, and the pony bolted. A boy on the road, seeing it coming, extended his arms to stop it, which made the pony stop short, and Margaret was thrown over its head. She was picked up quite insensible, and carried back to the house. Guthrie was sent for, and he found that she had severe concussion of the brain, her life being in danger. After a time she recovered consciousness, and, with careful nursing, she got over the accident, though it very nearly cost her her life.

I well recollect the many pleasant expeditions we took one year, when Sir Archie Macdonald and a merry party were staying at Cannon Hall. One fine Sunday afternoon we all walked up to Hoyland Church: there, our seat was immediately below the gallery, whence the musicians and choir had edified many successive generations. We trembled at the knowledge that we were in for a special anthem in our honour. The big fiddles, after much tuning and squeaking, struck up a horrible discord, and then a few cracked voices began, "Canaan's prom .... Canaan's prom .... Canaan's prom .... ist land." This was too much for Archie: he snatched up his hat, bolted out of the Church, and never stopped running, as he told us, till he got into the park at Cannon Hall.

There was the most remarkable dearth of aitches in Leeds. The wife of the clergyman of High Hoyland was

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a Leeds lady of the most genteel description, and I remember her telling me, when speaking of Mr. Beaumont, "'E 'as 'alf the 'ouses in 'Igh 'Oyland." They used to have pupils, and one of them left his diary about, which Mrs. S. read, and found in it some derogatory remarks on her spelling. She was furious, and insisted on his being sent back to his parents at Leeds, exclaiming, "To think we should have such a wiper in the 'ouse!" My mother walked off to Hoyland in the snow, to persuade them not to banish the poor culprit, pointing out to them, that Mrs. S. had committed a still worse offence than the "wiper" in reading the "wiper's" diary.

The Bishop of Rochester told me he was in a great state about a governess they had, who did not pronounce her aitches, and, when he spoke to her about it, she said, "Indeed, my Lord, I will huse my hutmost hendeavour to hasperate my haitches."

A very remarkable man was appointed to the living of High Hoyland—the missionary Joseph Wolff. He had written an interesting book giving an account of his early life, and describing all the people whom he had met, and the dangerous adventures he had experienced. He went twice to Bokhara: his second journey being to ascertain whether Stodart and Conolly, who had been made prisoners there, were still alive, and if so, to try and negotiate for their release. He found they had both been murdered, and that his own life was in considerable danger: he was plundered by a band of robbers, deprived of everything he possessed, left without food or clothes, and was almost unable to move, having been cruelly bastinadoed.

In the year 1811, Wolff, who was then a student, went to Saxe-Weimar, where he studied under Director Ling, of the Lyceum, son-in-law of the famous Saltzmann, who had a celebrated college near Gastein, for young men from England

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and other foreign countries. Here, Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, who afterwards became a great benefactor of the poor, got to know Wolff, and took much interest in him. When Wolff told him of his desire of becoming a Christian, he said to him, "Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice: remain what you are; for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew; but, as a Christian, you will never be noted, because there are so many other clever Christians in the world."

One day when he was walking with Falk, a gentleman with a commanding countenance came towards them: Wolff said to Falk, "I am sure this is Goethe." Falk exclaimed, "How do you know that?" Wolff replied, "I have read his 'Egmont,' and I feel convinced that only a man with such a countenance could have written it." Goethe (for it was he) came towards Falk, and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk said to Goethe, "Now imagine, this boy knew you from having read your 'Egmont.'" Goethe seemed flattered, and patted Wolff on the head. Falk went on, "He wants to become a Christian, but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew." Goethe turned to Wolff, and said, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says."

Hoyland was not ready to receive the Wolffs when they came to Yorkshire, so they were asked to stay at Cannon Hall. Wolff arrived with his wife, who was Lady Georgiana Walpole, and their little boy, Henry, in whose bright, chubby face we failed to see the future ambassador, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Dr. Wolff was a very clever man; his knowledge of the Bible was extraordinary; he could repeat from memory every passage, and tell where each occurred; and his power of argumentation was remarkable. He had a low musical voice, and often used to sing us the songs of

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the captive Jews under the walls of Jerusalem. My mother says in a letter,

"Lady Georgiana Wolff stayed to dinner the day the Pulleins arrived, and was very pleasant, as I must say she always is. To me she is a most agreeable neighbour, with all her old Norfolk reminiscences; and, instead of the odd person I expected, she is particularly sensible, and a perfect woman of the world. On Saturday you would all have been amused, could you have looked in upon us, as our dinner was a most singular one. Dr. and Lady Georgiana Wolff, with Athanasius, Bishop of Mesopotamia, and his Dragoman or Secretary, in their turbans and black robes, to the great amusement of the servants and children. Loui talked French to the Dragoman, and they admired her very much. The Bishop, one of the finest and most intellectual and benevolent-looking men I ever saw, stroked his beard, and shook hands with her; but as, unluckily, he neither spoke nor understood anything but Arabic, I could do nothing but ply him with iced lemonade. However, they had no objection to wine or ale, which latter they liked especially. They were very much astonished at seeing grapes growing in a hot-house.

"On Sunday he preached at Hoyland in Arabic, and Dr. Wolff translated his sermon into English; they said there were three thousand people present on the occasion.

"The Bishop was most graceful and dignified in his manners, and the Dragoman, who spoke both French and Italian, devoted himself to Anna Maria, Eliza, and Miss Deynes (the governess); Dr. Wolff, as usual, trying to convert Philip to the millennium by the most

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demonstrative arguments, thumping him, as he would have done his pulpit (which Philip tried to transfer to William), and calling him 'My dear child;' Lady Georgiana exclaiming, 'Wolff, my dear; Wolff, my dear; paws off, Pompey, if you please.'"

My father came to me one day and said, "Anna Maria, there is that old clothes-man being shaved in the sitting room by Lady Georgiana's maid." On another occasion we were sitting in the drawing-room, when we saw Dr. Wolff, wandering round and round the house; Lady Georgiana said, "Oh! it's only Dr. Wolff trying to find his way back to Hoyland." I could not help wondering how such a man had ever found his way to Bokhara.

When Dr. Wolff talked of his marriage with Lady Georgiana, he used to say, by way of teasing her, "When I, a Rabbi, and the son of a Rabbi, demeaned myself by marrying the little shentile woman!"

He told us a story about himself, when he was in a Swiss convent, and had resolved to submit to all the discipline thereof, flagellation included: "It was in the dark that I gave myself the first lash, and, not liking it at all, I turned round to see how my fellow monks got on; when I saw, by the light of the moon, one of the monks flogging, not his own back, but the *wall*. 'The hypocrite!' said I to myself, 'I will give you something!' on which I applied my own whip to his shoulders." He was, of course, turned out of the convent, and this led to his becoming a protestant.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

My brother, Walter, was a great friend of Frank Buckland, who was at Christ Church with him. He has given me the following anecdote:—

"There was a certain Dr. Dowdeswell, a canon of Christ Church, who had rooms on the north side of Tom Quad, near the Cathedral, but had not occupied them, nor resided in college, for many years. Dean Buckland, Frank's father, had made use of them for storing some of his geological specimens, of which there were small heaps all over the floors. I think it was in 1850, that Frank Buckland, who was then living in London, after having taken his degree, used to put up in these rooms, when he paid his frequent visits to Oxford. One winter's evening I met him there, with Finch Hatton (the late Lord Winchilsea): we had some refreshments in the drawing-room, a large room in a very dilapidated condition, the geological specimens littering the floor, and the paper hanging in strips from the walls, on which were fastened some old specimens of swords and armour, foils, boxing gloves, and such like sundries.

"Some of the party had a turn at fencing after supper, and then tried the gloves. A blow sent Finch Hatton against a part of the wall which sounded hollow: we began investigating, and found a small closet, concealed by the wall-paper: we forced it open, and found in it, amongst other things, a skeleton. This caused

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much excitement, Frank declaring it to be the bones of a young man about sixteen years old. After much talk, and many conjectures, Finch Hatton shouted out, 'Let's go and look for the ghost!' and armed himself with a rusty sword from the wall. Frank took a candle, and thus equipped, the two went to seek for the ghost. They examined two rooms, without finding anything; the third room was a large bed-room, containing a four-post bed, with its once white curtains hanging in rags round it. Here he is, I'm sure,' exclaimed the valiant Finch Hatton; when, to their amazement, a white figure, with a tall white night-cap on, rose up in the bed. Frank dropped the candle, which went out; and, when a light was again procured, Finch Hatton was found flourishing his sword, and exclaiming, 'You ghost, I'll cut your head off!' 'Please, sir, spare me,' cried the ghost, in great alarm, 'I've a wife and six children.' It turned out that the old man who kept the college grass-plots in order, had found a convenient retreat in these uninhabited rooms."

One day Frank Buckland was dining with us in Harley Street when a hearse ran away past the house, causing a great commotion: it was only stopped by the gates at the end of the street. This tickled Frank Buckland's risible faculties, and he went from one peal into another, till we were all nearly ill with laughing. His laugh was second only to Lord Houghton's. Whether the driver of the hearse found as much cause of merriment as we did, is a question; but I dare say that there are jovial moments even in what a driver once described to me as "the black trade."

Mrs. Buckland, Frank's mother, was a very clever woman, and was quite as much absorbed in geological pursuits as the Dean himself. There was an elder son, who was so

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extraordinarily ugly, that he always went by the name of Caliban; so much so, that, I believe, some people thought it was his christian name.

We used sometimes to go to the Deanery. It was the most untidy, dirty place I ever saw; all things, both living and dead, lying about in every direction. There were two special pets, a large tame eagle, and a most wicked little monkey, Jacko. I once laughed at the latter: this was an offence never to be forgotten or forgiven; and, whenever he saw me afterwards, he used to run up the chain of the chandelier, and, pointing his finger at me, utter a series of shrill screams. I was very much afraid of him. There was, also, a young pet bear, of whom many stories were told: after his academic education, he went to end his days in the Zoological Gardens.

One day we were asked to breakfast at the Deanery, to see some gold-fish being chloroformed. Chloroform had only just been discovered as an anæsthetic, and there was considerable excitement about it: its properties were not much known, and it was a question whether it would act in the water, and whether cold-blooded animals, like fish, could be chloroformed at all. After the breakfast (at which, I remember, Captain Gaisford, Dean Gaisford's son, while showing a lady the merits of the new syphons for soda-water, sent nearly the whole contents over me, deluging me completely), a large bowl of gold-fish was brought in, and the chloroform put into the water. The experiment seemed to be highly successful, and Dean Buckland took out one of the fish, which to all appearance was lifeless, holding it in his hand for us to examine it: at that moment Jacko, the monkey, suddenly jumped on to the Dean's shoulder, and, snatching the fish out of his hand, threw it back into the bowl of water, or rather, I believe, into another bowl, full of clean water: whether it survived

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this rough treatment or not, I forget. Then my brother and Frank Buckland chloroformed the eagle, and did it so effectually, that they had some difficulty in bringing him to. It was altogether a very interesting entertainment.

Frank Buckland used to tell us some amusing stories of Jacko. He was the most mischievous of monkeys, never so happy as when he had done something he knew to be wrong, and they always felt sure that some mischief was going on, when they heard Jacko give a peculiar chuckle of delight. One day the cook was out, and there was a fall of soot in the kitchen. This just suited Mr. Jacko. He had watched them black-leading the grates and other things, and, by way of imitation, he helped himself to the tallow candles, stuck them in a row in front of the fire, and, when they were well melted, he mixed the soot up with the tallow, and smeared this pleasing compound over everything in the kitchen.

Another time Dr. and Mrs. Buckland were travelling, and had Jacko with them: they were going for a walk; so they shut him up in an empty room, which had just been papered, thinking that he could not possibly do any harm there. When they got back, they heard Jacko's wicked chuckle, and, in trepidation, opened the door: to their horror they found the paper hanging in strips from the walls: it had been still wet, and Jacko had amused himself by stripping the greater part of it off. Dr. and Mrs. Buckland, finding they could get the same paper in the village, determined to say nothing about what had happened: they bought the paper, had some paste made, and, mounting on chairs, they busied themselves in repairing the dilapidations caused by their pet.

In the early season, before Easter, there were generally one or two balls: we had been to one of these one year, and

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had come home rather late. I was startled by the maid, who called me the next morning, telling me that my mother had gone off to Lady Anson, who was dying. My aunt Andover had a house at the lower end of Harley Street, and my aunt Anson lived with her. She had had an influenza cold, but it had not been bad enough to prevent her from going for the whole morning on her favourite expedition—that of hunting for bargains in the east end. On her return, she stopped at her great friend's, Mrs. Egerton of Tatton, who pressed her to have some luncheon, and, above all, to have some champagne for her cold; but she refused, and said she would go home to bed. This she did, and my mother went and sat with her, and found her in excellent spirits, talking all about the marriage which had just been settled between her granddaughter, Lady Anne Anson, and Frank Charteris, now Lord Wemyss. The next morning she died from simple exhaustion. Mrs. Egerton always declared that, if she had stayed with her, and had had a good luncheon, it would have saved her life.

Mr. Charteris went to call upon her, and was, of course, dreadfully shocked, when the servant said she was dead.

Poor Aunt Anson was so popular, through her kindness to everyone, that her funeral *cortège* reached from one end of Harley Street to the other.

Her granddaughter and Frank Charteris were married that spring, and, I think, they were the handsomest couple I ever saw.

The next marriage in the family was that of Leicester with Julia Whitbread. Mrs. Whitbread, being aware that he had shown some admiration for her daughter when they were at Holkham, asked him to Cardington, their place in Bedfordshire, immediately on his landing in England after their return from the Continent: and thus she secured him.

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The daughter was a friend of mine, an acknowledged beauty of the Roman type, and immensely admired. We saw a great deal of her and of Leicester at that time, as the Whitbreads came to live in Eaton Place, and Lady Leicester, also, took a small house in town, that her son might be near them. There were the usual meetings, dinners, present-giving, seeing the trousseau, etc.; after which the marriage took place very quietly at Cardington, not even Lady Leicester being present. The happy pair went down to Holkham.

I remember an amusing incident which occurred shortly before Lord Leicester was married. He was coming to Cannon Hall for the twelfth of August, and met the other members of the expected party at Barnsley: being rather numerous, there was some difficulty in getting conveyances to carry them on. At last they found a very good omnibus at the inn, capable of holding them all: so they engaged it, and the gentlemen all went outside, putting the servants inside. But when they got to the lodge at Cawthorne, no gate was opened to them! The gate there was guarded by a regular dragon, old Sally Burgon: she had spent all her life at the lodge, and always kept the gate locked, refusing to open it to anyone of whom she did not approve. The omnibus was most decidedly objectionable; and no key should be put into the lock to let *it* through. Vainly did Leicester plead that they were going to the Hall—she did not believe him: he next said he was Lady Elizabeth's brother; but, shaking the key at them, she said, "Yo are a set of nasty good-fa'-naughts! That's what yo are! They want none such as yo at t' Hall. If Mester Stanhope met that thing going through t' park, he'd make yo jump for't."

How they eventually got through, whether with the help of a *silver key*, or not, I forget; but they all arrived

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in fits of laughter, having enjoyed the adventure. The next morning a paragraph appeared in the Barnsley paper, headed, "The Earl of Leicester and the park gate-keeper."

It was, I think, in this year that the Queen's fancy ball was given, and it was, of course, the great excitement of the season. We were not invited, and, if I remember rightly, did not wish to go; for, besides the expense, it involved no end of trouble, all the tradespeople being so fully employed, that there was hardly a chance of securing the services of any of them. Dressmakers, hairdressers, and even shoemakers, were all too busy to attend to any orders; and, up to the last moment, all was fuss and worry.

Madame Carson (Laure), the *grande modiste*, was an old acquaintance of my aunts'. She went one day to Langham Place, very full of the Queen's dress, which she was to make. The Queen was to be Philippa of Hainault, Prince Albert being Edward III. Laure was telling my aunts all about her difficulties, and particularly about the hoop for the Queen, as she had never seen one; when, to her delight, my aunts produced their mother's wedding-dress, a beautiful old brocade, and the identical hoop in which she had been married. Laure was very much excited, as she said she had made the hoop quite wrong, having made it round, whereas the old hoop appeared to be oblong in shape, with a flat part on the hips, on which the arms rested: and then she found that she had cut the gown quite wrong, and it would not go over the hoop. It ended in her begging them to lend her both the dress and the hoop; and the dress eventually worn by the Queen was an exact copy, even as to size, of my grandmother's wedding-dress.

Then came the question of the shoes, for, in the days of hoops, no high-heeled shoes or boots were ever worn. When my aunts were young, the favourite work of ladies

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was making their own white satin boots and shoes, and we remembered that we had found in the window-seat in our school-room, some of their handiwork, in the shape of a pair of white boots, still unfinished, with the lasts, shapes for the heels, and all the implements used in making them.* We sent for the boots, and these Laure took to the Queen's shoemaker as a pattern. So, altogether, we had a great deal to do with dressing her gracious Majesty correctly.

It was very amusing on the night of the ball, to drive round from house to house, seeing all the dresses. Edward and Lady Theresa Digby looked very well, dressed as his ancestors, Sir Kenelm and Lady Venetia Digby, her dress being copied from an old picture, which they had at Mintern. It was very particularly becoming to her; blue satin, black velvet and pearls; with her hair all done in little curls on her forehead. Lady Braybrooke was "*La grande Mademoiselle*"; but what the other characters were, I do not now remember.

The ball was voted a great success, but, I think, many were very glad when it was over.

I remember another ball, which was given by Lord Londonderry, and to which such a number of *dead* people were asked, that some verses were written upon it, and sung about the streets, the refrain of each verse being,

"At the ball at Holderness House,
Park Lane."

In those early days, Prince Albert was not at all popular, he was looked upon as the "German Prince," and there

* With the boots, there were a number of cards, which had been printed at one time, by way of a joke:

M. A. S. Stanhope,
Shoemaker,
CANNON HALL
and
Grosvenor Square.

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was an idea amongst the lower orders, that he was making a purse for himself. His was a character that Englishmen were very slow in understanding or appreciating. One of his doings which was most unpopular, was that when he was out shooting, and the sport, perhaps, at its best, he used to say regularly every day, regardless of the arrangements of his host, or the wishes of the guests, "Gentlemen, it is time to go into luncheon, the Queen will be expecting us." Then another thing recorded against him was, that, when he had fired off his own gun, he used to turn round to George Edward Anson, his Lord-in-waiting, and say, "Ansonn, di gonne," and used to take Anson's gun from him, before he had had time to fire it himself: this was considered very selfish. But that which did him most harm in the general opinion, was this: that his regiment of Scots Guards was to be reviewed by him early in August, so as to allow the officers to get out of town on furlough during that month; but Prince Albert was not a good rider, and found a difficulty in getting a horse that suited him, and would stand fire; so all the officers were kept grilling in town during a very hot summer, while a horse was being trained for the Prince. The officers, who were pining for the moors, were not backward in saying what they thought, and their remarks were not altogether so loyal as they might have been.

Leicester and Julia had been married about three weeks. From his mother, Lady Leicester, as well as from Mrs. Whitbread, we heard that they were supremely happy at Holkham, enjoying themselves like boy and girl, as, indeed, they were, either riding together about the park, or he teaching her to drive her ponies in a pretty little pony-carriage, which he had bought for her before they married: both rejoicing that they had turned their backs on the London season and its frivolities.

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We went to some afternoon party, where my mother found a knot of ladies, sitting with their heads together, whispering, and evidently describing some exceptionally piquant scandal. As soon as they saw her, they exclaimed, "Oh! here is Lady Elizabeth! Now *she* will tell us all about it!" They then informed her, that they knew for certain, that Lady Leicester had run away from her husband, that she had come up to town, and was now *en cachette* with her mother. It was said to be a case of jealousy on *her* part, he having shown attentions to a beautiful lady's maid of hers. All denial on my mother's part was useless: the family, of course, were supposed to be ignoring it, and trying to hush it up.

The real facts were these:—They had engaged my maid, Bougin, who was a most excellent, conscientious creature, but middle-aged, and peculiarly ugly. She had sprained her ankle, and was walking with difficulty to Church, when Leicester stopped the carriage, and, taking her in, gave her a lift.

It seemed an extraordinary thing, that an act of kindness to one of his own servants, in his own park in the country, should have led to this most wicked outburst of ill-nature all over London. It was suggested to them, as the most effectual way of putting a stop to it, that they should come up to town, and show themselves there together for a short time. But they treated the whole thing as a most absurd joke, and would not hear of leaving the country, on account of such nonsense. Edward Coke told me that he very much regretted their decision; that he thought it was of the utmost importance for them to show themselves, and put a stop to the scandal, at once and for ever; that all London was ringing with the story, and that it was the talk of every club. He said that, if he endeavoured to contradict it, people only laughed in his face,

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and said that it was well known the family were hushing it up. So it remained uncontradicted by those who alone could have effectually done so, and I do not believe that Leicester and Julia *ever* realized how great the scandal had been.

I think it was in that year that the Prince of Lucca stayed in London. He was a little, dark, dirty-looking man, and was nick-named "Filthy Lucre." He was, they said, very amusing, and seemed to divert the Queen very much; but Prince Albert looked rather disgusted with him.

The mention of the Prince of Lucca recalls to my mind another distinguished foreigner, whom we used to see in London at this time: Prince Louis Napoleon.

Sir John and Lady Shelley had a villa with a small garden at Putney, over-looking a somewhat unsavoury part of the Thames, where they gave a garden-party regularly every Saturday, to which *all London* went. The little garden was crowded on these occasions, but strict economy prevailed: little entertainments, such as "Punch and Judy," were provided, and there was a good deal of music: but of an inexpensive, amateur character. All the refreshments were up in a cock-loft, to which some very narrow stairs outside the house led, the object of this being to make the very stale buns and cakes more difficult of access. Gooseberry-fool was given, as a cheap substitute for strawberries and cream. One day, I remember, I was up in the cock-loft with some friends, and was approaching the desire of all hearts, the bowl of gooseberry-fool, when a gentleman, who was just about to help himself, drew back, and made way for me. My chaperon said, "Did you know who that was? That was Prince Louis Napoleon."

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CHAPTER XIX.

We used often to go to see Lady De Clifford, Lady Leicester's aunt. She was a very great lady, and had been a person of some consideration, having occupied the post of state-governess to Princess Charlotte. Lady Leicester told us that formerly, when they went to see their aunt, Princess Charlotte's great amusement used to be rolling her and the little Keppels down a certain mound in the park, into a bed of nettles at the bottom; which, no doubt, was greater fun for the Princess than for them.

My mother told me that, when the question arose as to the Princess Charlotte marrying Prince Leopold, and it was found that she objected, the Lord Chancellor asked her *what* her objection to the marriage was? Her answer was, "I hate him." When she afterwards ran away from Carlton Palace, and was brought back by Lord Eldon, who lectured her severely, she was furious, and exclaimed, "To think that my grandfather's granddaughter should be spoken to like that by the son of a collier!"

She was, however, very happy with her husband at Claremont after they were married, and they used to talk of themselves as Captain and Mrs. Cobourg. My mother's first cousin, then Lady John Thynne, afterwards Lady Carteret, was lady-in-waiting to one of the Princesses, Princess Sophia, I think; and she said that she sat up with Prince Leopold the whole night when Princess Charlotte died, and she never saw anything like his grief: he was perfectly stunned.

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My father told me that Prince Leopold, whom, as King of the Belgians, he knew very well, was very handsome and gentlemanlike, and always perfectly friendly; but he did not at all endorse Lord Albemarle's account of his behaviour at Holkham—that he threw off all etiquette, and was perfectly free and easy—for, though he was a frequent guest there, he never unbent, and was always cold and formal. One never seemed to get any further with him.

But, to return to Lady de Clifford. She lived in a large and beautiful house in Carlton House Terrace: it was almost like a country house. One day we were calling upon her, when, as we were sitting talking, the door opened, and a figure walked in, which I should certainly not have expected to see there. It was that of a short, fat woman, with a vulgar, red face, bedizened in all possible and impossible finery. She had, however, a pleasant voice, and talked well. She was Mrs. Laurence, the wife of Dr. Laurence, the great surgeon.

The sympathy and anxiety of all London had just then been aroused for Brunel, the eminent engineer, who had had an accident: he had swallowed a half-sovereign, which had stuck in his throat, and nothing would move it. He had seen one surgeon after another, and special instruments had been made to extract it, but all to no purpose. At last they sent for Dr. Laurence, whose efforts proved successful. Mrs. Laurence gave us an account of what he did; and it sounded most simple, *after* it had been done: he first examined carefully the position of the half-sovereign, and then sent for a reclining-board, upon which he placed Brunel, with his head down and his feet raised; when, in a few moments, out rolled the half-sovereign, and his life was saved! This had, I think, taken place only two days before we met her.

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Mrs. Laurence, who was a very ambitious, and, also, a very clever woman, had money of her own; and Dr. Laurence told her that she should spend it just as she liked, as he would not touch a farthing of it: she answered, "Very well, then I will spend it on flowers." There was a great marriage that season, I forget whose it was, but I think it was that of some Duke's daughter, at all events, Mrs. Laurence knew nothing about them, and they, certainly, did not know Mrs. Laurence. But, on the morning of the wedding, just as the bride was dressed, there arrived a box, and on it was written, "From Mrs. Laurence, Ealing." It contained a bouquet for the bride, but a bouquet such as no money could have purchased: flowers which were then very seldom to be seen: the most splendid exotics, and the rarest stove plants. This bouquet, of course, was the great feature of the bride's dress. But, such a present must be properly acknowledged! and Mrs. Laurence was, consequently, asked to the wedding-party in the evening. She was graciously received, and thanked by the Duchess, her flowers being the talk of the evening. So the first bouquet had not done badly!

Several other weddings took place, but there were no flowers from Mrs. Laurence. At last, there was another grand wedding, and a second bouquet made its appearance. It met with the same result as the first, and Mrs. Laurence was asked to the house. Other people then invited her to their entertainments, in the hope of getting some flowers; and soon it came to be considered quite a distinction to appear with one of Mrs. Laurence's bouquets. Gradually she began to extend her presents, till everybody became indebted to her, and she was asked everywhere: no one was surprised at meeting her, and all knew what it meant: there was not a fashionable party at which Mrs. Laurence was not present, nor one where she was not made much of.

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The next thing was for her to give a breakfast, as garden-parties were then called, at Ealing, to show her hot-houses. The extent of the houses, and the magnificence of the flowers and fruit, surprised everyone, and there were gardeners innumerable to show the people about. Her breakfasts at Ealing became all the fashion, and she was soon familiarly known as "Laurentia Floribunda Grandifolia."

One day* Mrs. Fawlkes, of Farnley, dined with us in Harley Street, and, as she was going on to the opera, she asked me to go with her. It was the Queen's birthday, and the opera selected was Lucrezia Borgia, with a few scenes from Masaniello as a prelude.

We were rather late in getting there, and, on arriving, came in for a most extraordinary scene. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, and everyone was standing up, waving handkerchiefs and fans, forming a perfect sea of white. The opera had been stopped, and a most tremendous cheering was going on, mingled with cries of "God save the Queen." We were told that the Queen had been fired at, but was untouched. It was, I believe, on that occasion that she showed the courage of her race, and, dismissing her attendants, drove round the park alone with Prince Albert. As we arrived at the opera, she had just entered her box with the Prince. The cries of "God save the Queen" were perfectly deafening, till the orchestra struck up the air, and played it standing; then all the actors in Masaniello came to the front of the stage, and, in their picturesque dresses, sang the National Hymn, while the whole house joined in one mighty chorus. It was the most exciting thing that could be imagined.

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* I put down circumstances just as they happen to recur to my memory, without regard to chronological order.—A. M. W. P.

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The Queen did not stay long. On her rising to go, the opera was again stopped, and the orchestra struck up

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,"

the whole house again joining in. The Queen came to the front of her box, and bowed her thanks. She appeared to be much affected, but still retained her calm dignity.

When the opera was over, cries were heard of "Grisi, Grisi; God save the Queen." Almost before you could have thought it possible, Grisi, whom we had so lately seen in all her stage magnificence and dignity—*Sono La Borgia!*—came before the curtain, in her dressing-gown and slippers, with her hair all tumbled about her shoulders. Her voice rang through the house in a solo: she paused as she sang each verse, and the whole house sang it after her; and again her solo thrilled and vibrated through the theatre, her foreign accent seeming to add to the effect, particularly in the verse,

"Frustrate their *knavish* tricks,
And make them fall."

Whilst writing about these dastardly attacks on royalty, I may mention a curious thing. After that dreadful attempt of Fieschi with his infernal machine, my aunts went to Madame Tussaud's to see his image, and they were perfectly startled when, in the wax figure, they recognised my grandmother's *frotteur*, who used to come every morning to rub her floors, while they were living at Versailles: they then called to mind that his name was indeed Fieschi.

One day we had been for a drive in the country, as we often did: we had gone to Hampstead, and had rambled about the heath, filling the carriage with the flowers, gorse and may, that we had gathered. The road down from the

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heath was then nothing more than an extremely steep lane, with hedges on both sides, and so narrow, that there was hardly room for two carriages to pass. We were going down the hill at the very steepest point, when, suddenly, to our horror, who should appear but the scarlet outriders! The Queen was just upon us! There was only one thing to be done; we drove right into the hedge, on to the very steep incline, and there we waited. There was so little room, that when the Queen passed, the wheels of her carriage almost touched ours, and she actually stood up, looking to see if they could get by: but Prince Albert, with his greater sense of the proprieties, put out his hand, and pulled her down. We did what we could, but it only made the thing more ridiculous; we all stood up in the carriage, with our rural bouquets in our hands; and, to make it perfect, the Queen, who knew my mother, turned round, after she had safely passed us, and gave us the bow, which she had forgotten in the moment of excitement.

The Queen was always wonderfully graceful, and could throw more meaning into a bow, than could any woman in Europe. One of the prettiest things I ever saw was an unexpected meeting between her and Prince Albert. I was walking with my husband in Hyde Park, and, seeing the scarlet outriders just turning the corner by the Serpentine, we went up to the railings to watch the Queen pass. On the other side of the railings was a gentleman on horseback, and we saw that it was Prince Albert. We waited to see the meeting, expecting that he would ride up to her carriage, and speak to her. But he took off his hat, and held it, in the most deferential manner, to the very bow of his saddle, and sat thus, bare-headed, and quite immovable, waiting for his Sovereign to pass. His two grooms were also bare-headed. The Queen's carriage came on: as it passed, she did *not* acknowledge him with a smile, or a kiss of the hand,

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as I had expected, but bowed in a perfectly grave and dignified manner—the Queen receiving the homage of the first of her subjects: then her head went lower, and she threw into her bow all the deference of a wife for the husband whom she honoured above all the world. Were I writing of any one else, this might be set down to imagination, but where the Queen was concerned, there was no fancy: she knew exactly what she meant to express, and she expressed it exactly.

Most of the property about Hampstead belonged to old Sir Richard Neave. He and his two daughters lived in Albemarle Street, and we had to go to a large dinner there every year. He was an old family friend; indeed, the Neaves were connections of my aunt Andover, being relations of the Digbys. Every summer they migrated to Hampstead, and we used to drive out there, to spend the afternoon with them. Their house was Oak Hill Lodge, a low rambling cottage, on the top of the hill, commanding, at the back, the most glorious view that could be conceived. There was not another house to be seen from it then, and the prospect was so perfectly rural, and the timber so fine, that you could not realise that you were within a mile or two of London.

His eldest son, Sir Digby Neave, was to inherit the family property in Norfolk, and the Hampstead estate, as a younger son's portion, was to go to Sheffield Neave. It turned out to be "Benjamin's mess." The spirit of money-grubbing came over the land; the lovely view which I remember in my youth, was blotted out for ever, and, in its place, there sprang up a town, almost (now quite) connecting Hampstead with London.

We used to go regularly every year to Court. Things change so, that it may not be unamusing to hear what a

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birthday drawing-room was like, at the time of which I am writing. It was always held at St. James's, and the staircase there looked very handsome, when lined all the way up with the gigantic beefeaters, dressed in their old-world dress, with their halberds in their hands. At the top of the stairs was an ante-room, leading into a very large, handsome saloon, with some full-length pictures of the Kings of England in their robes, let into the walls on one side: the other side being occupied by windows. A brass rod, extending the whole length of the room, shut off a very narrow space, to which access could only be obtained through a small, awkward opening at one end: the "pen," as we always called this enclosure, led to the presence-chamber, through a door at the other end, which was kept shut until the Court was in readiness for the reception. But for a carpet, there was not a single piece of furniture in this first room: not even a chair for any one who might feel faint or ill.

All who were going to be presented, were anxious to get into the "pen" as soon as possible, for fear that they might not get in at all in time: but doing so, was a perfect service of danger; for the opening was unnecessarily narrow, and the crush was very great. Once, I remember, I was standing at this opening, vainly trying to get through, when some ill-natured people, who had been guarding the entrance, made a rush, and got through before me, carrying my train with them, and nearly tearing it from my shoulders. I called out, "You *must* let me follow my train:" and, luckily, some gentleman came to the rescue, and recovered it for me: but my feathers were gone, and my torn lappets were found, fixed on the epaulettes of two officers on either side of me. Fortunately, some kind person recovered my plumes, and kept them until she was able to fasten them on my head again, otherwise, if they had been trampled under foot, I must have given up all attempts of passing before the

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Queen: as it was, I was in a somewhat plucked and dilapidated condition to appear before royalty.

In those days many more gentlemen attended the drawing-rooms than now, and the danger of spurs, swords and epaulettes in the general crush, was very considerable. I heard of one lady who had her ear torn completely open, by getting her ear-ring caught in an officer's epaulette. Many people, also, were hurt, by being crushed against the bar, in getting into the "pen." Once inside it, we had to stand a long time in the very narrow space available, getting more and more crushed, as fresh people crowded in. It was most tiring. At last the door was unlocked, the entrée was over, and we all passed through another large room, which led into the presence-chamber. This latter was, I think, much better arranged, and was more imposing, than it is at Buckingham Palace, where you come suddenly upon the Queen, close to the door. All the centre of the room was closely packed with the Court, who stood facing the Queen, in a semicircle, the Queen standing at the far end of the room, with only a few of her Court behind her. Those who were presented came in at one door, and backed out by the other. I remember that when my sister Eliza was presented, as she passed out before me, and I saw the Queen immediately in front of me, I lost my presence of mind, stopped short, and made her a courtesy at a distance: she bowed to me, and then, of course, I had to go up to her, and make a second courtesy, which she acknowledged with a second bow, and a smile of amusement. I had erred on the side of excess of loyalty.

The Queen was always rather amused when anything out of the ordinary happened: that was so in the case of Lord Petre's daughter, whom we knew. She was a very tall, awkward girl, and had a funny habit of giving little jumps: after she had been presented, she was so glad at its being

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over, that, on recovering her balance from her courtesy, she gave one of her jumps. The Queen was so much amused, that, when the cards were sent out for her ball, she had one card sent for Lord and Lady Petre, and a separate one for Miss Petre.

This reminds me of what Mr. Borroughes told me as to his performance, when he had to go down on one knee to kiss the Queen's hand; he got entangled in his sword, and could not manage to get up again, so he kept hold of the Queen's hand, and helped himself up by it.*

One evening, when we were at the play, and the Queen and Prince Albert were in the royal box, a Maid-of-honour dropped her bouquet amongst the orchestra; on which, one of the musicians stuck it on the end of his fiddlestick, and handed it up to the owner. The transaction seemed to amuse the Queen, and she laughed a good deal at it.

I had a nurse once, who had been nurse for some months to the Queen-dowager, and was with her when she died. She told me that Queen Adelaide had the most extraordinary mania for *pins:* she was always wondering what became of the millions of pins that disappeared, and she could not bear that a single one should be lost: it was a case of searching for hours for a pin which had been dropped. One day the nurse took a pin out of the Queen's pincushion: the Queen, who had recognised its disappearance, asked whence she had got the pin, proceeding, at once, to impress upon her what a heinous crime it was to touch her pincushion, and ending by saying, that, no doubt, she had picked it up somewhere, and did not remember where. The nurse answered, "No, your majesty, I took it out of your majesty's pincushion."

* For a similar incident, see *Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, III., 98.—S. P.

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"Now," said the Queen, "I know that I can trust you, for you speak the truth: I wanted to try you." The pincushion was all decorated with flowers and patterns in pins, and the Queen used to tell her to go and bring a pin from such and such a row, in such and such a flower; and the pin had afterwards, to be carefully put back in the same place.

All the basins and jugs on her washing-table were of solid silver, and had been given to her by King William. She had a miniature of the King, and, wherever she sat this miniature had to be moved so as to face her.

Every morning she walked for a certain time, up and down in the kitchen garden, and it was an understood thing, that, whilst she was there, any one who had a favour to ask, or a grievance to ventilate, might go fearlessly, and lay it before her.

At one time, before she had become too weak, she used to go out every winter to Madeira, for the benefit of her lungs, and, not only did she take out those of her servants who were the weakest, and most in need of change, but she also took out, at her own expense, invalids who were poor, and could not afford to travel. They said that the ship used literally to be crowded with invalids. Her kindness was unbounded, and she spent immense sums in charity. It was no wonder she was so universally beloved.

Her cough became so bad that she could not sleep, and the nurse used to sit up with her. All through the long, weary hours of the night, they used to play at a game, something like German Tactics. When daylight appeared, the nurse went to bed, and, in the afternoon, a carriage always came round to take her for a drive.

The nurse told me that one day, Queen Victoria came to see Queen Adelaide, and she had a long talk with the former, before taking her into the invalid's room. The Queen was very particular in her questions about the Queen-

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dowager, and seemed to be very fond of her. It was, the nurse told me, a raw, cold, dull November day, but the Queen had on an apple-green silk dress, with a white tulle bonnet; not much in keeping with the weather. Before going into the sick-room, the Queen took off her bonnet, and put it on the sofa; and the first thing she did on coming back, was to go and sit down on it.

The Queen's bonnets were most peculiar, and unlike those worn by anyone else. They were large, and perfectly round, with a great bow under her chin, and a bow of coloured ribbon on each side of the face. I once tried to spirit up Mrs. Brown, from whom the Queen had her bonnets, to effect a reform in them; but she told me that she had already attempted it, and had very carefully modified them just a little, "but," she added, "what could I do? They were sent back to me with a message, 'tell Mrs. Brown that the Queen sent for bonnets, not caps.'"

The Princess Royal was a very clever, amusing child, and there were, consequently, many stories told about her. It was a curious thing, that, when she was born, there was a general report that she was blind; and this was universally believed for some time. When she used to drive with the Queen, she mimicked her manner exactly, bowing right and left, and trying to appropriate to herself the bows intended for her mother. The family doctor was Dr. Brown, who used to see the children nearly every day. The Princess Royal, on going to bed one night, said to him as usual, "Good-night, Brownie;" but, when he was gone, Lady Lyttelton, who was the state-governess, told her, "Princess, you ought not to say, Brownie, you should say, Dr. Brown." The Princess made no remark; but the next evening, when she was going to bed, instead of saying, "Good-night, Laddie," (which was the name they had given to Lady

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Lyttelton), she drew herself up with great dignity, made her a courtesy, and said, "Good-night, my lady." One day, when she was dressed in white satin, Lady Lyttelton found her admiring herself before a cheval-glass, and saying, "No, Princessy, I never did see anything like you."

We were on intimate terms with the Fitzwilliams, and went every year to stay at Wentworth House. The Fitzwilliams were most inveterate dancers; once start them on a reel, and it was a case of perpetual motion. Lady Mary Thompson, Lord Fitzwilliam's daughter, I remember, was performing once, when her sister, Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, clapped her hands, and said, "Well done, my four-year-old sister; the naught counts for nothing."

One fine summer's day I proposed driving over there to luncheon; and, as I was very fond of driving, I got on the box, with one of our guests, Mr. Willas, beside me, while my mother remained inside. It was a twelve-mile drive, and, when we arrived, we were told, to our dismay, that none of the family were at home. The servants at Wentworth House were unlike any others: they never left: the lowest stud-groom was gradually promoted, till he became the head of the establishment: they were all thoroughly spoilt, and did just as they liked. On this occasion, it did not suit them to increase the luncheon party, and so they settled that they would not let us in. My mother, having brought one of her guests over specially to see the house, did not mean to be checkmated, so she told the important old footman, that she wished to see the housekeeper; and he departed reluctantly in quest of her. Presently a figure appeared, short and squat, very common-looking, with a short dress, and very thick boots, which clattered loudly, as she walked across the parquet floor. My mother went up to her and said, "We have come over from Cannon Hall to see the house; will you

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be good enough to shew it to us?" The figure put her arms akimbo, looked freezingly at my mother, and said, "I will send the housekeeper to you:" she then disappeared. Presently, we heard peals of laughter proceeding from a room close by, and the door opened, and out came Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, saying, "Do come in, we have only just sat down to luncheon;" adding, "that was Lady Margaret Yeoman, whom you took for the housekeeper." Lady Margaret Fitzwilliam had married Mr. Yeoman, and looked like her name. She had two clumsy-looking girls, one of whom was always called Poppy Yeoman, from her cheeks being so red.

The young Fitzwilliams were in the middle of a cricket-match with the young men of the parish, so the luncheon was more than usually pompous and dull. It being a very hot day, my mother asked for some wine and water: the head attendant poured some water into her glass, saying, "There is water, and you can put wine to it *if you like*." Presently Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam said, quite unmoved, "Oh, papa, there is a wasp crawling up your neck-tie." I am afraid I was wondering what would happen, if Lord Fitzwilliam was stung, and whether it would cause a diversion from the present monotony: but he merely craned up his long neck, exhibiting the wasp crawling up his white neck-tie, and, in a leisurely manner, said, "John, remove the wasp."

Mr. Willas was interested in the cricket-match, and we were to be taken for a drive in the park to see it. The carriages came round: Lady Charlotte's barouche, with four horses, two postillions, and two outriders; and Lady Dorothy's miniature brake, with four little ponies, two little boys as postillions, and two others on ponies, as outriders. When we got into the carriage we had to wait for Lord Fitzwilliam, while the steps up to the house were literally crowded with beggars, waiting to besiege him. Lady Charlotte said to my

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mother, "Is it not like a penitentiary, with the refuse of all the parishes for miles round. See, there is a man, painted up to look as if he had bleeding wounds, and my father is giving him money." He could not bear to turn a single one of them away empty-handed, and it took some time before they were all satisfied.* At last Lord Fitzwilliam got into the carriage; but we had not gone far, before he remembered that he had left something behind, and sent one of the outriders back to the house to get it, calling after him—*not*, "be back as soon as you can,"—*but*, "and, John, do not hurry yourself: we will wait till you come." I was transferred to the little brake, and there I found a dilemma existing: poor Lady Dorothy had an extraordinary stammer; when there was a word which she could not say, her lips used to keep on moving, but not a sound would come. She wanted to give an order to go to the mausoleum, and "mausoleum" she could not bring out; so there the two postillions, and two outriders, and all of us, sat, waiting for her orders as to where we were to go, but not a word could she utter, though her lips kept moving all the time. I noticed that her cousins did not help her (I believe she did not like being helped), and the silence was so solemn, and the gravity on everyone's face so great, that I felt that, in another minute, I should burst out laughing from sheer nervousness. Luckily the word came out, just in time to save me from such a catastrophe.

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* He had a very strong, if not a very sound, motive, for never refusing to relieve a beggar, (unless I am applying to him, an event which happened to another): for one day in London, when he was starting to go out to dinner, he was importuned for a crust of bread by some poor woman. He turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and drove off to his dinner. When he returned, he found her lying dead on his doorstep.—S. P.

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CHAPTER XX.

I THINK that it must have been in the autumn of the year in which I came out, that there were staying at Cannon Hall, Lord and Lady Waterpark, Miss Hamilton, and others, including a young Mr. de Blaquiere, who was very good-looking, and had been introduced to us by the Bischoffs. All our guests went over to Wentworth House to dine, on the public day, and when they returned, de B., as we called him, complained of headache, and seemed very ill. His illness rapidly developed into a violent attack of, what was then called, Irish fever, in consequence of which, all our party dispersed, and it was decided that it was not safe for any of us to remain in the house. His mother, Baroness von Steng, a German, was sent for, to establish herself at Cannon Hall, and nurse him; and Miss d'Ehrenstein, a most devoted old German governess of ours, volunteered to remain as well. (De B., I may mention, turned out in after years a most dreadful *vaurien;* and, having spent all his money, used to go about the country begging.)

Thus expelled from our home, we went to Rhyl. We had never been in Wales before, so it was all quite new, and very amusing to us. Rhyl was then a nice sea-side village, with unpaved streets, and flat-roofed houses, one story high. The only large house in the place was the hotel, which was very primitive, but not at all uncomfortable; and of this we took possession, and pretty well filled.

Every evening a Welsh harper used to come and play his national airs to us. We soon made ourselves at home,

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and got to know the people in "Our Village," many of whom were regular characters. The ticket collector at the station, for instance, was a gentleman. But *the* character of the place, and a person well known throughout North Wales, was Angharard. Her real name was Anne Lloyd (never disgraced by the title of Miss); but she was always spoken of as Angharard, the Welsh for Anne. She was old, and looked like a shrivelled apple; very clever, and extremely amusing. Her great mania was to keep up everything Welsh. She had a very pretty house, furnished with old oak, a good garden, and last, but not least, a little dog, called Ta Ta, who understood nothing but Welsh. Angharard used sometimes to ask my sister and myself to dinner, and we always enjoyed ourselves on those occasions.

Though the country immediately near Rhyl was flat, the Vale of the Clwyd was pretty, and there were some very interesting walks in the neighbourhood. One day, I remember, I walked alone to Rhuddlan Abbey, and went in, to look over the ruins, where I found an old woman, who, as custodian of the place, shewed me everything. While talking to her, I inadvertently said, "I suppose you are Welsh?" A change came over her face; she drew herself up, and, looking contemptuously at me, said, "Saxon! *I* am an ancient Briton."

We used to go to the Welsh service, and, by following the service in a prayer book with Welsh on one side and English on the other, I picked up a good deal of the language. But the sermon was beyond me: I used to amuse myself during it, by watching the peasants, who were all attention, drinking in every word of what, to me, was utterly meaningless.

The country was very populous, with many handsome houses dispersed about it, and nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality shewn us. Hardly a week passed,

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without our being asked to pay some visit, and Rhyl was quite gay with the numbers of people coming to call upon us.

Lord Mostyn lived at Pengwern, in the Vale of the Clwyd. His son, then Lloyd Mostyn, lived at Mostyn, a fine place, with a large extent of land, which he had inherited from his uncle, Sir Roger Mostyn, during the life of his own father. He had also, unfortunately, inherited his uncle's debts, and much of the property had to be sold eventually, to pay them. Kid Lloyd, as Mr. Mostyn was called, was a great friend of William Coke's, and an old acquaintance of my mother's. He used to be a good deal at Holkham.

I stayed once at Pengwern, and had a very pleasant visit. Lord Mostyn had two daughters, Pussey and Essie. Pussey was very agreeable and amusing; she used to drive me all about the country, and tell me many stories of old days; her sister, Essie, was a very charming and interesting invalid.

On Christmas eve, we all went to stay at Mostyn, and I never saw such a typical picture of Christmas as it presented, when we arrived. The hall, which is very beautiful, extends the whole height of the house, and has an old oak balcony running all round it; there was an enormous fire of logs, blazing on the hearth, and everything was decked with holly. There we found the whole family assembled, we being the only visitors. In the evening, the band played in the gallery, and we all danced in the hall below.

Pengwern was a regular Osbaldistone Hall. It was quite a sight to see old Lord Mostyn start every day with his sons and grandsons, all on their ponies, and the hounds and huntsmen in attendance: and, to watch a Welsh hunt, was very amusing to us, with the ponies scrambling and sliding down hills, which would have seemed impossible to any English horse. Old Lord Mostyn was a wonderful man for his age, as hale and hearty as possible. I suppose it

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was the result of constant exercise, and of a life spent in the open air. I remember his saying to me, "I sometimes think how it would have been, if I had pursued some nobler object with half the energy with which I have hunted that poor animal to death." There was something sad in this Wolsey-like speech: was the object worthy of the life spent upon it? A question which it was now too late to answer.

We went to stay at Bodelwyddan Castle, belonging to Sir John and Lady Sarah Williams. It was a beautiful castellated building, surrounded by a wall, through which there was an arched approach. Sir John never drove with less than four horses, and they used to take us drives all over the country. I never met anyone with such a passion for flowers; and his hothouses, full of orchids, were a wonderful sight. Lady Sarah was a most talented and superior woman. She had lived long in India, where her father, Lord Amherst, was Governor General, and she was proof against any amount of heat. She used to sit for hours in the hothouses, painting the flowers, in a temperature, ten minutes of which would have knocked up any ordinary mortal. Her paintings were perfectly beautiful.

They had two little girls, who were brought up in the primmest, most old-fashioned way possible.

In the winter, a great many balls were given in Denbighshire, and to most of them we went. They were very informal and pleasant, and it was the custom for the young lady who had last come out, to be president of all the dances for the year.

So our winter passed—making new acquaintances, seeing new places, and being fêted everywhere—one of the gayest and pleasantest winters we ever spent.

We stayed some days at the Deanery at St. Asaph, where the Miss Luxmores lived with their brother, the

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Dean. They had, I remember, a beautiful little green love-bird, called Parmatoo, which used to walk about on the dinner table at dessert, amongst all the glasses, without ever breaking anything, and used to drink out of the finger glasses, and have fruit given to him.

The Miss Luxmores were friends of Jenny Lind, who had just been staying with them, and they said they never saw anyone so painfully shy as she was: even when they took her to Church in the carriage, she would be on tenter-hooks all the time, lest some one should be looking at her.

Those of the present generation cannot form any idea of the *furore* with which Jenny Lind was received throughout England. From the North to the South, the Church-bells were rung in every town where she sang, and crowds assembled at all the stations, to receive and to cheer her. She certainly merited such appreciation; for never before, and never since, has such an instance occurred of a great genius rising above all worldly thoughts and considerations; her whole spirit was filled with the desire to dedicate the great gift God had given her, to the good of the land of her adoption. There was something so simple and so true about her, that the purity and holiness of her character seemed to impress themselves on all who heard her. Strange to say, there was, however, a great feeling of disapprobation, when the Bishop of Norwich asked her to stay at the Palace during the Norwich Festival: but he did not care for public opinion on such a matter, and was determined to use all the weight of his position to honour a character like hers.

I saw her act twice in the "Sonnambula," and the second time, was much struck by the genius she displayed: she had sung that beautiful song, when she is supposed to be asleep, and had evoked prolonged thunders of applause: an inferior actress would have courtesied her thanks, and then begun the encore demanded: but Jenny Lind seemed

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deaf to all the plaudits; they did not wake her; and she stood perfectly motionless, excepting that she dreamily pulled to pieces the bouquet which she held in her hand, till the bright flowers were scattered all over her dress; then, as the cheers at length subsided, a low, soft, murmuring, bird-like voice was heard, singing the first notes of her song; gradually her enthusiasm rose, her notes swelled louder and louder, till, like a clarion, that glorious voice filled the whole theatre.

We never knew her personally, but, when she came to Wakefield to sing at a concert, she was asked to stay at Cannon Hall: her engagements, however, would not allow her to accept. When we went to Wakefield in the evening, we took her a bouquet, with "From Lady Elizabeth Stanhope" written on it, and she appeared with it in her hands, and then pressed it to her heart, courtesying most gracefully.

Many years afterwards, when we were staying with my aunts at Banks, I happened to go into the hall about tea-time, and was startled by seeing a young man lying on the sofa, fast asleep. I went into the drawing-room, and told my aunts: they were equally mystified, and rang for the butler; but he knew nothing about it, and had let no one in. We thought it a pity to disturb the young gentleman's slumbers, and so we left him in peace. He turned out to be young Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's son, who was staying at Noblethorpe. Mrs. Clarke, of Noblethorpe, came in soon after, and solved the mystery, by explaining that she had told him to call at Banks, and wait for her there. Young Goldschmidt was very good-natured, but did not soar to things exalted, and understood, better than anything, the art of spending and wasting money; and of losing it, too, apparently; for one day he walked up to Hoyland, and, while hunting for something in his pockets, emptied the contents, which included a lot of money, on to a wall. For-

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getting what he had done, he walked away, and could not find it again, when he came back to look for it. Jenny Lind once said to Mrs. Clarke, "Ten months of Ernest! What will become of my poor nerves?"

Whilst on the subject of genius, I must mention the name of a very remarkable person whom we knew slightly—Madame Tussaud. She was a Suisse. Her mother, who was very handsome, had married *en secondes noces*, an old soldier of the name of Gresholtz. All countries have their distinguished names, and Gresholtz was as distinguished as any in Switzerland. He was, besides, a great hero, having served in the seven years' war, during which he had been fearfully wounded. He did not long survive his marriage, and the little Marie was a posthumous child.

Six years after his death, Mme. Gresholtz was persuaded by her brother to go to live in Paris. This brother had practised in Berne as a medical man, but the Prince de Conti, happening to see some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled by him in wax, was so struck by their extreme cleverness, that he called on M. Curtius, (such was his name), to congratulate him on his talent, and to persuade him to establish himself in Paris, promising him the support of many members of the Royal Family, and offering to provide him with suitable apartments at his own expense. M. Curtius had, so far, looked upon his modelling only as an amusement, but now, influenced by what the Prince said, he gave up the medical profession, and devoted himself to wax-work, which was then quite fashionable in Paris. He was very successful, and, having made money, returned to Berne, to take back to Paris his sister and her children. He adopted little Marie as his daughter, and she lived in his house.

At that time, the house of M. Curtius was the resort of all the talented men of the day, and there Marie Gresholtz

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met Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau, and La Fayette, who were all in the habit of dining frequently at her uncle's.

She subsequently wrote her memoirs, and in them are recorded many of the conversations she had heard, and the scenes she had witnessed, between Voltaire and Rousseau, who were always at daggers drawn. She describes Voltaire as very tall and thin, with a very small, shrivelled face. He wore a large flowing wig, and was generally dressed in a brown coat, with gold lace at the button-holes, and a waistcoat to match, with large lappets, reaching nearly to the knees; small-clothes of cloth, a little cocked-hat, large shoes, with a flap covering the instep, and striped silk stockings. He had a very long, thin neck, and, when full-dressed, had the ends of his neckcloth of rich lace, which hung down as low as his waist: his ruffles were of the same material, and, in accordance with the fashion of the day, he wore powder and a sword. He was immensely popular in Paris at this time.

Rousseau was much below the middle height, and inclined to be stout. He wore a short round wig with curls, and was generally dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, very plain, and much resembling the dress of a Quaker. But at one period of his life, he adopted the Armenian costume, wearing a long robe trimmed with fur, and a cap of the same material.

Dr. Franklin appears, from her account, to have been very agreeable. He was perfectly simple, and his manners were very amiable. He was a stout man, about five feet ten inches in height, his eyes were grey, and his complexion light; his hair was very long and grey; he always dressed in black, and his clothes were made in the old-fashioned style: he had, however, particularly fine legs, and was very proud of his dancing.

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The Marquis de la Fayette was a tall, handsome young man.

The Count de Mirabeau was somewhat stout, and wore a profusion of his own hair, powdered, and always in a wild state. His clothes were generally of black corded velvet, made in the fashion of Louis XIV. He was much pitted with the small-pox, and had very dark eyes, his countenance being particularly animated when speaking. He often dined at M. Curtius', but was much given to drinking, and, before he left the house, generally became so disagreeable, that M. Curtius always declared he would never ask him again: but such was the fascination of his character, that he was sure to receive another invitation, M. Curtius forgetting all his faults, when in the thrall of the talented orator. Although of noble birth, he displayed his contempt of rank and title, by renting a shop, where he sold cloth by the yard, to the immense disgust of the French aristocracy.

Marie Gresholtz did not, however, employ the whole of her time in entertaining guests: she early imbibed a taste for, and an interest in, that art in which her uncle excelled; and she arrived at such perfection in giving character to her portraits, that to her, whilst still very young, was confided the task of taking casts from the heads of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Mirabeau, and all the principal men of the day.

Amongst the many members of the Royal Family who visited Madlle. Gresholtz's studio, was Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister. She wished to learn the art of modelling in wax, and applied to Mlle. Gresholtz for instruction. She soon became so attached to her young teacher, that she begged M. Curtius to permit his niece to live at the Palace of Versailles, so that she might become her companion and friend. This was conceded, and Marie was soon required to sleep in the room next to the Princess's, in order to be near her, so fond had Madame Elizabeth become of her. Madame

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Tussaud says, "The Princess would frequently rise at six, and ride for an hour or two: then, having breakfasted, she would occupy herself with the tambour-working, reading, writing, and sometimes playing on the harpsichord, which, with other fashionable amusements, employed much of her time."

Louis XVI., she says, was an intellectual man, however he might lack that nerve and decision, which was so peculiarly demanded by the extraordinary events which took place during his reign, and by the very critical position in which he was placed. He did not enter freely into all the dissipation and extravagance of the Court, but he wanted the firmness and resolution to repress those costly banquets, and expensive nights of revelry, in which he would not participate. Instead of joining the gay throng, he would often retire to his studies. Though hunting was said to be his favourite recreation, Madame Tussaud said that lock-making was what he cared for most, and that he would be occupied for hours every day in making locks; many of those on the doors of the Palace of Versailles being made by his own hands. She said she had often opportunities of conversing with his Majesty, and ever found him very affable and unreserved in his manner, which was untainted by any assumption of pride or superiority; and his demeanour was perfectly free from that appearance of condescension, or air of protection, which persons of his rank so often adopt towards their inferiors.

Of all the interesting characters who were friends of Madame Elizabeth, Madame Tussaud was most charmed with the Princesse de Lamballe.

The little Dauphin was considered to be very like his mother; he had a fine head of curling hair, light blue eyes, and a countenance showing much sweetness of expression; he was dressed in a little blue jacket and trousers, like an

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English sailor. Madame Royale, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame Tussaud describes as a most charming little girl. She, like her brother, had beautiful light hair. She was decidedly a handsome child, usually dressed very simply, in a white muslin frock with a blue sash. She was lively and engaging in her manners; ever ready to converse freely with those with whom she came in contact; always intelligent, and generally in high spirits.

Madame Tussaud says that, on reflecting upon those days spent at the Palace of Versailles, she considers it remarkable how little notice appeared to be taken at Court of the political storms which were raging without; she remembers, however, often to have seen Madame Elizabeth weeping. She mentions how the Poissardes used to come to the Palace on every birthday in the Royal Family, with a *corbeille* of flowers, some twenty of them being admitted to the presence of the Queen, headed by a Madame Beaupré, who was usually bedecked with jewels, and gaily dressed for the occasion. She was the largest fish-dealer in the market, and considered as a person of high importance by her sisterhood.

One very interesting ceremony Madame Tussaud witnessed whilst at Versailles. A procession of monks came to the Palace for the purpose of raising money to ransom the French subjects who were in slavery in Algiers. The fathers wore a loose white gown, with a red cross and black cowl, and they were accompanied by many of the unfortunate beings who had already been released from the bondage and privations, which they had long endured, during their detention under the Dey of Algiers. Their appearance was such as to excite the deepest sympathy; they were dressed as sailors, and wore the chains with which they had been loaded in captivity: their beards had been suffered to grow, and their bodies were bent by the weight of the manacles, which they had been compelled ever to drag with them, as they pursued

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their weary toil. They applied for alms from house to house, and finally reached the Palace, where they were hospitably received. These miserable objects excited the deepest sympathy, and the contributions received were enormous. Ultimately, the released slaves were conducted to the Church, and, at the foot of the altar, their chains were knocked off.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille, the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls, was the Comte de Jorge, and he was brought to Madame Tussaud, that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and, when liberated, he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Madame Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends, for the same purpose: while descending the narrow stairs, her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling, when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand, and just prevented her from coming to the ground: "It would, indeed, have been a great pity, if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.

After Paris had become tranquil, Sovereigns and royal Princes from all parts of the world, visited the fashionable city, and M. Curtius' establishment was a great centre of attraction. Whenever any crowned head, or other celebrated character, came, M. Curtius made a point of attending them himself. In this way he accompanied Joseph II., then Emperor of Germany, through his museum, explaining every circumstance of interest connected with the different figures. The Emperor appeared to be delighted with all he saw, and expressed a wish to see the studio: so his Majesty was conducted down stairs, where his olfactory nerve was suddenly greeted with a perfume delicious to a German,

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and he lifted up his hands, and threw back his head, exclaiming, with an expression of extreme pleasure, "*Ach mein Gott!* there is sauer-krout." It was necessary, in order to reach the studio, to pass through the *salle-à-manger*, and no sooner was the door opened, discovering the family of M. Curtius at dinner over the tempting sauer-krout, than the Emperor exclaimed, "Oh! do let me partake!" Instantly a napkin, plate, etc. were produced, and his Imperial Majesty seated himself at the table, not suffering anyone to rise from it; but, joining the group *en famille*, he ate, drank, talked, laughed, and joked, with all possible affability, making himself as much at home as if he were in the Palace at Schönbrunn. Having consumed a large dish of sauer-krout, he remarked, "Now I have dined."

Madame Tussaud describes him as a tall, fine-looking man, with rather a fair complexion, and light hair, which was powdered; a well-formed aquiline nose, and the under lip rather prominent. He was dressed as plainly as possible, having merely a cocked hat, and grey great-coat; but he wore a very long tail, which reached quite down his back. He was brother to Queen Marie Antoinette.

It seems to me that Madame Tussaud's, or rather, Madlle. Gresholtz's, well-known talent for taking likenesses in wax, was really what saved her life when the Revolution broke out. She says, "One day, two gendarmes came for me, to go to the house of Marat, just after he had been killed by Charlotte Corday, for the purpose of taking a cast of his face. He was still warm, and his bleeding body, and the cadaverous aspect of his almost diabolical features, presented a picture replete with horror, and I performed my task under the most painful sensations." I have often looked at that cast of Marat, and thought what a work of genius it was.

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Madame Tussaud took a cast of the mutilated head of Charlotte Corday. The head of the Princesse de Lamballe was also taken to her, and her feelings, while performing that painful task, can be more easily imagined than described: the savage murderers stood over her, whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate and, to her, beloved Princess.

Madame Tussaud, and her mother and aunt, were, during the absence of M. Curtius, carried off to the prison of La Force, where they were shut up for three months. Amongst other prisoners, was Josephine, Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the wife of Napoleon, and Empress of the French. She had with her her little girl, afterwards Queen of Holland, and mother of Louis Napoleon. Their imprisonment was most severe.

Of Madame Tussaud's relations, three brothers and two uncles all perished in the defence of the Tuileries. She spent the remainder of her life in England, and died at the age of ninety. She was a most quiet, unpretending person, with a clever face, and always dressed in black. On a bench in the room in Baker Street, was a figure exactly like her, and nothing pleased her better, than that one should speak to the wax figure, mistaking it for the original.

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CHAPTER XXI.

One autumn I went with my mother to stay at Dalmeny, and we remained there for nearly two months, while my sister Eliza and my father were at Roddam. Dalmeny, in the autumn, is most lovely, and the views of the Firth of Forth and the islands are beautiful: there are endless walks in the neighbourhood.

I do not remember much about the *dramatis personæ* of our sojourn there: Lou Primrose always said that they were like the slides of a magic lantern, coming and going. One important slide was Mr. Tufnell, and we soon settled that he had *intentions*, Lou being his object. But we were all wrong: for, after their return to town, matters came to a crisis, and then, behold! it was not Lou at all, but Anne, who was the one preferred. She accepted him, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place very soon.

One little circumstance which I remember, was that of Lady Dalmeny coming into the room in triumph, with a pink sash and bow that she had herself made for the present Lord Rosebery! Lady Dalmeny had been Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, whom I have already mentioned, and she afterwards became Duchess of Cleveland.

Lord Elphinstone, and many others were there, and the whole party used to go long walks together; sometimes, too, an expedition was arranged, as Lord Rosebery was particularly fond of such outings: we used then to have post-horses, and go to some place of interest, and have our luncheon there.

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One day, I remember driving with Lou Primrose into Edinburgh: it was thick and misty, and nothing was to be seen before us; when suddenly, like the lifting of a curtain, the mist rose, disclosing a glorious picture of Edinburgh, that "most romantic town," in a perfect blaze of sunshine! I shall never forget the effect.

Lord Rosebery had married, in the first instance, Henrietta Bouverie, Lord Radnor's daughter, and had three children, Lady Harriet (who afterwards married Sir James Dunlop), and two sons—Lord Dalmeny, who was clever and intellectual, but ugly and short; and Bouverie Primrose, who was full of bonhomie and warm-heartedness. They lived at the old castle of Barnbougle, close to where Dalmeny now stands. His second wife was Anne Anson, my cousin.

Lord Rosebery saw to everything himself, and did things well: he had exquisite taste, and understood china, furniture, and, above all, cooking. He ordered the dinners himself, and there was no better cook in London than his. But his precision and attention to the minutiæ of this life was sometimes rather trying to those about him.

When I was staying at Dalmeny, I remember, I was reading one of Dickens' works, then coming out in numbers, and I used to leave my number on the drawing-room table; but the next morning I invariably found that it had been put back in its proper place amongst the others by Lord Rosebery. But what was nice about him was, that he always took an interest in, and was most ready to praise other people's things.

He had a very handsome establishment, with any number of men-servants, but, unfortunately, they were thoroughly well tutored as to what they were *not* to give you: all was strictly regulated according to *rank*. The thing that made me most angry, was, that my father and

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mother were not allowed coffee after dinner. One glass of wine, too, during dinner, was the allowance for ordinary mortals, and you never got more. If there was some one of superior rank present, then two glasses of wine made their appearance, and coffee afterwards; and even more was allowed, if the rank of the guests was very exalted.

When there was a regular dinner-party, they dined in the large dining-room, and Lord Rosebery appeared *décoré* with his green ribbon. He used to wear a wig; but had a new one at intervals, and each year it was a little greyer than the year before, till, at last, it became silvery white; at which point it was, perforce, allowed to remain unchanged. Before they started on their journey to or from Scotland, Lord Rosebery used to write a whole pile of letters, ordering the post-horses for every stage, bespeaking beds, and settling the details of all the dinners, which always included chickens.

I was sitting by Lord Rosebery one day at dinner, when, to my great delight, he spilt a whole glass of wine into a plate of game, to which I had just helped myself. I rejoiced that such an unpardonable sin was his doing, not mine.

Lord and Lady Rosebery, with Anne and Lou Primrose, used to come regularly every other year to Cannon Hall for the twelfth of August, and, I believe, there were few things they enjoyed more than their visits there. On the days when there was no shooting, we always went some expedition, and generally ended up with a visit to the peach-house, where every one ate as much as they liked; very different from what it was at Dalmeny (and at many other large establishments, too), where we used to be taken a long hot walk to *look at*, but not to *taste*, the peaches. Once, when my brother Walter and I were staying with the

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Roseberys for a few days, we were both delighted at hearing, on the morning after one of these pilgrimages of inspection, that all the peaches had been stolen in the night!

After one of their visits to Cannon Hall, the Roseberys had said good-bye, and had started with their four Barnsley posters; but, before long, the family coach reappeared, and all the party presented themselves in the drawing-room: they had had some terrible adventures: in going up the village hill, the horses, not used to double harness, had jibbed, or kicked, or plunged, and, in short, had done everything which they were not expected to do; so the whole party, nothing loath, had returned; and there they stayed for several days longer.

One day at Dalmeny a stream of blood was noticed in one of the passages, and it was traced to Lord Dalmeny's dressing room; when the door was opened, he was found lying dead on the floor, having broken a blood-vessel. Eventually, Lady Dalmeny married Lord Harry Vane, who afterwards succeeded to the dukedom of Cleveland. His widow died the other day (May 18th, 1901).

There were at one time three Duchesses of Cleveland. The old Duchess was quite a character. She was not visited, but went out into society as often as she could. My uncle Philip told me that she was very proud of her feet, which were extraordinarily small, and her great object was to display them as much as possible. If she went into the hall, there was always something to be done to her *chaussure*, tying or untying her shoe, etc., and some one had to go down on his knees to do it; the hall was full of shoes of all shapes and devices, to attract attention to the smallness of her foot. He told me that she took a fancy to going in a boat on the Serpentine, with her footman to row her; and she used often to go to sleep, leaving

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poor James, who did not dare to awaken her, watching her slumbering peacefully, while he contemplated the prospect of losing his dinner.*

From Dalmeny we went to Colonel Ferguson's, at Raith, in Fifeshire. He was a most hospitable host, and, though not a rich man, he kept the place in the most beautiful order. He used to turn out regular gangs of villagers, to sweep and keep in order the drives in the woods, and every tree on the estate was planted under his personal supervision. He was particularly anxious to shew us the place in its beauty, as the views of the coast of Fife and the Firth of Forth, with the Bass Rock, and the Islands of Inch Keith and Inch Combe, are noted: but, alas! for the three days we were at Raith, there was the thickest of mists, and nothing was to be seen: so we carried but few memories away with us.

While we were staying there, we met Mr. Tisdale, Lady Charleville's son. He was an old bachelor, and a regular *bon vivant*. Colonel Ferguson used to call him "My Tizzey." Tizzey told us that he had been staying at Scone, and the Ladies Murray had proposed to go an expedition, on which the men were to catch their fish, and the ladies were to cook them for luncheon, in the boat-house by the lake. Tizzey, was by no means happy, as he had no faith in ladies' cooking, and dwelt with dread on the luncheon in store for him. When the time came, the Murrays disappeared into their kitchen, and, before long, returned with white aprons on, each carrying a dish of fish, which turned

* I remember my uncle taking me once to dine with the Duchess. She had a doctor living with her, to attend to her health, but one of his chief functions appeared to be, cautioning her guests against indulging in side-talk at the table, as the Duchess did not like there being any conversation in which she was not the principal speaker.—S. P. J

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order. He used to turn out regular gangs of villagers, to sweep and keep in order the drives in the woods, and every tree on the estate was planted under his personal supervision. He was particularly anxious to shew us the place in its beauty, as the views of the coast of Fife and the Firth of Forth, with the Bass Rock, and the Islands of Inch Keith and Inch Combe, are noted: but, alas! for the three days we were at Raith, there was the thickest of mists, and nothing was to be seen: so we carried but few memories away with us.

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My father and sister had joined us at Raith, and we all went on to stay at Wishaw, Lord Belhaven's place in Lanarkshire. We had a most delightful visit there, and nothing could be more charming, or more truly kind, than both Lord and Lady Belhaven were. Knowing that we wished to see the country, they arranged that we should do

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so in the pleasantest manner. They used to order post-horses in the morning, which were put to Lord Belhaven's open carriage, and we were sent out for the whole day, with a well-stocked luncheon-basket. In this way we saw all Clydesdale, the falls of the Clyde, and the whole country round.

Lady Belhaven was full of wit and fun, and Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, who was staying there, afforded her a fund of amusement, with his round, white wig, his trim attire, and precise manners—"The little Admiral," as she always called him. We all went one day for a scrambling walk: we had to climb down the heather-clad hillside, and cross the river at the bottom by some stepping stones. "The little Admiral" offered "*en preux chevalier*," to take charge of all the ladies' umbrellas, to the tune of seven: but in the middle of the stream, something happened, and down went the umbrellas, one after the other, into the water, while the little Admiral was left standing on the stones, in doubt whether he should go in after them, or not! Sir Hew Dalrymple threw himself down on the bank, kicking up his legs, in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, and Lady Belhaven exclaimed in her native brogue, "Ech! Gude guide us! And what will become of the little Admiral?" There I am afraid I must leave him, as I do not remember more of the adventure, excepting that, somehow or other, we all got back safely.

The lawn at Wishaw was devoted to peacocks, and Lady Belhaven's great pleasure was to go out with her basket every morning to feed them. I think we stayed there nearly a fortnight.

I well remember the great Chartist day, the 10th of April, 1848. It was a most exciting day in anticipation, but one of the most quiet in reality. There were many rumours

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beforehand, of stores of arms having been seized; but, what was likely to happen, was all conjecture. No one really knew anything, but the Duke of Wellington, and he appeared, as usual, at every ball, was most reticent, and looked as if he had nothing to think of, but looking on at the dancing. Up to the very day itself, it was kept a profound secret as to where the regiments were to be posted; nor was it only the men who were kept in ignorance, not a single word had been said to any of the commanding officers.

On the 9th, we were dining in Langham Place, and my uncle Philip (General Stanhope) was there too: he was evidently much annoyed at being obliged to acknowledge, that he had not an idea where he and his men were to be posted the following day, and he kept saying, "It is most extraordinary that no orders are out." We were in the middle of dinner, when an orderly arrived, bringing instructions from the Duke of Wellington, that, at four o'clock the next morning, he was to march the Grenadier Guards to Millbank Penitentiary, and that the troops were to be closely hidden there, and on no account to shew themselves.

The 10th came, and nothing could be quieter than London: no wheeled vehicle was allowed in the streets, and the stillness was unbroken, save by the measured tramp of the special constables on the pavement, as they marched up and down their several districts.

My cousin, Lady Anne Primrose, was to be married in two or three days to Tuffey, as we called Mr. Tufnell, and he puffed up and down Piccadilly all day, guarding his love. Amongst the special constables, was Louis Napoleon, and he was in consequence nicknamed "*Le petit sergent-de-ville de Londres.*" Some people thought that, if the name stuck to him, it might do him a great deal of harm with the

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French, and act prejudicially against his ever acquiring that title which he coveted.

When we returned to Yorkshire, we found great disaffection throughout the country, and Chartism very rife. Everywhere large gangs of men were going about, stopping the mills, destroying the machinery, and obliging the mill-hands to join them; they also threatened the country houses. Mr. Walker, a mill-owner whom we knew at Seisset, was a great ally of Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury: when he heard a rumour that his mill was to be attacked in force, he went down to it, assembled all the men, and told them that the mill was to be attacked, and that he was sure they would be true to him, but that he must provide them all with the means of defending themselves; and he gave to each man a strong bludgeon. It was a fine thing to do; as, if there had been the slightest disaffection amongst them, he well knew he would have been arming them against himself: but, from the way in which he had always treated them, he felt great confidence in them. It was soon known that Walker's mill was armed; and, whilst other mills were attacked and wrecked, his was left quite unmolested.

At the time of the Chartist disturbances, my mother and I were once returning from a drive, when old Mitchel, her maid, came up to the carriage, white and trembling, and begged to be taken in, as, she said, the park was quite full of men. The coachman asked what he was to do: and we told him to drive on as fast as he could.

We soon got into the middle of the mob, and they looked such a wretched, half-starved set, that I said to my mother, "Oh! do speak to them." I knew that she had the power of speaking, and that no one would do it better than she. Accordingly we stopped the carriage, and she made them a very nice, kind, little speech. They seemed very pleased.

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But soon the leaders came up, and began speaking in a very rough and excited manner, so we thought it best to drive on, and get away from them.

We saw my uncle Collingwood, watching us from the lawn. My father was away at the time, having been obliged to go to Barnsley, but he had left my uncle in charge. He had received the Chartists, and had given them all a very good dinner, on the distinct understanding that they were to go off the premises, without doing any harm. When he saw them surrounding the carriage in the park, he was, naturally, very alarmed, and thought that they had broken faith. Luckily, however, this was not the case, and we reached home in safety.

* * * *

[Thus much was written, when Death closed the book; and the worker's work was done.

I should wish to refer to but one feature of the writer, because it alone cannot be read in her writings—her deep religious nature. Hers was a religion which was a guiding principle in life, but one which never obtruded itself on others: a religion of love and faith, yet strong enough to submit itself to the light of reason: a religion which must ever command respect at the hands of those from whom respect is worth the having.

The following stray note, found in her blotting-book, may form a not inappropriate conclusion to these pages:—S. P.]

> "It must always be remembered that we are told nothing whatever about that imaginary place called Hades; and I cannot but think that it is the very height of presumption for the inhabitants of this world to actually dare to arrange what is taking place in the

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next, as to which they *can* know nothing whatever. The very cleverest man that ever lived, knows no more about it than the most ignorant; and it would be well if our would-be teachers were to imitate the humility of Sir Isaac Newton, when he said, that 'we are like children playing on the sea-shore, with the great ocean of truth lying all undiscovered beyond us.' A day may come when those who have taught these fanciful doctrines, will awake to the reality of things, and wonder how they dared, in their ignorance, to teach the mere imaginings of their own minds."

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS

OF

JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE,

1810–1813.

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PART I.

Travels in Spain.

[The following pages I propose to devote to extracts from my father's journal, describing his travels in Spain, and his detention as a prisoner of war, in that country and in France.*

The object of his travels was, as I have already mentioned, an elucidation of the topography connected with some of the classical events of Grecian history.

My father, who was not quite twenty-three years old at the time, embarked on the 29th of January 1810, at Portsmouth, in a government frigate, *The Vestal*, for Lisbon, accompanied by Mr. Knox, afterwards Lord Ranfurly. Amongst those on board, was Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Stuart, our ambassador to Lisbon.—A. M. W. P.]

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* The first portion of my grandfather's journal, which deals with his travels in Spain, was written from day to day. The account of his imprisonment at Barcelona was written while he was in the dépôt at Verdun during 1811 and 1812; and the rest of his journal, up to the time of his escape, was written at Hohenlohe Palace in 1813. The approach of the French army then put a stop to such an occupation, and the remainder of his adventures were not committed to paper till the summer of 1813, when he was back in England.

About twelve years later he re-wrote his journals, and made certain additions to them, which are indicated as such in the present text. Some of these notes bear dates as late as 1838.

The extracts made by my mother represent about one-half or one-third of the complete journal. The indomitable courage and perseverance displayed by her, in undertaking and accomplishing such a task as that of extracting and copying out several volumes of faded manuscript, must appear little less than marvellous to those who knew the condition of her health at the time, and the difficulty which she had in even holding a pen.—S. P.

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February 23*rd*.—I was awakened by the intelligence that a French privateer was in sight. This was an effectual remedy to my sea-sickness, which I now totally forgot: I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and was upon deck in an instant. . . . . Unfortunately, the officers, in their over anxiety to make the capture, had fired a gun to bring the enemy to, and that, at the very time when he was making directly towards us, probably with the flattering hope of making an easy capture of us, under the supposition that our vessel was a merchant ship. This gun awakened the French Captain to a real sense of his danger, and he immediately veered round, and made all sail. . . . . Soon, night came on, and we saw no more of him.

The following day we were more fortunate: we perceived a vessel in the distance, and immediately gave chase. We were carried along by a fresh breeze, and came up with her in a few hours' time; she made no appearance of fight, but immediately struck. The Captain came on board, and, presenting his sword, shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, "*La fortune de la guerre.*" Our prize proved to be an American merchantman, which had been captured by *L'Invincible Napoléon*, the privateer which had escaped us on the previous day. . . . .

On Sunday, after going at the rate of 12 knots, we had, at length, the delight of finding ourselves at the mouth of the Tagus. A pilot came on board, and amused me not a little with his appearance and costume, so unlike anything I had ever seen before. He brought us some most unwelcome intelligence:—that Seville was taken, that the Junta had retreated to Cadiz, and that the siege of that city had commenced. . . . .

We soon entered the Tagus, the mouth of which is guarded, on the Lisbon side, by Fort St. Julian, on the other, by Fort Bruges. We glided up this magnificent river

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with a rapidity that scarcely allowed us time to enjoy the beautiful scene which opened before us, and came to an anchor opposite to the city.

The appearance of Lisbon, as we advanced up the Tagus, seemed to realise the beau ideal of our imaginations: it looked like the land of romance. . . . .

It is one of the peculiarities of Lisbon that there is a Gold-street, devoted entirely to the sale of golden or gilt articles, and a Silver-street, which is occupied entirely by silversmiths. The specimens, both of gold and silver work, as well as the variety of precious stones, are very beautiful; and it is probably to her connection with the Brazils, that Lisbon is indebted for her excellence in jewels. Whilst speaking of shops, I ought to commemorate my old blacksmith, who was the cause of no little amusement to me; indeed, I used to stop almost every morning opposite his shop, to indulge myself in a hearty laugh at his expense. There I always found him, seated with the utmost gravity, pursuing, with a sort of Portuguese nonchalence, the business of his trade, his head adorned with a cocked hat, the precise shape of those, which I had learned to consider exclusively devoted to assemblies and balls. A blacksmith in an opera hat! The idea appeared so absurd to me, that even the habit of seeing him daily, could not reconcile me to the sight. . . . .

I went a little voyage up the Tagus with Pavia and Vernon, ... and landed at a small village for dinner. . . . . We took a walk after our meal, and joined the French in the amusements of the villagers, whom we found a gay and lively race; indeed, so delighted were we with their merriness, with the beauty of the situation, and the coolness of the evening, that it was not till after repeated summonses from our boatmen, that we could be induced to

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go on board again. We pushed off amidst the "*Vivas*" of the inhabitants, and arrived at Lisbon without any further adventures. . . . .

February 27th.—I went to dine at Donna Maria di Piedad's. It was a dinner of more importance than any I had yet been at. The table was covered with innumerable dishes, of most of which I was obliged to taste: the whole concluded with an evening party. As I had not been prepared for this sort of fête, I had given no orders for a carriage to take me home, and I was, therefore, obliged to endeavour to explore my way back in a very dark night; no easy task for me, even by daylight, as the house was situated in a remote part of Lisbon. Launched, therefore, into the midst of the muddy streets of that metropolis, a single lamp to guide my wandering steps, assailed on all sides by the troops of dogs that infest the streets, my mind full of the stories of Lisbon stilettos, so frequently celebrated in English romance, I wandered, forlorn and hopeless, avoiding the approach of every human being, as that of an undoubted bravo; till, at length, I found that, instead of approaching to *Buono Ayres*, I was actually emerging into the country. I then retraced my steps, and, beginning to feel that, to pass the night in the streets was even more formidable than a stiletto, I sought the face of man with as much care as I had previously avoided it. Nor had I any reason to regret this determination, for, after having frequently lost my way amidst the worst streets of Lisbon, and recovered it by the assistance of the people whom I met, (by whom I was invariably received with kindness, instead of stilettos), I succeeded in effecting my return to the hotel. . . . .

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday.—The whole of these three days I was almost entirely confined to the house by the violence of the rain, for we were now at the com-

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mencement of the rainy season, which generally lasts for about two months, and, not unfrequently, impedes the march of the armies, from the circumstance of the rivers becoming impassable. Upon the last day, I was able to get as far as the Place of the Inquisition, where I bought a nice little pony. I mounted it, and was riding home, when I was overtaken by a most violent storm. The rain came down in torrents, and with such force, that I could hardly bear up against it. The thunder roared, and the lightning flashed in all directions. Though my situation was not the most agreeable, I could hardly help laughing to see how, in an instant, the streets were cleared, and left to solitude and to me. I afterwards heard that the lightning had struck a convent, and killed two nuns. . . . .

A Swiss General, then in the Spanish service, proposed to me to accompany him on his journey to Cadiz. I accepted the offer, as I thought it would be a more agreeable scheme than making a solitary tour in the north of Portugal, as I had been contemplating. We determined to start on the following Monday, to go by land to Vehlo in Algarve, and then make for Cadiz. I looked forward with great interest to the idea of being in a besieged town.

I called upon Mr. Stuart, the Ambassador, to inform him of my intended departure. He asked me to dinner; and, accordingly, at six o'clock, I made my appearance at the door of his hotel. The servants eyed me with amazement "*Ça ne peut pas*," said one of them; "*Mais il faut demander*," said the other; and ushered me into the drawing-room. He soon returned, and informed me that there must have been some mistake, for his Excellency did not dine at home, but that Mr. Casamajor, the secretary of legation, was going to dine in his room, and would be happy to see me there. I was nothing loath to exchange a diplomatic dinner for a snug one with an old Christ Church friend,

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and, accordingly, proceeded to Casamajor's room, where I found him dressing. I had not been there ten minutes, before another change took place in the scene: the *mâitre d'hôtel* entered the room in great trepidation, and stated that there had indeed been a mistake, that Mr. Stuart had never had the slightest intention of dining out; *cependant*, no dinner was ordered, and it was dinner time. But a French cook is never at a loss; the mistake was soon rectified; and, when we sat down, no one would have supposed that the dinner was an extemporised one.

Our party, indeed, was small; it consisted only of Mr. Stuart, Lord . . . ., Casamajor, and myself; but it was the sort of quiet party, calculated to draw out the talents of our minister, who made himself peculiarly agreeable. . . . .

Having taken leave of Knox, and made arrangements for our future meeting at Cadiz, I went, about one o'clock, to the hotel where General de Pintas lodged, followed by a black servant, whom I had engaged. We obtained some dinner, and afterwards got into a boat, accompanied by a Spanish Colonel, who was to be of our party. Our servants and horses followed in a larger boat. We proceeded rapidly on our course, as the wind, was favourable, but soon ascertained, to our astonishment and great annoyance, that our boatmen, though on their own Tagus, and in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon, were making a voyage of discovery. We actually stuck in the mud no less than three or four times, and at length, our boatmen refused to advance any further in these unexplored waters. The General flew into a violent passion, drew his sword, stormed, and uttered a volley of oaths, by means of which he succeeded, at length, in compelling the refractory boatmen to hoist their sails again, and we eventually made the shore at Moita, where we passed the night. . . . .

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The next day, after having swallowed a cup of tea, we mounted our horses, and commenced our journey. Our order of march opened with an advanced-guard of a muleteer and two mules, with a Swiss servant of the Brigadier following on foot. The General himself came next, mounted on his black charger, and dressed in a blue coat with silver at the cuffs, collar and shirt; a coloured waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and top boots; his meerschaum, his old and faithful companion, being in his mouth. I followed next, and after me, our two black servants. . . . . Next came the Colonel, in the uniform of his regiment, mounted on a beautiful cream-coloured Andalusian charger, and followed by his two servants, also in uniform. Last of all came the General's secretary, and his faithful old Swiss servant (also in regimentals), both mounted upon the same pony. The old Swiss always brought Corporal Trim to my mind, whilst his master was no bad specimen of a Swiss Uncle Toby, ... and was one of those remnants of the Swiss officers of former days, that are now fast fading away. . . . .

At Grandola we took leave of our Captain Major, who had been our host, and of all the inhabitants, who were assembled on this occasion. I ought honestly to confess the very ridiculous mistake I made with respect to the Captain. . . . . According to the Portuguese pronunciation, "Major" sounds very like Moore or More: the first time that I met with a Captain Moore, I was much surprised at finding any of that name in Portugal; but, when at every town, I found another Captain Moore, I could no longer refrain from expressing my astonishment at meeting with so many of that family, and *all* of them Captains. The laugh that was raised at my expense, may be easily imagined. I trust, however, that it may not be found necessary to amend the "Joe Miller," in order to insert this story on the authority of my name, particularly, as it may claim, if not a more ancient

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origin, at least an affinity to the old story of Mr. Dim Sassenach. . . . .

* (I am aware that all this part of my journal may be considered as detailing nothing but the places at which we ate, drank, and slept: but is not that the fate of most journals, except those written expressly for publication; and are not the latter frequently compiled afterwards, by one's own comfortable fireside? But this is not my intention: I may occasionally alter sentences, or let my pen run away with me; but I will not *compile* a tour: my journal shall stand mainly in its original form, with all its errors on its head.) . . . .

As our horses were knocked up, we determined to alter our course, and steer for the town of Lube (?), which was only half a league's distance. Upon our arrival there, we were surprised and amused to find that our appearance had created no slight consternation: all the houses were shut against us: indeed, when we came to that of the Captain Major, upon whom we were quartered, we were obliged to open the door ourselves, and make good our entrance. We found the lady of the house in tears; but, as soon as she was convinced that we were not Frenchmen, her fears subsided. I cannot say that their allowing so formidable a force as we constituted, to take possession of their town, without the slightest resistance, argued much in favour of the courage of the inhabitants of Lube. . . . .

Whilst speaking of my travelling companion, the Spanish Colonel, I ought to mention a circumstance, which served to place me on a more intimate footing with him. When I first heard that a sheep was to be killed at Loulé for our benefit, I wished to announce to him a piece of intelligence, that would be no less agreeable to him than to us: but I knew

* Inserted subsequently.

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little Spanish, and he knew less French: how was the important piece of intelligence to be communicated? I set out with "*Matan un*" .... What was the Spanish for sheep? There was the rub. I hesitated, considered; but all in vain: there was but one way to settle it: "*Matan un Ba-a a Loulé*," was my phrase. The Colonel burst into a roar, and from that moment we became the greatest friends. ....

At Faro, we were quartered in the house, or rather palace, of Don Fernandez di Mendoza. .... On Sunday the Bishop of Algarve arrived, in order to officiate at the Church. As soon as the service was concluded, we accompanied Mendoza to the episcopal palace, to pay our respects to the Bishop. As he was at dinner, we had leisure to examine his apartments. There were some good pictures, and a number of prints, hanging up, representing the miraculous intervention of Saints on behalf of certain highly favoured individuals. This at once gave me a clue to the character of the prelate, to whose coming I was looking forward with the greatest interest and curiosity. My reveries were at length interrupted by the approach of a venerable old man, with a countenance so benign, that it excited an immediate interest in his favour. He was followed, not by a train of fat and pompous priests, neither by one of wan and sallow monks, but by a splendid suite of aides-de-camp in full uniform; for the old man before me was, not only Bishop, but Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Algarve. There was a degree of delicacy and good taste in his reception of me, that gratified me much. Conceiving that kissing his episcopal ring must be unpleasing to me, he passed so quickly as not to give me time to do so, though, as he took me by the hand, no one could see whether I had kissed it or not. He hardly paid any attention to the two Spanish

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Colonels, who were received at the same time. Upon our rising to take our leave, the good old man suffered his zeal to carry him away: he began with the whole history of the Church of England from the earliest times, and traced it up to the present day. . . . .

In the evening, as we were sitting in the drawing-room, an order was brought to Mendoza to go instantly to the palace. The Brigadier, in the greatest consternation, took me aside, and communicated to me his suspicions that the French had advanced into the vicinity of the town. . . . . Next morning, he burst into my room and informed me that the Bishop had called out his army, and had laid an embargo on the port. . . . . I undertook to make an application for the release of the boatmen, whom we had engaged to transport us to Cadiz; but, on reaching the palace, I found that the military, had given way to the ecclesiastical duties, and that the Bishop and the deputy Governor were both at the Cathedral. . . . . As soon as the service was over, the Bishop, or as I ought, perhaps, in this place to call him, the General, called out his army. I went to the review of his troops: and never shall I forget the scene: it was inimitable, beyond even, I had almost said, the pencil of Hogarth. This formidable army consisted of 2,200 men, mounted and on foot: . . . . there was every species of costume; some were in regimentals of one colour, some in those of another; some in coloured clothes, and some in scarcely any clothes at all. Their arms consisted of pikes and old guns, and there actually was, I believe, one bayonet in the army. It was a perfect specimen of a levy *en masse*. The whole was commanded by the Captain Major, and the Bishop stood, as receiving General, under an umbrella. I went up to him, and kissed his hand: he received me most kindly, and whispered to me confidentially that there was no cause for any alarm. . . . .

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Having succeeded in getting the embargo on our boatmen removed, we went on board. . . . . When we had got fairly out to sea, I turned to examine the frail boat, which bore us and our fortunes; and a slight glance served to convince me that it was very questionable whether we should ever see land again. . . . . For two nights and one day did we sit in this miserable open boat, with the waves breaking over us, and with no other covering or protection but our cloaks. To render my situation still more agreeable, I was sea-sick during the whole voyage. Our cargo consisted of coals and fowls; and, when we first sailed, the grand chorus of the old cocks was, literally, stunning: but, as we proceeded, it gradually subsided, and the crows got fainter and fainter: the feeble, almost melancholy tone awoke my compassion, and I could easily fancy that they, too, were participating with me in the horrors of sea-sickness. . . . . At seven o'clock in the morning of the 27th of March we landed at Cadiz. . . . .

* (Even at this distance of time, (1822), I cannot look back without emotion to the noble enthusiasm, which was excited in England, by the rising of the Spanish patriots. Their fortresses, their capital and their principal cities in possession of the French; without troops, without armies, without leaders; the Spanish nation rose with one accord, to avenge the signal act of treachery, by which their King had been deprived of his throne and his liberty. No sooner was their rising known in England, than a corresponding sensation showed itself at once throughout the whole country: feelings of the warmest interest succeeded to those of hostility; all party spirit was annihilated, and men of all ranks and situations were absorbed by one common feeling—that of supporting the patriots of Spain.

* Inserted subsequently.

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It is not, therefore, surprising, that, animated by such sentiments, people in general did not then look at the state of affairs in a calm and dispassionate manner; but now, on looking back to the past, it seems extraordinary that even ministers themselves should have been so carried away by the general enthusiasm, as not to perceive how little dependence is to be placed on the efforts of mere popular insurrection.

After the battle of Vimieiro, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, Sir John Moore received orders to march into Spain. He was to be joined by an additional force under Sir David Baird, which was to be landed at Corunna.

There was, perhaps, at this time, no man in the army whose character stood higher than that of Sir John Moore. He appears to have been a man of the most amiable disposition, of the highest principles, and of the most undaunted courage: by those under his command, he was adored. In the hour of battle he had the most perfect self-possession, and a confidence in his troops, and in himself, which alone was sufficient to ensure success. Though not a fortunate general, he was esteemed one of the most able in the British service, and it gives me pleasure to add, that I have since heard French officers, who served against him, give the highest testimony in favour of his military conduct. How far his political opinions, which were hostile to Government, might add to the difficulties of his situation, I cannot judge, but that circumstance, undoubtedly, weighed upon his own mind. I can myself scarcely suppose that there could be any real want of confidence on the part of ministers in one whom they had selected out of the ranks of their opponents, expressly on account of his talents: his success would have been theirs; their cause was the same as his. But it is to this very susceptibility, this want of moral courage, and his readiness to sacrifice his own repu-

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tation to the cause in which he was engaged, that his misfortunes are principally to be attributed.

His advance into Spain betrays, both on his part, and on that of the Government, a most absolute ignorance of the real state of that country. Because they heard of Spanish armies in the field, they idly supposed that they were armies in the real sense of the word, and not a mere collection of peasants, undisciplined, and, chiefly, unarmed; officered by men as ignorant of their profession as themselves, and commanded by a general, who had, probably, been selected, only on account of his political situation or personal influence. With armies so composed, they actually sent a British force to co-operate. . . . .

Sir John Moore had not been long in Spain, before he discovered the mistake that had been committed, and the danger of his situation: he saw at once, that the course which he ought to adopt, was to retreat upon Portugal, fall back upon his resources, and rely entirely upon his own means. But what would they say to this at home? The enthusiasm of the people was not yet damped, and their expectations were raised to the highest pitch. Could he retreat, when they were looking forward to victory? There was the difficulty. Cautious and timid policy on his part, would have excited universal discontent; the ruin of the cause would have been attributed to him; while the ministers, who did not like him, would come in for their share of the blame, and would make him the sacrifice, and his bright name would be tarnished for ever. In spite of these thoughts, which harassed his mind, he had at length determined to retreat on Portugal, when a communication from Mr. Frere, our Minister at Madrid, induced him, unwillingly, to act against his conviction. . . . .

It is a great misfortune that Englishmen carry with them the love of party into foreign countries. Sir John Moore

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took, perhaps, too desponding a view of the state of Spain, whilst Mr. Frere fell much more into the contrary extreme. Enthusiasm in the cause of liberty may be an amiable feeling, but it is not one that should sway the mind of the diplomatist. Yet it was otherwise with Mr. Frere: ardent in the cause of the patriots, he was totally blind to their real situation, and became an easy dupe to the artful man who then governed Spain—Don Morla. The abilities of Don Morla and his son, together with the uprightness of their conduct during a long residence in Cadiz, had obtained for them the respect, I may almost say the veneration, of their fellow-citizens. . . . . To this reputation they were indebted for their elevation to the highest offices in the state. But no man's character can be truly estimated till he has been tried. Raised, as they had been, by the voice of the people to the most exalted situation to which a subject could aspire; charged with the sacred duty of restoring the liberty and independence of their country; they were, still, not proof against temptation: and the rulers of Spain became the tools of Buonaparte.* The plans for the destruction of Sir John Moore and the army were matured, and the English minister was to become the unwitting agent by whose means it was to be effected.

When Mr. Frere heard of Sir John Moore's intention of retreating on Portugal, he sent to him by Colonel Charmilly so strong, indeed, so violent a letter, as to draw upon him a very severe reprimand from that General: this he soon followed by another letter, stating, that the people of Madrid had risen with the greatest energy, and were determined to defend themselves to the last; that, if Sir John Moore persisted in his retreat, Spain would be lost, and he would

* Following the precedent of Sir Walter Scott, I have not altered this spelling to the more correct Bonaparte. It was in 1796 that Napoleon dropped the "u" in spelling his surname.—S. P.

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be the sole cause of her destruction. This was accompanied by the strongest remonstrances on the part of the Spanish Government. Sir John Moore, though fully convinced in his own mind that little reliance was to be placed on the tumultuous efforts of the population of a city like Madrid, had not nerve enough to stand by his own opinion; he chose rather to sacrifice himself and his army, than to expose himself to the reproach of having occasioned the failure of the patriotic cause in Spain. He accordingly made a rapid march on Madrid, and was on the point of attacking Soult, when he learned, by an intercepted despatch, that Buonaparte was marching against him in person, and that he was in imminent danger of being surrounded. The consequence was—his celebrated retreat.

It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion as to the manner in which this retreat was conducted. I have already given that of a French General who was employed in the army by which he was pursued: but, perhaps, the highest praise that can be given is, that the pursuit was, in the first instance, conducted by Buonaparte in person, and, subsequently, by Soult and Ney, under Buonaparte's express direction; and that, yet, Sir John Moore succeeded in effecting his escape, without once being *entaméd;* crowning his efforts by the victory of Corunna; a victory which, sealed, as it was, by his own blood, ought to wash out of memory any errors that he may have committed.

As I have associated with many of those who were personally engaged in that memorable retreat, it may not be amiss to state what I have been able to gather from their remarks. I may say, then, that, as far as Astorga, the retreat was actively conducted, and that, to the rapidity of its march, the army was indebted for its safety: but, from that period at which there appeared no further occasion for so rapid a movement, its celerity was *increased.* Yet the army

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was passing through a mountainous country, which, at every step, offered it a formidable position, pursued by a force, which it might have defeated at any time, with as much ease as it subsequently did at Corunna. It appears, also, that the troops suffered more from the rapidity of the march, than they could have done in any general engagement. But it is not easy to form a correct opinion on the subject, without knowing the situation with respect to provisions and money, and, also, without being able to judge, whether there was really any danger of their retreat being cut off.

I have, also, been informed that Sir John Moore ought not, on any account, to have evacuated Corunna: that he might have defended it against all the efforts of the French: that he should have fortified it, and there waited for reinforcements, and assisted in keeping up the spirit of the insurrection, and in organising a system of *petite guerre* in the midst of the mountains, where the efforts of a few peasants might frequently have checked the movements of the French armies. All the advantages, however, which might have been derived from our possession of such a place and fort as Corunna, were given up; and the town fell into the hands of the French.

Undoubtedly, as a diversion, Sir John Moore's advance into Spain fully succeeded, and, probably, saved the Peninsula; but, as that was not a result upon which he calculated, I doubt whether it can be adduced as a justification for a measure undertaken against his own judgment. Subsequent events have shown how much higher his reputation would have stood, had he persevered in his original intention. What the Duke of Wellington now is, Sir John Moore might, possibly, have been.) . . . .

On arriving at Cadiz, I accompanied Mr. Dumalet to the house of Mr. Duff, the English Consul. I found a very

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fine old man, whose manners offered an excellent specimen of the *vieille cour*, such as we might have supposed to have prevailed in the time of Spanish glory: he answered to our beau ideal of a Spanish Don, and might, with a very little stretch of imagination, have been taken for a grandee of the time of Cervantes. He invited me to dinner, and recommended some lodgings to me. At dinner I met Mr. Frere and his brother, who were staying in the house; the rest of the party was composed, principally, of naval officers, amongst whom was Captain Purvis, son of the Admiral who had then the command of the fleet off Cadiz. He informed me that Lord Collingwood was dangerously ill, and was on his return home; that, probably, the first east wind would carry him past the port; and he proposed to take me on board the flag-ship the following morning, and to present me to his father, Admiral Purvis.

March 29th.—Immediately after breakfast, I accompanied Captain Purvis on board the Admiral's ship, and was presented to him. I was received very kindly by him, and invited to dinner. I returned to shore; and then went to pay my respects to the minister, Mr. Wellesley, from whom, also, I met with the kindest reception, as well as an invitation to dinner on the following day.

When I returned to the ship, I found the Admiral looking out of the cabin window, with his telescope in his hand, and was informed by him that the *Ville de Paris* was then in sight, and that he was going to meet her. I requested to be allowed to accompany him, to which, after some hesitation, he consented.

We snatched a few mouthfuls of dinner, whilst sailing to meet a smaller vessel that was to take us out. As soon, however, as we went on board, we were informed by the Captain, that the *Ville de Paris* had announced by tele-

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graph that Lord Collingwood was no more. This, of course, put a stop to our intended proceeding . . . .

Though I had not seen Lord Collingwood since I was a child, I could not but feel very much shocked at the death of a relation, of whom I had so much reason to be proud. To me individually, his death at that moment was a serious loss; upon him I had depended for advice and assistance; and it is obvious that, to a young traveller, his assistance would have been of the utmost importance. But to my brother William, his loss was irreparable: it was one that blighted all his hopes in the bud. Whilst Lord Collingwood lived, no man entering the profession had higher prospects than my brother: but they were all buried in his grave. The remembrance of past services is soon erased from a minister's memory.

Lord Collingwood had sacrificed his life to his country, and to the full as much as had done his friend and commander, Lord Nelson. But Nelson's death was glorious: he fell in the hour of victory amidst a nation's tears. Poor Collingwood resigned his life to his country, because she required his services: he yielded himself as a victim to a painful disease, solely occasioned by his incessant and anxious attention to his duties, when he knew from his physician that his life might be spared, if he were allowed to return to the quiet of a domestic life. Must not his mind have sometimes recurred to his home; to his two daughters, now grown to the age of womanhood, but whom he remembered only as little children: so long had he been estranged from his country! Must not he have felt how delightfully he could spend his old age in the society of his family, at his own house of Charlton, the ancient possession of his ancestors, which had been left to him by my uncle, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which he had gained during his professional career! What a

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contrast did the reverse of the picture shew! A lingering disease, a certain death. He repeatedly represented the state of his health to the Admiralty, but in vain; his country demanded his services; he gave her his life: and without even the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice he was making would be appreciated. "If Lord Mulgrave knew me," said he, in one of his letters to my father, "he would know that I did not complain without sufficient cause."

As I thought it proper to abstain from going out for a day or two, I wrote to decline Mr. Wellesley's invitation. I spent the day in walking backwards and forwards between the post and my lodgings, in the hope of seeing my brother. In this I was unsuccessful; and, meeting a midshipman of the *Ville de Paris*, I requested him to tell my brother where he would find me. . . . .

March 31st.—I remained at home in the expectation of seeing my brother. Whilst I was pondering in my mind the various alterations that so many years might have made in his appearance, I observed a midshipman walking up the Calle de la Morga, accompanied by an officer of Marines: they walked up to the house in which I lived, and came into my room. Instead of the tall stripling, that I had represented to my mind's eye, I saw a thick-set, sturdy, little fellow, who looked the less, from the contrast he formed to the tall Marine officer, who stood beside him. Could this be William, or was it a friend of his, bringing me a message from him? For a short moment we stood looking at each other in silence; at length he exclaimed "John:" I replied "William:" and we both burst out laughing.

The Marine officer left us to ourselves, and much we had to say to each other. William brought me an invitation to dinner from his captain, Captain Thomas, and informed me that Mr. Cosway, Lord Collingwood's secretary, wished

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to have some conversation with me. I accordingly went on board the *Ville de Paris*. After having had a long conversation with Mr. Cosway, I determined to follow his advice, which accorded with the plan Lord Collingwood had formed for my brother, and to send the latter home, that he might be placed with a private tutor, in order to attend to such parts of his education as must necessarily have been neglected on board a ship.

An order had arrived from the Admiral, to transfer the dinner-party to his cabin in his ship. We accordingly adjourned there. It was so late when I got back to shore, that the gates of the town were shut, and I should have found myself in an awkward position, had I not been in company with Captain Stackpole, whose position as an officer in the Navy, obtained entrance for us both. . . . .

On the 4th, when we had been dining with Mr. Duff, my brother returned to the Consul's house, after having in vain attempted to get a boat to carry him to his ship, as the night was so stormy. Just as we were discussing the danger of his getting into a scrape, we were relieved from our distress, by the entrance of Captain Thomas himself, who gave him leave to remain on shore. We adjourned to my quarters, where we were surprised by the appearance of Knox's servant, who came to inform us of his master's arrival. We accompanied him to a miserable café, where we found Knox, seated at a small table, looking as if he were anything but comfortable. He had just arrived from Ayamonti. We took him to our quarters, where we had secured a bed for him.

April 7th.—William came on shore. We passed the evening at the house of an English merchant, as we did the following evening, also, when the weather proved so stormy, that William could not get back to his ship, but slept at my quarters.

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As the *Ville de Paris* was ordered back to her former station, I removed William into the Admiral's ship. Poor fellow! he came to me one day in great indignation against his captain, whose name, I am happy to say, I do not remember; he had had the brutality to address him with, "Go down below, sir; you are not with Lord Collingwood now." I could hardly persuade my brother to go back to the ship.

April 9th.—Knox and I dined at Mr. Wellesley's, went afterwards to tea at Madame de Mélet's, and from there to a *tertulia* at the Marquesa di Montijos. A *tertulia*, translated into English, would be an assembly, but it is of a very different description from those to which we are accustomed in London. A Spanish lady of rank opens her house on fixed days to receive her friends, and to pillage them at the faro table. Upon our first introduction, we were presented to the Marquesa, to whom we had to stammer out the usual compliment of, "*A los pies di usted:*" . . . . the lady's reply is in as oriental a style, "*Baso las manos di usted,*" to which she adds, that the house is "*para servir a usted;*" which last speech gives you access to the house, whenever it is open to general society. Once admitted you may make yourself at home, and be quite at your ease, except in one particular; but that exception is a cruel one; for it consists in a prohibition of any attempt to enter into conversation with those lively, graceful, little beings, whose soft, black eyes make an involuntary impression on your heart. . . . . But beware! there stands behind the smiler, not a duenna, such as is represented on the stage, or such as you may still see walking behind her mistress in the streets of Cadiz; but a grim, black, ugly grandee, ready to avenge with the stiletto every tender glance that you may dare to give to the lady of his love. . . . .

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A Spaniard is as prone to jealousy now, as ever he was: but he is no longer jealous of his wife: the jalousies attached to the windows are the only traces of the restrictions to which the women were formerly subjected; but the passion still burns as strong within him; it has only changed its object, and he is now jealous to excess of the lady to whom his heart is devoted: for a Spaniard, generally, has two wives; the wife of *convenance*, and the wife of affection. . . . . To a woman, the Cortejo is as necessary an appendage in public, as a footman is to a woman walking in the streets of London.* . . . . The feeling of jealousy is by no means confined to the man; and it shows itself, quite as violently, in the character of a Spanish woman, the desertion of a Cortejo being frequently not left unrevenged by the forsaken beauty. Even the slightest conversation with another woman, is sometimes visited with her severe displeasure. How far this singular state of society may be productive of immorality, it is not my wish to enquire; . . . . but such a custom is totally destructive of all general society, and makes an assembly a mere reunion of isolated pairs. This, perhaps, is of little importance, when it is considered that the occupation selected for the evening amusement, is the faro table. . . . The table is surrounded by women of all ages, and behind each of them is generally seated the Cortejo, to whom she applies for money, whenever her own resources fail. . . . .

For my own part, I did not enter into the amusements of the *tertulias*, but contented myself with being a quiet spectator of the scene before me, and watching the various countenances of the ladies under the excitement of gambling; and I do not know a more melancholy sight, than to see a

* My grandfather himself was subsequently appointed Cortejo to a recently married young woman.—S. P.

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pleasing, perhaps, a beautiful, countenance writhing under the anguish produced by one of the most violent, yet contemptible, passions, by which human nature is disgraced. . . . .

April 15*th*.—William came to take leave of me. He was to return to England in the *Rota*. We were delayed some time, waiting for some of his linen, which had been sent to be washed; till, at length, as the vessel was actually under weigh, I persuaded him to leave it to its fate, and hurried him away to the port. The officer had given him up, the *Rota's* boat was gone, and she, also, seemed to be in a fair way to be gone out of his reach. However, he got into a shore boat, and pushed off after her, and I saw no more of him. . . . .

April 18*th*.—I went in a boat to see the Fort of Matagorda with Colonel Landsman. He had been charged, as engineer-in-chief, with the care of all the Spanish forts. As we approached the rock on which Matagorda was built, "Now," said he to me, laughing, "prepare for a shot; we are at this moment precisely in the line of the French fire; their shells generally pass over Matagorda, and fall exactly where we are." We passed the line, however, in safety, and landed at the fort. The Colonel took me over it, and shewed me everything worth notice. . . . .

April 21*st*.—At a very early hour in the morning, I was suddenly awakened by a most tremendous noise: it was as if all the artillery of the French army were opened upon the town. In full conviction that such was the case, I jumped out of bed, hurried on my clothes as fast as I could, and ran out of the house. I found an universal alarm: people issuing out from every door, running in all directions, and all looking the picture of amazement and fear.

I made the best of my way to the ramparts, when I soon ascertained the cause of alarm. The French had opened a tremendous fire on Matagorda. It appeared, afterwards,

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that they had been for some time quietly engaged in erecting, under cover of the ruins of the houses, a new battery at Trocadero, consisting of twelve pieces of cannon of thirty-two and twenty-four pounds, and a great quantity of shells. This, and all their other batteries, they had now opened on Matagorda, which, being situated on a rock close to this coast, was in the immediate vicinity of their batteries, and was fully exposed to their fire, as there was no cover, and no part of the fortress was bombproof.

Originally, upon the first appearance of the French, all the works had been blown up, and the fort evacuated: but, upon the arrival of the English troops, it had been re-opened: but, either there had not been sufficient time, or it had not been deemed advisable, to restore the works.

The fire still continued with the greatest vigour. We spent the morning in the streets, and principally on the ramparts. It was altogether a singular scene. The city was, naturally, in the utmost agitation whilst so heavy a cannonade was going on in her immediate vicinity: the people were collected in all parts of the streets, talking over the passing events with various emotions. The Spanish ship *Francesca di Paula*, had been struck by fifteen red-hot shots, and had caught fire. The Spanish sailors immediately jumped overboard; but, fortunately, there were two hundred English sailors on board, who were not to be so easily alarmed, and who proceeded to extinguish the flames.

We agreed with our friends, to dine together at a Posada, at one o'clock, and walk afterwards to Puntalis, that we might have a nearer view of the fight. We were soon *en route*, for, at such a moment, we felt but little inclination to dawdle over our dinner.

The road to Puntalis is along the coast, so that, during the whole walk, we had the full advantage of the sight: and a more interesting, indeed, a more beautiful scene, can

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scarcely be imagined. . . . . The French batteries were keeping up an incessant and tremendous fire upon Matagorda, which was responding most gallantly. The ships of war, which stood formerly close to the French coast, were now ranged close to the Cadiz side, feeling the necessity of keeping at a respectful distance: these, with the gun boats, which formed a regular line, were launching forth engines of destruction. The innumerable shells that crossed each other in the air, the roar of the cannon, and the whole animation of the scene, contrasting with the tranquil beauty of the Bay, which was the theatre of action, formed a most striking picture.

Just as we approached Puntalis, we met General Graham and his staff, returning from Matagorda, where he had been himself, to inspect the state of the fort. In a few minutes' conversation which I had with him, he observed to me, "That is a little fort, which we shall be obliged to evacuate;" adding, that "the fire was so severe, it would grind the rock to powder." . . . .

The fire continued incessantly the whole succeeding night, and at ten o'clock the fort was blown up and evacuated. Captain Maclean, the Governor, a gallant Highlander, was the last man to leave it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could, even then, be induced to abandon a fort that had been left to his charge. . . . .

Next to him, perhaps, Lord Macduff became the most celebrated amongst the defenders of Matagorda. He, as Mr. Wellesley remarked, really loved the smell of powder, and could not, therefore, resist the temptation of being in the midst of so animating a fight, where he was quite sure of having as much of that same perfume as his heart could desire: and he was, indeed, most fortunate; for he received a wound, which only served to render him more interesting, whilst it proved of no very serious consequence: one of the

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smaller bones of the leg was said to be affected, and it lamed him for the time. . . . .

April 29th.—Sir Charles Cotton arrived to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. Joseph Buonaparte is expected at Chiclano, and the French have appeared before Carthagena. . . . .

Among those whom we used to meet at Madame de Mélet's little soirées, was a sort of Hispano-Irishman, who was a source of no little amusement to us—a General Macdonald—who, though his family had been established for two or three generations in Spain, was as genuine an Hibernian as could be found on the banks of the Shannon. . . . . There was something peculiarly Irish, too, in his military rank, if I may so call it, that, had I not seen enough not to be much surprised at any act of the Spanish Government, I should have suspected that they had given him his promotion as a quiz; for, not content with having made him a *General* in the *Navy*, they actually made him Maréchal de Camp for losing his ship at the battle of Trafalgar. . . . .

May 16th.—We saw a most singular and magnificent sight—a man-of-war on fire, and blazing in the midst of the sea. It was a Spanish pontoon, in which were 1,700 prisoners, 300 of whom were officers. During the night, the cables had been cut, and the ship had drifted towards the opposite shore; and the Frenchmen had seized the opportunity of effecting their escape, some by swimming, and others by floating on casks. Our Admiral, after giving them fair time to save themselves, gave orders for red-hot shot to be fired at her, which succeeded in setting her on fire: but, for our humanity in delaying the adoption of this expedient, and preferring the escape of the prisoners to burning them alive, we were much blamed by the Spaniards. . . . .

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Situated as Cadiz is, almost in the midst of the sea, the constant breaking of the waves was sufficient to endanger, not only the walls of the city, but even the neighbouring houses. A Spanish engineer undertook to provide a security against so alarming a danger. He effected his purpose, by placing, at certain intervals, large planks extending some distance into the sea; these intervals he filled up with stones, and cemented it with a peculiar species of mortar, which had the advantage of becoming hardened by the effects of time and the exposure to weather. The wall above, he built in the shape of a bow. By these means the force of the waves was effectually broken; but, in opposition to his express injunctions, his work was not kept in repair, and this neglect has produced its usual effect, and the whole is in a very dilapidated state, a great part of the cliff having sunk. . . . .

May 29th.—The members of the Regency arrived at Cadiz, where they were to take up their residence. . . . . An absurd occurrence took place, which afforded no little amusement to the inhabitants of Cadiz. As it was the eve of St. Fernando, the Spaniards set all the bells ringing, and celebrated the day with the customary festivities: the French at Trocadero, alarmed at the extraordinary excitement, and many of their superior officers recognising a sound to which they had once been accustomed, imagined that they heard the tocsin, and, concluding that all the inhabitants were about to rise *en masse*, called out the garrison, and prepared for defence. . . . .

The situation of Spain at this moment was altogether singular: the French had, indeed, overrun nearly the whole kingdom, but still, they possessed only the ground upon which they stood: the war had been conducted at first upon a most erroneous principle; but dearly bought experience had, at length, taught the Spaniards how to contend, and

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successfully too, with the Man of Destiny. It had taught them, that armies composed of peasants, and raw recruits led by officers as ignorant as themselves, and commanded by generals who had never seen a shot fired, were unable to cope with the veterans of France: it had taught them, too, that in their mountain fastnesses they might laugh at the efforts of these veterans: that, when a nation was determined to be free, however consummate might be the skill of the general, or superior the discipline of the troops, all their efforts would be unavailing.

From the information I was able to procure, I believe that the establishment of the guerilla system was mainly due to Lord Wellesley. He arrived in Spain at a time when the cause of the country was generally considered to be hopeless, but, with the eye of genius, he at once comprehended her position, and fixed upon the line of policy to be pursued. Whilst most Englishmen thought that the cause of Spain was lost, he invariably maintained that she never would be conquered. He knew the character of the people, and judged correctly. . . . .

May 30th.—We received a message from Mr. Wellesley, offering, if we liked it, to present us to the Regency: an offer which we willingly accepted. We put on our uniforms,* and proceeded to the custom-house, which had been appropriated to the Regency, as their place of residence. The guards which had been drawn up in front of this building, consisted of two troops of cavalry, equipped, in honour of the day, in their new uniforms. The one was dressed in the old Spanish costume, having been plunged into breeches not unworthy of the best days of Holland: (I wonder whether that fashion was introduced into Spain by Charles V., in honour of his

* As my grandfather was never in the army, I conclude that his uniform, which he mentions on several subsequent occasions, was that of the Yeomanry or Volunteers.—S. P.

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Flemish subjects?): the other was cased in armour as Cuirassiers; and most burdensome did they find their new shells, for I saw several of them making various unsuccessful attempts to mount their horses.

Upon entering the custom-house, we found numbers of Spaniards who had flocked to pay their court to their new rulers. All the old state dresses had been raked out of their hiding places, and were well calculated to illustrate the want of taste, as well as excessive love of splendour, of the Spaniards. There was no want of gold keys, the distinguishing mark of a *ci-devant* chamberlain, now, the sad memorial of departed greatness. To me, it seemed almost like a mockery, as if the casket were gone, and all that was left was the key. There was, indeed, something melancholy in this shadow of the former magnificence of the proudest aristocracy in Europe. I must, however, acknowledge, that we felt much more inclined to ridicule their appearance and costume, than to pity their misfortune. I heard an English general whisper to James Stanhope, as we approached his majesty, "Stanhope, have them all down." Few men were abler caricaturists than he was.

The Regency took their places at the top of the room. As soon as Mr. Wellesley arrived, he advanced at the head of his suite, followed by the English who were present, and who formed not the least distinguished part of the court, for all the Generals, Admirals, and officers of the fleet were there.

We were separately presented to Castaños, who, being president, represented the sovereign. He performed his part very well, and received us royally enough. "There are our Spanish Cuirassiers," said he to Mr. Wellesley, making one of his new Cuirassiers advance. . . . .

In honour of the King's birthday, Mr. Wellesley gave a full-dress dinner, to which we were invited, and went in uniform. The company consisted of Castaños, as president

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of the Regency, and many of the most distinguished grandees. . . . . In conformity with the customs of the Spaniards on such occasions, a *cornet* was placed in every plate, that the visitors might carry off a due proportion of the bonbons. . . . . All the foreigners present filled their *cornets*, and carried them off. As we were afterwards standing in the drawing-room, "Stanhope," said Colonel Ramsden, "I wish you would give me that *cornet* which is in my hat near you:" I, not suspecting any malice, immediately handed the *cornet* to him. "You have got into a pretty scrape," said he; "you have taken the *cornet* out of the hat of the Portuguese minister, and that, too, before his face." Upon this I asked him to give it me back: "No," said he, "I did not take it; but, now that I have got it I shall keep it." The Portuguese minister must have thought my conduct somewhat extraordinary; however, he did not allow the loss of his *cornet* to affect his good humour. . . . .

Knox had already had enough of continental travelling, and had now returned home; and the Brigadier had, also, set off for England: I was thus deserted by my friends. . . . . And here, in justice to Knox, I am bound to say that never, during the whole course of the time we had been together, had we had the slightest difference; never been obliged to follow Lord Northland's advice, which was, in case of a quarrel, to settle our dispute by fighting with two bottles of mousseu champagne, first shaking them, and then cntting the strings by which the corks were held. I think that, in such a dilemma, we should have preferred settling it, by emptying the bottles. But, in truth, to quarrel with Knox was impossible, for there lives not a man of a more amiable or kind-hearted disposition.

Deserted by my fellow-travellers, I lived more in the society of Taylor and Pearce, to which we had soon the

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addition of Mr. Haygarth and Captain Light, who were on their way to Greece. Greece was the sort of ultimate object of my aspirations, but hitherto I had viewed it as something in the distance, Sicily being what I had more immediately in view. But the opportunity thus offered of accomplishing my wishes in the company of men of such distinguished talents, soon decided my plans, and I resolved to accompany them on their tour. As, however, they were sailing in a few hours, I had to content myself with making my arrangements, so as to overtake them at Gibraltar. . . . .

An amusing occurrence took place that day at dinner. I was dining at a very good restaurant with a party of Englishmen whom I did not know; a fish was set before us, which seemed to be of a rather peculiar character. Some discussion took place as to what it could be, upon which one of the party addressed us in a somewhat solemn and alarming tone. "Gentlemen, you must remember that we are in a besieged town; I have no doubt but that the fish is seal." In an instant all the knives and forks were laid upon the plates, and the plates pushed away with strong symptoms of disgust. I alone continued quietly to eat my fish, saying, "Gentlemen, I do not know whether it be seal or not; but this I do know, that it is very good." On my mentioning the circumstances to M. de Mélet, he burst out laughing, and added that it was a great rarity. I then found out that it was sturgeon, which I happened never to have tasted before. . . . .

Taylor, Pearce, and myself embarked on board the *Liverpool Hero*, in which we were to take our passage from Cadiz to Gibraltar. . . . . Two days did we toss about at the pleasure of the winds and waves. At length we determined to remonstrate with the captain on the absurdity of persevering in an attempt to make head against a violent wind in our teeth; and he consented to alter his course, and

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return to Cadiz. On arriving off the mouth of the harbour, the wind changed, and we beat about for a whole day, without being able to effect an entry. . . . . After an unpleasant encounter with a privateer, we were forced to turn our helm once more in the direction of Gibraltar. . . . . At length, on June 24th, we had the satisfaction of finding the vessel beginning to make its way through the straits, and, after various difficulties in eluding the sanitary officers, ... we finally set foot again on *terra firma*. . . . .

June 29th.—I had made all the necessary preparations for a tour up the country, and was actually on the point of starting, when I was attacked by the cholera morbus, a circumstance which totally deranged my plans; for the packet soon after came into port, and Haygarth and Captain Light, who had returned from a trip which they had made to Tangiers, engaged their passage on board this packet. I was much too ill to attempt to accompany them, and was obliged to content myself with engaging, if I could, to overtake them in Sicily. . . . .

I had heard so much of the beauty of Valencia, ... that I had sketched out a plan for visiting that town, proceeding thence to Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia, and then on to Sicily.* . . . .

†On *July 15th*, we put to sea, and, on the 18th, we went on board a vessel belonging to Captain Forbes, which was sailing with a convoy. . . . .

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* I have omitted the insertion of an account of a trip which my father made to Ceuta in an open boat. This place had just been handed over by the Spaniards to the English for protection. While there, he visited the Campo del Moro, the neutral ground between the Spanish and Moorish territories. He had just matured a plan for returning to Africa, on a sporting expedition with Lord Blaney, when an opportunity of pursuing his travels to Sicily presented itself.—A. M. W. P.

† This and the following dates are not quite correct. See p. 381 *note*.

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July 20th.—We were within a few leagues of Alicante, our destination, when the wind suddenly veered round to the East, and blew a gale. Our main-mast was carried away, and we had no resource left, but to go before the wind, and make for Carthagena, which port we entered on the following day. . . . .

Perhaps in no other country in the world, when an enemy might be any day at its gates, would a fort be found in so unprepared a state as is Carthagena: even in a time of peace, such negligence would be scarcely excusable. . . . . The magazines for powder and provisions are contemptible, though the water is excellent. A fosse has been excavated on the side of the hill; but it did not seem to me to be calculated to offer much obstruction to an attacking enemy, as I am sure that few Westminster boys would have found much difficulty in jumping over it. We were shown the place in which the cannon were kept, and that in which the timber was seasoned: they were always under water! The other most remarkable building in Carthagena is the arsenal, which is the finest in Spain; it is of very great extent, *but*—is at present quite empty. . . . .

July 25th.—When I called for my bill (at 3 a.m.), I was informed that it had been paid by the Consul. I was very sorry that I had not been previously aware of this mark of attention, which was not unworthy of the old Castilian spirit, or I should not have allowed it; but, as it was now too late, I could only submit. I mounted my post-horse, and, preceded by a postillion, bade adieu to Carthagena.

The Spaniards, who seemed to consider an Englishman as something almost superhuman, flocked round me, and, in the energetic manner and language so peculiar to their nature, expressed their admiration for England. They groaned over the state of their country: all the men in authority, all who had been in authority, were traitors: and the only possible

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chance of saving the country, was to place the whole power in the hands of the English. At length, one man outdid the rest, and struck on the only plan for salvation: "Why should not *Jorge Tercio* come and reign over us?" . . . .

*(I was much struck, both on this and on many subsequent occasions, at the change which political events had wrought in the feelings entertained by the Spaniards towards us. But a year or two before, a heretic Englishman would have been regarded by these peasants as a child of the devil: indeed, I remember being much amused at the astonishment of a woman at Cadiz, when I spoke of being a Christian: "If not a Christian, then what am I?" "Oh! *you* are a Protestant." . . . . There was another thing that struck me no less forcibly: it is, how much the high character that England possesses . . . . is due to her political conduct, and how little to the actions and character of Englishmen individually. In this part of Spain I could not move a step, without meeting with the most enthusiastic testimonies of the reverence in which the English name was held, and for these feelings, we were indebted exclusively to our character as a nation: for I had only to look back, and recall to mind the feelings of those parts of Spain and Portugal which had been the abode of our troops, to be conscious, how little our manners or behaviour are calculated to gain the confidence, or secure the affections, of foreigners.) . . . .

August 5th.—I stayed the whole of one day at Alicante,† . . . . and, as the accident which had happened to my

* Inserted subsequently.

† In abbreviating my grandfather's journal, two striking circumstances connected with travelling in those days are thrown into the shade; the one, the difficulties and hardships experienced in procuring even the elementary necessaries of food and lodging; the other, the extent to which a traveller, or, at any rate, one of any distinction, became the guest of the town at which he arrived. On reaching any town, my grandfather's

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post-horse had given me a surfeit of that mode of travelling, I determined to cover the rest of the way to Valencia in a *calissa*. . . . . No man but one who has travelled in a cart, can form any conception of the motion of a *calissa*. It has springs, to be sure; but it might as well be without them; they may add to its dignity, but they certainly do not contribute to its ease. It is drawn by one horse, which rarely, if ever, emerges from a walk. . . . .

I had not proceeded far from Sax, before my course was arrested by a Spanish officer, who, in a voice of command, called out to my *calissero* to stop, and immediately advanced to the carriage, with the view of ejecting me, and establishing himself in my place. But here my regimentals stood me in good stead; for, seeing an Englishman in uniform, he made many apologies for the liberty he had taken in detaining me, and abandoned all thought of inflicting upon me the fate that would have befallen any Spaniard in my place —that of being turned, bag and baggage, on to the *pavé*, without any means of advancing or retreating, where, with no other consolation but his cigar and the exclamation of "*Paciencia*," he might have laid his head on his trunk, and slept, till some wandering guerilla deprived him of his pillow, and relieved him from the burthen that prevented him from proceeding on foot. Eventually we arrived at Valencia.* . . . .

As I had not given up my plan of accompanying Haygarth on his Grecian tour, I began to be very anxious to find some opportunity of getting to Majorca. There was a

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first duty appeared to be to call on the consul, the governor, the commandant of the forces, or the bishop (if there was one); and these authorities always lionised him over their domains, and often received him as a guest in their houses.—S. P.

* Upon looking over my journal, I find that I must have made a mistake as to the time of my departure from Cadiz, for it was on the 22nd of July that I arrived at Valencia.—J. S. S.

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boat, which occasionally performed the duties of a packet, in which I proposed to take my passage. The owners of the boat, however, in consequence of having been much alarmed by the appearance of a French privateer, which had had the audacity almost to enter the port, engaged the captain of a Gibraltar privateer to be their convoy. One morning, as I was meditating on my departure, the captain of this privateer, Captain Constantine, called upon me, and informed me that the owners of the boat had abandoned their intention of going to Majorca, but that he was going a cruise off the French coast, and should call at Palma, and that, if I would go with him, he would take me there. I referred the matter to a friend, by whose advice I determined to be guided. He recommended me to accept the offer, on the grounds that, in an open boat I should be exposed to the danger of being taken by a privateer, whereas in a privateer itself, I should be quite safe, as they never attack one another. He also said, that, though in common cases it might not be very prudent to trust such a man as Captain Constantine, yet, as he took me out of the Consul's house, he would be afraid of injuring me, and would, on the contrary, treat me with the greatest respect. I, accordingly, closed with the Captain's offer, and, on the 10th of August, went down to Grao, with the intention of embarking: but the Captain informed me that there was so rough a sea, that there was no chance of our sailing before 8 o'clock. Eight o'clock came; but no appearance of the Captain. Mr. Hicks, a friend of mine, persuaded me to go to his house to supper, where I found Mr. Montgomery, who had just come from Alicante. This gentleman said all he could to persuade me not to venture on board the privateer; he urged upon me the rascality of men of that class, and the risk I ran of being taken by another privateer; and concluded by saying, "I should not be at all surprised

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if he were to take you into Barcelona," (then in the hands of the French): "I have a great mind to give you a letter to our Consul there." . . . .

So much was I influenced by these remarks, that I had made up my mind, that, if Constantine did not sail that night, I would make his delay an excuse for a change in my plans. But it was not fated so to be. I had scarcely got into bed, when the Captain made his appearance, and announced to me that he should sail at four. . . . . At four o'clock he summoned me, and I embarked, and left Valencia. . . . .

Nothing could be worse than the vessel: it was a small-decked, miserable boat, without anything that could properly deserve the designation of a cabin, though there was a dark hole which laid claim to that title. Equally undeserving of the title to which it aspired, was its only piece of furniture, which was intended to represent a bed. Upon that miserable couch, or upon the deck, was I laid, a prey to the horrors of sea-sickness.

I have a sort of faint remembrance of our having steered a course, that appeared to me to be a little more to the north than I conceived to be suited to the position of Majorca. I looked round me, and began to scrutinise the countenances of the men in whose power I was, and I felt that it was necessary to muster all my courage, not to give way to the alarm which my position was so calculated to excite. It occasionally happens, that we find ourselves in company with a man, at whose appearance we cannot help instinctively shuddering; with such men was I now surrounded: there was not one amongst our numerous crew, upon whose countenance nature had not stamped the character of villain: their oaths, alone, were enough to make a man tremble. I could not disguise from myself, that I had put my life upon a single cast. If I arrived safely at

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Majorca, my object was gained; but were not the chances against me? Was it not far more probable, that I should soon be consigned to a watery grave?

In spite, however, of the uncertainty of my fate, it was not without considerable interest, though perhaps, not quite unmixed with fear, that, lying upon the deck, enveloped in my cloak, I witnessed the scene of the crew assembled at their dinner, squatted round a large bowl of rice, into which they alternately dipped their spoons. Of all nations, and in all costumes, they might be considered as an epitome of all the scoundrels that infest the Mediterranean. Captain Constantine, a huge, dark-looking man, with a countenance as savage as the nature of the profession that he exercised, seemed to me no unfit representative of a Mediterranean pirate. . . . .

It appeared to me, as if each of the party were detailing for the amusement of the others, the deeds of horror in which he had been personally engaged, for each seemed to take up the tale in turn. . . . . Sometimes, indeed, the idea would force itself upon my thoughts, that they were then actually engaged in a discussion as to the course that was to be pursued with respect to me. My life or death might be depending upon the issue of the debate. But, be that as it might, this after-dinner scene came to an end in time; and, in justice to the crew, I must state, that nothing could be more orderly conducted than the dinner: there was no scrambling, no disputing, no indulging in drinking to excess.

Occasionally the Captain came and seated himself by me, and endeavoured to entertain me with his conversation. The day passed on without our making much way, and I retired into my wretched hole for the night. The following morning, the Captain informed me that the wind had been contrary, and that we had made no way. The

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whole of this day it was calm. Towards evening the Captain declared that he saw Majorca.

Another miserable night passed, and morning returned: but no appearance of Majorca, or of any land. However, towards evening, land was again seen, and we began evidently to approach it; we soon perceived an English brig, which fired a gun to bring us to: upon which the Captain came to me, and stated that the delay occasioned by our bringing to, might prevent our getting into the harbour before night, and that he should, therefore, pay no attention to the gun, but make all the sail he could. Not content with that, he got out his sweepers. But an English brig was not to be weathered in that way; and it was not long before she fired a shot at us: this cooled the courage of the Captain, and, indeed, caused him to arrest his course.

A boat, commanded by a lieutenant, was soon alongside of us. The lieutenant came on board, and demanded the papers; which he examined, and which proved all correct: but, as far as I could form an opinion, his principal object seemed to me to be, to ascertain whether there were any English sailors on board, whom he could press. I addressed a few words to him, spoke as if I considered myself off Palma, and enquired whether he thought it was probable that I should find any opportunity of crossing from thence to Sicily. But the fiat for my imprisonment had passed, and even this lieutenant seemed to have conspired against me; for, though I told him that I was bound for Majorca, and he saw us steering direct for Barcelona, he did not use a single expression that could open my eyes to my real situation. He might, possibly, have supposed, that the Captain was come off Barcelona with the view of picking up prizes, as he asked him if he had taken anything; but surely, it was a singular thing that, upon finding an English field-officer on board such a vessel, he should not have expressed some

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astonishment at so unusual a circumstance; that, acquainted as he must have been with the character of the Rock-scorpions (for so they are not undeservedly termed), he should not have shewn some concern for the discomfort of my situation, and some fear for my personal safety.

*(The name of the lieutenant, which I have since heard, and the high character which he so deservedly bears, only tend to increase my surprise. It did appear to me at that time, rather extraordinary, and hardly consistent with the unbounded hospitality which, with this single exception, I have invariably experienced from all officers of the Navy, that I should have been left on board such a vessel, not only without any invitation to go on board the brig, but without the slightest enquiry as to who I was, where I was going, or what I could be doing there; at a time, too, when the natural conclusion must have been, that I was engaged upon some political service; without any attempt to alleviate the misery of my situation, by the offer of any of those comforts that are to be found on board a British ship. But how much more extraordinary did it appear to me, when I became acquainted with the situation, in which I, at that moment, really was. Would not anyone have supposed that I should instantly have been ordered, bag and baggage, on board the brig; that the Captain would have greeted me with, "Who are you? and what in the world are you doing in such a vessel off Barcelona? Come on board of us; and, the first opportunity that occurs, you shall be safely landed at Palma, or at some Spanish port." Such, however, was not the case). The lieutenant returned to his ship, having previously told the Captain that, if he made a certain signal, he might pursue his course. The fatal signal was made,

* Inserted subsequently.

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and, actually in sight of the brig, we steered direct for Barcelona. So eagerly, indeed, did we rush to our destruction, that, after having pulled in to the entrance of the harbour, the Captain proposed to me to take to the boat, that he might get the sooner on shore. Before, however, we entered the port, the Captain came up to me, and began to point out the different parts of the town, describing the course I should have to take in going to Minorca, and offering to carry me there, whenever I should be disposed to leave Majorca!

August 1810.—Upon entering the port I had been struck with astonishment at the extent and apparent magnificence of the town, which far exceeded the expectations I had formed of Palma. From the reverie into which the appearance of a town so beautifully situated, had plunged me, I was suddenly roused by an observation of my servant's, that he saw French sentinels on the walls. "French soldiers!" said I, "it is impossible that the French can be in possession of Majorca;" and the unfortunate conviction that it was Palma that I saw before me, prevented me from opening my eyes to my real situation, and from attempting, even at this eleventh hour, to effect my escape, which then might, possibly, have been done, though at the risk of my life. But who would have been restrained by such a fear; for what is life without liberty! Oh! my God! when shall I again enjoy the first of heaven's blessings!

We now approached the town. The Captain of the port got into his boat and rowed towards us. As soon as he had got sufficiently near for us to hear him, he called out in French, "What do you mean by attempting to land here without the permission of the Governor?" To which I replied, that I was not aware of its being necessary to have the permission of the Governor in order to land; that I had got my passport, and bill of health, *selon les*

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règles; upon which I took out the former. "*Êtes-vous parlementaire?*" demanded the Captain. This question at once opened my eyes. "No," I replied. "Well, you may land. Follow me." We accordingly rowed to shore, and were allowed to land without any further obstruction.

To find myself again on *terra firma*, was in itself so great a happiness, that my thoughts did not dwell for a moment upon the situation in which I now stood, and the singular misfortune that had befallen me: indeed, my mind was so absorbed with the unwelcome idea of the French having got possession of Majorca, that I had scarcely time to think of myself. At length, turning to the Captain of the port, I asked, "How was it possible for the French to get here?" "Pray, where do you suppose that you are?" was his answer. "At Palma." He looked at me in amazement. "May I inquire where I really am?" "At Barcelona." The *dénouement* was irresistible: we both burst into a loud laugh.

I was immediately conducted to the place of quarantine. I then entreated to have something to eat, for sea-sickness, and three days' starvation, had awakened an appetite that was not to be affected by any misfortune. . . . .

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PART II.

Detention in Barcelona.

Nothing could be more calculated to rouse me to a consciousness of the misery of my situation, than the place of quarantine: it was, indeed, a place of wretchedness, and one calculated to throw the mind back upon itself. Here did I pass the three most unhappy days that I ever experienced, with nothing to occupy my thoughts, nothing to distract them from the consideration of the uncertainty of my own fate, but the sight of what was passing in the port.

The first day was that of the Emperor's fête, and was, of course, duly celebrated by the French. On the second, Marshal Macdonald, who commanded the army of Catalonia, left the city, and I could just distinguish the troops marching past the opposite side of the port.

My papers had been seized upon my first landing, and, as they were, fortunately, deemed sufficient to establish my identity, and the truth of my statement, they were eventually returned to me, but only after some considerable correspondence with the Commissary of Police. . . . .

It may easily be imagined that my meditations during the time of my quarantine were far from being of the most agreeable description. I scarcely yet knew how far I might indulge a hope of liberty, and the uncertainty of my fate was my greatest torment: once decided, I felt that I could make up my mind to endure the worst: but the two sides of the picture were so opposite, that I could hardly bear to contemplate them together. Yet, in my solitary cell, how

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could I escape from the comparison? and upon what other subject could my mind dwell? The one side presented to me nothing but a hopeless, endless captivity; a dark, mysterious future, unenlivened by those pleasures of hope, those air-built castles, which had hitherto constituted the main happiness, indeed, almost the principal object, of my life: on the other side, liberty in its freest state, and the whole world before me.

At length, the Captain of the port came to the quarantine office, accompanied by several other officers, and held a kind of court of enquiry. Captain Constantine and his crew were called before them, and examined. I was then informed that I had permission to leave the place of quarantine, and to sleep in the inn at Barcelonette, one of the suburbs of the city. . . . .

The next morning I was conducted to the Governor, General Maurice Mattieu. He received me civilly, put me on my parole, told me to take a lodging in the town, and finished by inviting me, as well as the officer who accompanied me, to dinner.

I took an apartment at the Fontaine d'Or, and, at the appointed time, returned to the Governor's house. The Governor was very civil to me, but evidently took the opportunity of pumping me. I was, accordingly, on my guard; and, whilst I appeared to speak *à cœur ouvert*, was still very cautious not to utter a word that might tend to convey to them anything like real information. Lord Wellington and his army was, of course, the main subject of conversation. The opinion that the French entertained was, that Lord Wellington had no intention of taking any active part in the war, but would try to maintain his position in the lines, and make a powerful diversion, enabling the Spaniards to carry on the war in detail. I had no hesitation in assuring them, that I had little doubt but that

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Lord Wellington would maintain his position as long as he could, and then retire to his ships, either fighting a battle, or not, according to circumstances; for I felt satisfied, that I could be only doing good in confirming them in this opinion. This appears, indeed, subsequently to have been the view entertained by Buonaparte himself, and it would be singular enough, if my observations should have tended to confirm him in that opinion; for I have no doubt that they were forwarded without loss of time to Paris. Massena's orders were to drive the English into the sea; and it is probable, that it was the expectation that the English army would ultimately retreat, which withheld him from attacking the lines in the first instance (which, though a bold and hazardous measure, was the only one that could have presented him any prospect of success), and that induced him, subsequently, to maintain his position with so much obstinacy, as to finally cause the almost total destruction of his army. . . . .

Before I took leave of the Governor, he told me that he was ready to send a letter for me to the English ship off the harbour, with a proposal for an exchange between me and General Franchesi, whose fate bore this similarity to mine, that he was travelling when he was taken prisoner. I told him in answer, that I was not in the army, and that I was convinced the English Government would not consent to exchange me for a military man. . . . . "Well," continued the Governor, "you may do as you choose: if you are inclined to make the experiment, I will send your letter." Hopeless as appeared to me the attempt, I determined, at any rate, to embrace so favourable an opportunity of informing my family of my situation; and, accordingly, I wrote a letter to Mr. Wellesley, in which I informed him of the manner in which I had been taken, and the offer of the Governor. This I sent to General Mattieu, who forwarded it to the English ship. (This letter, I learned subsequently, was

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received by Mr. Wellesley, and forwarded by him to Lord Castlereagh, who sent it to my father.)

I now accompanied the American Consul to look at a house, or rather flat, in the Rambla, the most fashionable, as well as the most agreeable, situation in Barcelona, with which I was so much pleased, that I engaged it without hesitation. I had one large room, which communicated with another by folding doors; at the end of the inner room was a bed, placed in a recess, according to the Spanish fashion, but which was concealed from view by a large red curtain. . . . . I then called on the Commissary of Police, and, also, upon the Intendant of Police, and met with a very kind reception from them. . . . .

By the American Consul's advice, I remained very quiet at first; but, when the Governor enjoined in the order of the day, that the officers should show me all the attention in their power, the Consul was of opinion that I might venture to mix in Spanish society.

After I had once got fairly established, my days passed in a pretty regular routine, of which the following may be considered a specimen. I was up by eight o'clock, when M. Carnavali, an Italian artist, generally paid me a visit, and gave me a lesson in architecture, which usually lasted about two hours. I then breakfasted, with Homer in my hand, as a substitute for the "Courier." After breakfast, I was engaged with my French master, from whom I took lessons, both in French and Spanish: to him succeeded a flute master. At one o'clock, I took a walk; and at half-past two or three, I went to an hotel, where I dined in company with the Consul and two French merchants. I then adjourned with the Consul to a café, and, in the cool of the evening, we took our walk. I afterwards had my tea, and then went to some *tertulia*, or party; . . . . so that, upon the whole, my time passed very pleasantly.

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But, though this was pleasant, it was not the most prudent way of behaving. . . . The Spanish families did not mix at all with their rulers, nor admit them into their private society: it was not, therefore, likely that the French would see me living in that society from which they were excluded, passing my time with their secret enemies, without experiencing some feelings of irritation. Had I consulted my own interest, I should have carefully avoided all communion with the Spaniards, and lived on intimate terms with the French officers. As it was, several circumstances occurred, which tended to aggravate the feeling of irritation in the minds of the French, and to lead to the change that was to come over my life. . . . .

I must now come to the more immediate cause, or that, at best, which was put forward as the motive and excuse for the Governor's conduct towards me. I had heard that there was a fencing-master in one of the French regiments, and, as I was anxious to keep up what I knew of fencing, I desired the French master to send him to me. He, accordingly, mentioned my wishes to Mr. ——, an American gentleman, who had been one of his pupils, and who, accordingly, sent him to me. This *maître d'armes* was of a character quite new to me: though only a sergeant, he was a perfect fine gentleman, extremely *maniéré*, and always making fine speeches. One day, he began to touch upon the hardships the soldiers endured, and ended with something like a hint of an inclination to desert: upon which I immediately stopped him, and said that that was a subject to which I could not listen. I mentioned this circumstance to the American Consul the next time I saw him, and added, that I suspected the man was a spy. The Consul was of the same opinion, and advised me to be careful as to what I said to him. (I ought to have mentioned, that he had once before asked me, whether it would be possible for him to live by teaching fencing in

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London: to which I, not being aware of the drift of the question, replied in the affirmative.) If I were right in my suspicions, and that he were, indeed, a spy, there seemed to me but a choice between two alternatives; either to kick him downstairs, or to appear perfectly unsuspicious, and to be, at the same time, very guarded in my conversation: the first I did not deem it prudent in my situation to attempt, independently of making the man my personal enemy; and I thought, that by adopting the other plan, I should be playing against the authorities their own game. The next time the sergeant came, he attempted again to enter into the same subject. "They will probably send you on board the English frigate," said he; "I wish you would take me with you." "That I most certainly will not," I replied; "in the first place, I could not; and, if I could, I would not: for, after the kindness I have experienced from the French, I will do nothing that can bear the slightest appearance of ingratitude: so let me hear no more on the subject." The only thing in the transaction with which I can reproach myself is, that I did not keep this man at a greater distance, and thus prevent him from addressing to me any observations of this description: but, the truth is, that there was so much of the *suaviter in modo* in his manners, that it was not easy to keep him at a distance; and, from a degree of delicacy, perhaps, of false delicacy, I felt a disinclination to say anything that might hurt his feelings.

Convinced, however, that, whether he were a spy or not, it was not prudent for me to listen to such conversation, I determined, after allowing a little interval to elapse, so that I might not give him reason to suppose I entertained such suspicions, to give him his *congé*. I accordingly did so, and no one was more astonished than I was, at learning, after the lapse of some time, that he actually had deserted; but, unfortunately for me, the crime of having instigated him to

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this step, was laid to my charge, instead of to that of the person who, I believe, was the real culprit. This person was the identical American who recommended to me this very fencing-master, and who really was, as I am inclined to think, not unconnected with his desertion; this much was certain, that the information laid against me, was, in fact, intended for him; . . . . but, unfortunately for me, the information was laid against the 'Englishman,' instead of the American. . . . . As I was the only Englishman in Barcelona, the charge was, necessarily, supposed to refer to me. . . . .

There was, however, another crime, of which, if they did not venture expressly to accuse me, they did not hesitate to consider me guilty; and it was one of a graver character. It so happened, whether accidentally or not, that, precisely at the time of this man's desertion, a conspiracy was discovered, which, if successful, would have put the Spaniards in possession of the citadel of Barcelona. Keys had been made that would open the gates of the citadel: they were safely conveyed to the Spaniards by a deserter, and every arrangement was then made for an attack on that fortress by night. Probably, nothing could have prevented their taking it by surprise, had the attempt been made with due precaution: but, unfortunately, a man was apprehended in the town, distributing papers to the soldiers, offering nine dollars a man to those who would desert. Finding that his life was in danger, this man's courage gave way; he forgot his country, and thought only of his own safety: he sent to the authorities to say, that, if they would spare his life, he would disclose to them a secret of the utmost importance; an offer with which they immediately closed: and he revealed to them the plot, only a few hours before it was to have been carried into execution. The garrison was called to arms, and the citadel was saved.

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This, connected with the singular manner in which I had entered the town, created considerable excitement amongst the French officers. I was pointed out as the great conspirator, who had voluntarily constituted himself a prisoner, in order to become the leader of the Spanish party in Barcelona, and to drive the French out of one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

I was not, at the time, in the least aware of the position in which I stood, for I was, in fact, pursuing my course heedlessly, without the slightest suspicion that I was really standing upon a mine, which was ready to be sprung.

I must come to the actual *dénouement*. On the 21st of September, as I was walking to a café with the Consul, from a restaurateur's where we had been dining, I was informed by a man in the street, that a soldier had been looking for me. I went into my room, but did not find him: but, upon descending the stairs, I found him at the foot of the staircase. He told me that the Commandant wished to speak to me. A little surprised at such a message, but unable to comprehend the meaning of it, I immediately proceeded to the Commandant, who informed me that General Nicolas wished to speak to me at the citadel. This was still more incomprehensible: but I thought it not improbable, that he might wish to ask me some questions respecting the fencing-master. My suspicions might, however, have been more roused, had I adverted to the fact, that the soldier was following me pretty closely. The Consul, who thought this might make some sensation in the town, told him to keep at a distance; which he did. When I came to the drawbridge of the citadel, and saw the massive gate before me, I felt an involuntary shudder: and, though I still persisted in seeing no cause for alarm, I could not help saying to myself, "I am going to pass that gate: when shall I return?"

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I did pass it. I was conducted into a room where General Nicolas was at dinner: he received me politely, ... and, as soon as he had finished his meal, he addressed me thus: "The Governor has ordered me to provide you with a room. I am ignorant of the motives of his conduct, but I will give you the best apartment that I can." I was then conducted by the Commandant to the prison of the citadel. I was taken first to a *cachot* occupied by a Frenchman, or a Catalan. I requested permission to write to the Governor, to which the Commandant acceded. . . . . I wrote him a letter in French, claiming to know of what I was accused, and concluding, "*prenez ma liberté, prenez ma vie; mais ne m'ôtez pas mon honneur; n'affichez pas une tâche au nom de Stanhope.*" Upon sitting down to write this letter, I felt that the honour of my family, and the character of my country, were in some degree interested in my conduct; and I determined, therefore, to speak in the tone of a proud Englishman. . . . .

As soon as I had delivered the letter to the Commandant, he conducted me to the cell, which was henceforth to be my habitation. This, then, was the best apartment that General Nicolas could offer me! Let me describe it. It was a tolerable-sized room, with plastered walls, and a stone floor, abundantly covered with dust and insects: a division, which ran half-way up to the roof, separated it from an outer cell, which was destined for the purpose of a kitchen, having, however, no other accommodation than a small charcoal stove for cooking. There was one large window without glass, but with a shutter to exclude the cold. I am wrong, however, in saying without glass, as there were two small panes in the upper part of it, which just served to admit light sufficient to show the horror of my prison-house, but not more. As a building rose just in front of my window, the cheering rays of the sun never

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penetrated into this abode: but, what to me constituted the greatest misery of all, there was no fire-place, no chance of a cheering blaze to expel the cold, damp air from my dungeon, or to shed a ray of comfort on my mind. It is, indeed, almost necessary to have been in such a situation, to appreciate fully the blessing of a blazing fire.

There was not a single article of furniture: not even a chair. "You must sleep without a bed to-night," said the Commandant; "it will not, I suppose, be for the first time," added he, with a malicious smile; and, though residing in the citadel, with all his comforts, he had not, even, the common humanity to offer me a chair, or a wisp of straw. Fortunately, however, I was not reduced to the necessity of lying down upon the cold stone, amidst the innumerable fleas and vermin by which it was covered, as my servant, who arrived shortly, had taken the precaution to bring with him my travelling bed, and, by laying it on the floor, I was provided with one, on which I could have slept soundly, had my mind been more at ease.

When I heard the great door creak upon its hinges, and felt that I was indeed a prisoner, my sensations were such as I can hardly attempt to describe. Suddenly snatched from a life of thoughtless gaiety; unable to assign a cause for my imprisonment, and, therefore, ignorant of what I had to hope, and of what to fear;—I should not say hope, for not a ray was there to cheer the prospect; all was gloom, and utter hopelessness: the only question, the extent of suffering for which I was reserved—I must candidly confess that, for some time, passion got the better of my judgment, and I paced up and down my prison, venting my indignation against those who might have occasioned my imprisonment, in every way that my rage could suggest. . . .

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Perhaps, the thought that preyed most upon my mind, was the conviction that I should be charged with having repaid the kindness that the French had shewn me, with ingratitude. I could not endure the thought that I should be represented as having acted in a manner, dishonourable to myself, and disgraceful to my country. It is, indeed, a hard task to have to bear with patience the punishment of a criminal, when you are conscious of your own innocence The agony of mind that I suffered at the thought of dishonour, was intense. At length, the storm of passion subsided, and my mind recovered its accustomed tone. I got into my bed, and, in spite of my situation and the uncertainty of my fate, I fell fast asleep.

I rose early the following morning, and began again pacing up and down my dungeon, in anxious expectation of the result of my appeal to the Governor. My attention was called to the window, by a drum calling out the guard: it was to receive the Governor, who rode into the citadel. I saw him frequently passing and repassing, during the course of the morning, and I felt little doubt but that something like a court-martial was sitting to determine my fate. I remained in continual expectation of being summoned before him. At length, I again heard the sound of the drum, and saw a company of soldiers marching towards my window. It immediately flashed into my mind, that they had passed sentence upon me, without allowing me any opportunity of speaking in my defence,—no uncommon mode of proceeding in France. I concluded that I was condemned to be shot, and that the company was marching up to put the sentence into execution. This was a result that I had anticipated as possible, but I had hardly brought myself to believe that they would proceed to such extremities. I did not tremble: the unexpected conviction that my death was before me, only added a further stimulus to

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my courage. If it be really so, how shall I behave? I will appeal to the Marshal; and when that is refused, I will appeal to God,—and die.

The obvious idea, that the guard was about to be relieved, never entered into my mind, engrossed, as I was, entirely with my own situation: but it was nothing more. The men passed on, I relapsed again into my former train of thought: and so the hour passed away.

It was one o'clock: I saw the Governor leave the citadel. My fate was then decided: and, accordingly, in a few minutes the Commandant entered my room. "Sir," said he, "you wrote to the Governor to ask his reasons for sending you to the citadel: this is his answer: A man in —— regiment taught you fencing; you told him that he might live by teaching that art in England; you induced him to desert, and to persuade others to accompany him; you gave him letters of recommendation to your father; he frequently dined with you." "Dined with me!" exclaimed I, with an air of offended pride. "If he did not dine with you, he, at least, ate in your house." "*Monsieur le Commandant,*" said I, in such a passion that I could hardly speak, "*ceux sont des mensonges, et des diables de mensonges.*" The Commandant was quite astonished. However, he was not disposed to let me off so easily: "You must be aware," continued he, "that it is the custom *de fusillier les embaucheurs.*" "*Eh bien! Monsieur,*" exclaimed I, "*fusilliez moi, si vous le voulez, mais ne disez pas des mensonges comme ça.*" He then began to talk to the Frenchmen, who occupied the adjoining cell, respecting the conspiracy, which had been so fortunately discovered: at the same time, he kept his eye upon me, with a significant glance, that conveyed to my mind the conviction, that he, at least, entertained no doubt as to my being implicated in that plot, though sufficient proofs might not

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have been elicited to enable them to charge me with the fact. He then left me.

Indignant at the charges brought against me, no less indignant at the manner in which they had been made,—sent by a third person, the Governor not having condescended to answer my letter, or to afford me any opportunity of making my defence—I determined to write again to the Governor, in a manner that should shew to him, that, however exalted his situation might be, and depressed as mine then was, my spirit was not broken. I, accordingly, sat down, and at once gave vent to my feelings. . . . .

I sent this letter off immediately, and waited in anxious expectation for the effect which it might produce. I felt that I had the best of the argument; but I knew how difficult it is for a man to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, and still more so, if that man is high in authority: the tone, also, that I had assumed, was one not likely to be palatable to a person little accustomed to hear the plain truth.

The next day the Commandant made his appearance, and presented me with the following letter:

"Barcelona,
22nd Sept. 1810.

Monsieur,

Vous n'êtes pas sans reproche dans la conduite que vous avez tenue avec le Mâitre d'Armes. Il fallait rendre compte à une des autorités de Barcelone des insinuations que cet homme vous avait fait: c'était le seul moyen de vous mettre en régle. J'aime à croire qu'il n'y a pas eu de mauvaises intentions de votre part, et que le nom de Stanhope, qui est considéré en France autant qu'en Angleterre, n'a reçu aucune tache. Des raisons politiques, les circumstances et la manière dont les prisoniers français sont traités en Angleterre, m'ont

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obligé de vous envoyer à la citadelle, où vous serez traité d'ailleurs avec tous les égards que l'humanité et les lois de la guerre prescrivent.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer avec la plus parfaite consideration.

Signé, Le Général de Division Gouv.
MAURICE MATTIEU."

This letter quite overpowered me: my heart was full: I retired immediately into my cell, and burst into a flood of tears, which relieved me at once from the agony I had experienced during the last two days. Never had I felt so acutely before, indeed, till then, I had never known, the extent of my feelings.

The letter, however, was far more favourable than I could have expected. . . . . But, his changing his ground so entirely, and attributing my imprisonment to other causes, showed, at once, that his intention was to keep me in the citadel. Dreadful as such a conviction would have appeared to me at any other time, it hardly made any impression on my mind then, so trifling did even imprisonment appear, in comparison with the mental sufferings that I had endured, when my honour was in question.

I then wrote to him again, requesting to be sent to France; and shortly afterwards, I received the following answer—

"Barcelona,
23rd Sept. 1810.

Monsieur,

Le Général Gouverneur me charge de vous prévenir qu'il a reçu votre lettre de ce jour, et qu'au premier convoi il vous fera partir pour la France, où les mêmes raisons politiques n'existent pas. Vous avez la liberté dont vous jouissez il y a quelques jours.

Signé, L'AIDE DE CAMP."

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From my subsequent experience, I have ascertained that this was a very false step on my part; but it is not extraordinary that, in the depths of a dungeon, my thoughts should turn, more to the prospect of an early liberation from confinement, than to the more distant hope of restoration to liberty. By remaining in Spain I had a prospect, indeed, a fair one, of being able to bring about an exchange; but, once in France, it became almost a hopeless case. I had, however, not so great a horror, perhaps, at the idea of being sent into France, as I should have experienced, had I been more fully aware of the delights of a residence at Verdun as a prisoner.

However, as it was thus determined that I was to go to France, ... I wrote to the Intendant and the Commissary of Police, to the effect that, the Governor having acknowledged my innocence, I felt myself at liberty to return them my thanks for the kindness I had experienced from them, and to intreat them to add to the obligations I owed them that of endeavouring to obtain permission for me to reside at Lyons or Geneva, since I was to be sent into France by the first convoy. . . . .

The answers which I received, though flattering to my feelings, conveyed a refusal to allow me to go to either of these towns.

My mind being, at length, relieved from the anxiety which such charges could not but naturally have occasioned, I resolved to bear my fate with fortitude. I felt, indeed, that it was no easy task to carry this resolution into effect: it was a dreary prospect, a hopeless, endless imprisonment. A life of solitude, without one ray of light to cheer it. It was in vain that I attempted to exclude from my mind the contrast that my present situation offered to the life that I had been lately leading. In one moment, I had been removed from all the enjoyments of a gay and thoughtless existence, to the dreary solitude of a dungeon.

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Having taken my resolution to steel my mind against despondency, I thought that the best chance of succeeding was to partition out my time, and devote each separate part of it to a different pursuit. Most strictly did I adhere to my arrangement. I should, indeed, have experienced little difficulty in doing so, could I have obtained permission for my masters to come to me. Permission do I say? How many of them would have come?

Now did I fully experience the difference between popularity and disgrace? How few of my former friends, who had courted me in the day of prosperity, were found to interest themselves for, or even to remember, the poor wretch who had fallen under the Governor's condemnation? But there were some splendid exceptions; and, amongst these, who deserves more to be remembered than my architecture master? Any idea of personal fear, of the danger that might arise to him from the suspicion of his being implicated in my conspiracies, or by his rendering himself obnoxious to the French authorities by the interest he shewed in one who had fallen under their disgrace, never seemed to cross his mind. He had a right of *entrée* into the citadel: they made, at first, some difficulty about this right, and refused to allow him to pass; but he succeeded in obtaining a new permission, and came to me every morning before breakfast. . . . .

Instead of my newspaper, I read Homer at breakfast; for, most fortunately, I had, amongst the few books I had brought with me, a German edition of the Odyssey, closely printed in one volume. I afterwards devoted a fixed time to my different studies, one of which was an odd volume of Thucydides; it was, I think, the last volume, that which contained the expedition to Sicily; as I had promised myself the greatest interest in tracing the operations of Nicias on the very scene of his misfortunes. The book, however, to

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which I was mainly indebted for the resignation with which I bore my captivity, was Robertson's "Charles V.," which I was fortunate enough to borrow from a young merchant, who had been educated in England. I employed myself in taking notes, or rather, in making an abridgment of that history, which occupied me for a month. This, and my other studies, generally took up my time till one o'clock; I then went out, and walked till two, for the prisoners were allowed the space immediately in front of the prison for their exercise: it was just fifty-two paces in length; and midway in front of the building, was posted a sentinel, who kept constant watch upon us.

At a little before two, I amused myself with lighting a charcoal fire in one of the little stoves. I was not, however, very expert in striking a light in the Spanish fashion, by putting the tinder upon the flint; and tinder-box I had none. I then placed a tile on the fire, and, by the time that my dinner appeared, it was ready to *réchauffer* the dishes, and warm the plates. At two, my dinner arrived: it was brought by my servant from the *Posada;* and I must do the fair daughters of my landlord the justice to say, that they always took good care of me: they also lent me the books that constituted their library, most of which were in French.

During my dinner, I read some book, which I reserved for that special time. I afterwards walked, or rather, paced, till six; when I was interrupted by the appearance of my jailor *le Chevalier des Clefs*, as I had named him—a little, short, sturdy, but not ill-natured man, armed with a formidable bunch of keys appended to his belt. It was some time before I could get reconciled to the grating of the door upon its hinges, and the turning of the key in the lock.

I then drank my tea, and afterwards read, or played the flute, till nine. My amusement was to make my prison-walls

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resound with "God save the King," "Rule, Britannia," and "The Downfall of Paris." At nine, I went to bed.

Such was the uniform tenor of my life, except when it was broken in upon by some new indignity, which stirred my blood so much, as to prevent my recovering for some days my usual tranquillity of mind.

Of such a nature was the lecture sent me by the Governor for having written the two letters, already mentioned, to the Intendant and Commissary of Police, without having previously submitted them to the inspection of my jailor. It was accompanied by a threat, that, if I did not take care, I should be subjected to a much closer and more rigorous confinement. But, however my pride might be offended by such a lecture, I was, shortly afterwards, exposed to an annoyance, that affected me much more seriously.

My architecture master, as I have mentioned, visited me every morning. In order to add a little incident to my studies, I proposed to adorn the walls of my cell with a Doric colonnade. M. Carnavali having, accordingly, procured a long ruler, we were deeply engaged in drawing one of our columns on the wall, when the Adjutant-major made his appearance. I remarked the expression of his eye, and foresaw that the storm would soon burst upon our heads, though I made no observation to my companion: nor was I mistaken: for in a few minutes, the Captain of the Guard entered, and marched M. Carnavali out. So ended his visits.

I had, however, subsequently, an opportunity of learning from this kind-hearted and amiable man, the history of the case. He was taken before the Commandant, who received him brutally, and demanded how he got into the citadel: to which he replied, that he had a right to go there; this the other denied. Carnavali then produced his permission: but this was of no avail, and he was immediately marched

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out. He proceeded directly to the Général de Génie (General of the fortifications), and complained to him of the treatment that he had experienced. The General took up his cause warmly, and set off immediately to the Governor. He had hardly commenced his story, when the Governor interrupted him, saying, "It is precisely upon this subject that I have received a report from General Nicolas and the Commandant, containing accusations of the most extraordinary character: they charge this gentleman with being engaged in a conspiracy with the English prisoner; of their being occupied in taking plans of the citadel, which they intend to send to the Spaniards." "Surely, sir," replied the General, "you cannot believe such fictions as these: you cannot believe that it is necessary for a man to go into the citadel, in order to take a plan of it: and, as for sending plans to the Spaniards, can you suppose that they are not in possession of all the plans that they can want? Do you think that they do not know the citadel and Barcelona quite as well as, aye, and better than we do? As for this gentleman, he belongs to the Engineers, and has the privilege of taking as many plans as he chooses. In this instance, he went into the citadel for the sole purpose of teaching the English prisoner architecture." "If it was only that," answered the Governor, "I can have no objection to his doing so:" and he immediately wrote an order, conceived in these words, "Admit M. Carnavali into the citadel, to teach the English prisoner architecture." With this order in his hand, Carnavali returned immediately to the citadel. He was taken before General Nicolas and the Commandant, who held a consultation together, and concluded by tearing the order in pieces, and again marching him out of the citadel.

He went directly to the Général de Génie, and represented to him the treatment he had received. "This assumes

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too serious an aspect," said the General; "we must let the matter rest here. This amounts to a positive disobedience to orders, and, if we report it to the Governor, he will be under the necessity of taking very serious notice of it. It will not do to have such an affair, merely for the sake of the English prisoner. Let them alone, I will be up to them: not the slightest repairs shall be done to their houses." To him, this might be a satisfactory revenge, but to me, it was no satisfaction at all.

The fear of implicating my friends, had hitherto prevented me from endeavouring to effect my escape; but, abandoned by these friends, irritated at the indignity that had been offered to poor Carnavali, at the cruelty with which they had resisted his endeavours to alleviate the melancholy solitude of a prisoner's life, at the baseness with which they had attempted to implicate him in a charge against me, I began not infrequently to indulge the idea of escaping from my prison-house.

The charges which had been made against me on the fencing master's account, rendered me, perhaps, foolishly sensitive on the point of honour, and, though immured in a dungeon, I still felt that my honour was dearer to me than my liberty. I had given a written parole, and I was not quite certain whether my confinement released me from the engagement into which I had entered, or whether, in consideration of my servant being permitted to go into the town, and of my being allowed a walk of fifty-two paces, I was still considered to be on my parole. I also felt, that, as an offer had been made to exchange me, my escape might appear ungenerous. I determined, at all events, to postpone the attempt till there was time for an answer to arrive from Cadiz.

Time, however, passed on without its arriving; and I came, at last, to the resolution of again writing to General

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Doyle, to represent a second time to him the proposal that had been made; not, indeed, in any expectation of my being exchanged, but with the sole view of obtaining a definite answer; so that, in case that answer should prove unfavourable, I might attempt my escape. I proposed to leave behind me a letter for the Governor, stating that, if in honour he considered me on my parole, I was ready to return to my prison. (I scarcely need remark, that subsequent experience has taught me that my ideas of parole were extravagant, and that I was at the fullest liberty to attempt my escape.)

I had formed my plan, or, rather, was balancing between two plans. The one was to disguise myself as a French officer (which I should have had no difficulty in doing, as I had already a blue coat, and, therefore, should have only required a French cockade in my hat), and to walk out boldly, just after the guard had been changed, so that the sentinel might thus be led to suppose that some French officer had been visiting the prisoners. I calculated upon success by the very boldness of the attempt. The other was, perhaps, a much safer plan; it was to wrap myself up in the cloak which my servant usually wore, and with a basket of dirty plates or linen on my head, to walk coolly out; I thought that I could do so without committing him, by sending him out at an earlier hour.

Some of the peasantry had sent me word that if I could contrive to get out of the prison, they were ready to ensure my escape from the town: indeed, all that was required was, that I should put on the dress of a Catalonian peasant, and walk out of the gates: once in the open fields, I should be safe. I intended to have made my way to the head-quarters of the Spanish army, and to have gone from there to the Convent of Montserrat. There was something so romantic in the idea of a prisoner, just escaped from confinement, taking refuge amongst the hermits, whose residence is

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on that singular rock, (and I was not yet cured of romance), that I loved to dwell upon this project, and should certainly have endeavoured to have carried it into execution, had not the doubts I have already mentioned harassed my mind.

Once, indeed, an opportunity so inviting offered itself, that I was on the point of making the attempt: one of those tremendous showers, so constant in hot countries, came pouring down: no one could stand its force: the sentinel had drawn as closely as possible into his sentry-box; the whole citadel was clear, and not a soul was to be seen. The opportunity was too tempting: I put on my servant's cloak and was on the point of starting, when I cast my eyes upon the poor wretch, and his terrified look deterred me. Perhaps, from carrying the attempt into execution without more previous preparation, such a step would have been too rash.

With a view, however, to putting an end to my doubts, I wrote to the Governor, to request permission to write again to General Doyle, to renew the proposal of an exchange. The following was the Governor's answer:—

"Barcelona,
13th October, 1810.

Monsieur,

Je ne trouve aucun inconvenient à ce que vous écriviez au Général Doyle pour lui renouveler la demande que vous avez faite d'être échangé pour le Général Franchesi, pris en voyageant au commencement de Juillet, 1809.

Vous pouvez aussi mander au Général Doyle qu'il y a içi quelques autres Anglais prisoniers, que je lui enverrai s'il veut me faire rendre en échange autant de Français.

J'ai honneur, etc.,
MAURICE MATTIEU."

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Day after day, and week after week, I waited anxiously but in vain, for an answer from General Doyle. I was once more beginning to think of making my escape, when the captain of a merchantman heard from the English Consul, stating that General Doyle had received my letter, but had left Tarragona for Tortosa, and that, immediately upon his return, he would take the matter in hand. This inspired me with new hopes, which kept up my spirits for some time.

Just as I was beginning again to despair, the Governor sent for two lists of the prisoners, one of which he despatched immediately to Tarragona. The man next in authority to him informed the other prisoners that they would shortly be exchanged. Encouraged by these tidings, I began to indulge myself with the hope of my approaching liberation. . . . .

The garrison of Barcelona was very discontented; for a long time they had received no pay, and, for rations, all that they got was some haricot soup, and a *pain de munition*, which a moderate eater might consume at a meal, but which had to last them for two days. . . . . There was at least one battalion of Italians in the garrison, and they rendered themselves conspicuous by open acts of insubordination and robbery in the streets, ... and, if the inhabitants had shewn any energy, I think there would have been a very fair chance of success for a plot to wrest the city from the hands of the French. . . . . The Commandant of the citadel himself was not a greater favourite with his own soldiers than he was with me; . . . . one of my sentinels told me, when speaking of him, "He never goes out in any sortie: he knows better than that: should he ever go, he will never return alive; he will be shot." This will serve to give a pretty good insight into the amiable character of my jailor, and the state of feeling of the garrison. . . . .

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One night, an event took place, which tended particularly to exasperate the soldiers. It was about one o'clock in the morning that I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a tremendous uproar. For a few moments, between sleeping and waking, my thoughts were too much confused to allow of my comprehending the cause of the alarm, but I soon distinguished a universal cry of "*Aux armes, aux armes, aux armes!*" I jumped up, put on my clothes as fast as I could, and, in breathless anxiety, awaited the result. The whole garrison turned out, and marched round the citadel. What was the cause of alarm? Were the enemy under the walls, or had a conspiracy been discovered? No enemy, however, could be found. The troops considered it merely as a feint, a sort of *éveillé*, and were proportionately indignant at having an unnecessary privation of sleep added to their other sufferings. . . . .

I was for some time left alone, to brood in solitude over my misfortunes; but the only time at which my philosophy was staggered, was when the wind blew from the mountains, and the rain came down in torrents: the cold then became so severe, that I hardly knew how to support it. To endure a little cold for a short period, may not be difficult, but never to be warm throughout the whole long day, to be completely starved, is indeed severe suffering. As long as the cold lasted, there was a complete stop to my studies; indeed, I was often obliged, even in the middle of the day, to put myself into bed, as affording the only means of keeping up the circulation of the blood.

I began, also, to suffer from another most serious privation—the want of books. The libraries of those from whom I had at first been supplied, were soon exhausted, and I was actually reduced, and that for my lighter studies, to reading sermons upon nuns taking the veil.

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On the morning of Saturday, the 24th of November, the Commandant entered my cell, and told me that the Governor permitted me to take a lodging in the town. I stood for some moments stupefied with surprise; so much so, that the Commandant looked at me with astonishment, and asked me if I were not glad to be released. What my feelings were, when I recovered my bewildered senses, I will not attempt to describe; those only can conceive them, who have been in a similar situation. What lying reports had been propagated against me, I well knew, and I felt that my release would be at once a full answer to them all.

As soon as I had made the necessary arrangements, I left my prison. As the Commandant had not restored to me my sword, I called to enquire whether I was not entitled to have it again. He immediately gave it to me. I came to the gate of the citadel: how my heart beat when I crossed the drawbridge, and called to mind the feelings with which I had passed it before! I felt like a bird, just released from his cage, who shakes his wings, to try whether the want of use has deprived them of their elasticity. I proceeded first to the Government house, to pay my respects to the General. I was admitted into his presence, and began by stating, that I was come to thank him for having released me from the citadel. He answered me by a speech, evidently studied, and intended as a reply to the arguments which I had used in my letter. My mind was too full to allow of my paying much attention to what he said; instead, therefore, of carrying on any altercation, I simply answered, "*Monsieur le Gouverneur*, I assure you that I neither expected that the man would desert, nor had the slightest wish that he should do so." He then changed his tone, and let me into the real state of the case: "You may be assured," said he, "that I could have no objection to your going about as much as you choose, and amusing yourself as much as

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you could; but various officers came to me, and stated that the Englishman was here, there, and everywhere, that he was using *tels et tels propos*. You may imagine that I could not but find myself under the necessity of paying attention to their complaints." He then let the subject drop, and informed me that a convoy was to start shortly for France, and that he intended to send me by it; that it might be necessary for me, either to buy some horses, or to find some other mode of conveyance.

I took my leave, and, on the stairs, met one of my persecutors, General Dèvaux. As I passed, I looked at him with a triumphant air, and he appeared somewhat confounded at seeing me at liberty. My triumph did not end here, for, at the door of entrance, I saw Ordonneran, another of my enemies, and the American Consul called out to me to observe the anger and astonishment depicted on the Frenchman's countenance.

Whilst speaking of these two men, I will revert again to the causes which led to my imprisonment, as I learnt from the Consul all the circumstances connected with that transaction. My situation as a prisoner was involved in great difficulties: I was, in fact, placed between two parties; the one (the French), absolute and tyrannical, in whose power I was; the other (the Spanish), oppressed and indignant, and only waiting for an opportunity to break their chains. The latter considered an Englishman as a friend, and looked up to me as one by whose conduct they might form an opinion of the real intention of the English Government. This is a circumstance that English travellers cannot keep too much in view: in all their proceedings they should bear in mind, that what they do, does not concern themselves alone, but their country also. Foreigners, naturally enough, though erroneously, judge of England by the Englishmen they see,

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and I am sorry to say, that the character of the country often suffers from the errors of individuals.

I was placed in a very embarrassing position. My individual interest required that I should cultivate the favour of the French; but the Spaniards, with all that warmth of feeling, with that generous and indignant spirit, which, fallen as they are, still forms one striking feature in their national character, could not conceive it possible for a man to associate with the French, without being a *Gavacho*—for such was the title by which they stigmatised the French partisans. For the Englishman to cultivate the society of the French, would have been considered the most abject baseness.

I conceived it, therefore, my duty, not to do anything that could in any way derogate from the character of my country. I was willing to sacrifice my personal interest to the advancement of the general cause. At the same time, I proposed, as far as it might be possible, to reconcile the two objects. I had heard much of the power of the French Police, and, therefore, I imagined, that, if I succeeded in cultivating an interest with the chefs, I should be free from all annoyance on the part of the French. I considered that the civility which I had experienced from Blondel, the Commissary of Police, would materially contribute towards effecting this purpose, and I, therefore, requested him and the Intendant of Police, to give me a hint if they observed anything in my conduct of which they did not approve. . . .

But I was mistaken in my premises: however great might be the power of the Police at Paris, the Police in a town occupied by the army was powerless indeed. At a distance from the capital, the authority of a General became absolute; and what might have happened, I hardly dare conjecture, had not Barcelona been under the command of an upright man and a gentleman—Maréchal Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.

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The jealousy of the French officers was excited by the circumstance of my being admitted into that society from which they were excluded. A plot was, in consequence, formed against me by Generals Dèvaux and Nicolas, Ordonneran (the *Commandant de place*), and the Commandant of the citadel; whilst Baccardi's son-in-law * acted as a spy over me.

One of the commissioners, a gentlemanlike man, warned me of the danger of my position. I saw him afterwards; for he paid me a visit in my prison, when he told me that I had been placed in a most difficult situation, from which it was almost impossible for so young a man to have extricated himself. . . . .

After my liberation, I paid my visit to the Intendant of Police, who received me with open arms, gave me an embrace *à la française*, and assured me that he was certain I never could have done anything inconsistent with the principles of honour. Upon my taking leave, he followed me to the stairs, and whispered to me privately, to make a point of seeing the Marshal, for the Duc de Tarente was expected on the following day. This at once explained the Governor's reasons for releasing me from my *cachot;* he well knew that the whole of that transaction would not stand the searching eye of Marshal Macdonald.

I now called upon some of my former friends, and was much struck with the different receptions with which I met. . . . . I had once more the pleasure of sitting down with my old dinner-companions at my old restaurant, but I

* His marriage had occurred only a short time before, and my grandfather had been appointed *Cortejo* to the bride (see p. 368 *note*), an appointment of which the husband did not approve, and which he resented, not openly, but by secret machinations against my grandfather's liberty.—S. P.

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overheard the Consul and one of the French merchants remarking in a whisper, that I was very much altered by my imprisonment, and did not appear to be the same person. I felt, myself, that I was altered: I felt as one might have done, who had risen from the grave, and found himself once more amidst the haunts of men. I was perfectly unequal to society; and, to speak the truth, conversation in general appeared to me absurdly trivial. . . . .

I did not neglect the advice which the Intendant gave me, and, as soon as the Marshal arrived, went to pay my respects to him. I had no little anxiety to see a man who had played his part in the troubled game of revolutionary France. As a descendant of a Scotchman, one who had been a faithful follower of the exiled Stuarts, and, above all as a Macdonald, he was to me an object of peculiar interest; and his appearance answered much to the expectations which I had formed. About his residence there was that degree of pomp and circumstance of glorious war, which I had not observed at the General's quarters. I was shewn into the ante-room where his staff were on duty, and was almost immediately ushered into his presence. I met with a most gracious reception. He said that, had he followed his own wishes, he would have restored me instantly to liberty: but that was out of his power; for he had his master in his Government, as I had my own in mine. If there was anything that he could do for me, I had only to mention it. Did I want any money? If so he should be happy to supply me. I thanked him for his offer, but told him that I was not then in want of money. He then told me to report myself to Général Guilleminot, who was to command the convoy. And so ended my audience.

The Marshal is a little man, with high cheek bones, very stiff in his manner of holding himself, and he has, upon the whole, as much the air of a Highlander, as if he had

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only just left the Hebrides. He had been for a long period in disgrace with Napoleon, on account of the active part which he took in favour of Moreau. He was even supposed to have offered Moreau the support of his sword, if he would have raised his standard against Napoleon. I was told that, at the time of the trial, he accompanied one of Moreau's sons to the court, and that he said to the sentinel in passing, "Why do you not salute the son of your general?" The story, however, seems to me an invention. I do not feel at all certain that Moreau has any sons, and, if he has one, he would not be entitled to a salute on account of his father's rank, but only on account of his own; and a man of Marshal Macdonald's character as a general officer would never have called upon a sentinel to do that which was contrary to military etiquette.

Even at this period, Macdonald was not supposed to be in his heart attached to the Emperor. His own military service had raised him to the rank which he held, and compelled Napoleon to reward the General whom he could not love. It was on the field of Wagram that he received the staff of Marshal, and that the Emperor declared that to him the success of that day was mainly to be attributed.

I was much pleased with a story that I heard of the Marshal upon his first arrival at Barcelona, and which shewed that, though raised by a revolution, he had not lost the gentlemanlike feeling of the aristocratic Highlander. The old Prince de Conti was residing at Barcelona: his case was a peculiar one; for he had not emigrated, like the other Princes, but had been exiled: he, therefore, had not committed any offence against the French nation. Upon the arrival of the Duc de Tarente to take the command, he thought it right, or expedient, to send his gentleman usher to pay his compliments to the French Marshal. This old officer made his appearance in the Marshal's ante-chamber,

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with the air and manner of the noble of the court of Louis quatorze: a gentleman attached to the House of Bourbon, a *ci-devant* noble, in the ante-chamber of a Maréchal under the Imperial dynasty! The officers of the revolution, and the gay aides-de-camp of the new court, stared with astonishment at their unexpected visitor, and showed no mark of civility or *empressement* towards the stranger, who looked like one of another age, or like a person risen from the dead. The whispers, the hardly suppressed laugh, shewed to the exile the inconvenience of his situation. He did not, however, lose his self-possession, but desired them to inform the Marshal that he was there. The Marshal, on receiving the information, advanced instantly into the ante-chamber, threw his arms round the neck of his visitor, cordially embraced him, and shewed him as much attention as he could have done, had the Prince de Conti been at his own hotel at Paris. It was like a *coup de théâtre:* in a moment, the stranger was surrounded by the Marshal's staff, and the only question seemed to be, who could shew him the greatest attention.

There was something singular in the circumstance that the French army was at that time under the command of the descendant of a Scotchman, whilst the Spanish army was commanded by the descendant of an Irishman: that the "son of Donald" should be fighting against the "son of Donnell," both, probably, sprung from the same stock, both fighting under foreign banners.

I may as well mention a circumstance which occurred whilst I was at Barcelona. General Lacombe St. Michel, ex-governor of Barcelona, one who had borne his full part in all the transactions of the revolution, little disposed as he might be to admire the measures of an aristocratic Marshal, still lingered on at Barcelona; perhaps, not unconscious that the course of his former government might not altogether

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meet with the approbation of his Imperial master. One day he was at the theatre, and, in referring to what was passing on the stage, he remarked, "*Il a échoué, comme le Maréchal Macdonald échouera devant Tarragone.*" The anecdote appeared almost immediately in the *Barcelona Gazette*. The General, consequently, found it necessary to insert a long letter in the Barcelona paper, denying the truth of the story: but his letter was a very lame one indeed. His prophecy, however, was not the less fulfilled. . . . .

* (Whilst speaking of this distinguished officer, Macdonald, I cannot do better than insert an anecdote, which was current respecting his conduct at a subsequent period, a period which tried the fidelity of so many of the Marshals of France—the return of Buonaparte from Elba.

Macdonald pursued the line of a strictly honourable man: deserted at Lyons by the army which he was, in fact, to have commanded, (though it was nominally under the command of Monsieur), he adhered to the Bourbons to the last moment, accompanying them to the frontier of France. But when they forsook their country, he left them, and returned to his château, where he continued in retirement: he did not, in his allegiance to his King, forget his duty to his country. It so happened, that one day, either on a journey, or driving out in his carriage, he met Marshal Ney, then on his way to join the army. Ney, upon perceiving Macdonald, sent his aide-de-camp to tell him he wished to speak to him. When Macdonald saw the officer approach, he said to his own aide-de-camp, "Remember that I am asleep." Accordingly the aide-de-camp announced that the Marshal was asleep. "Wake him, then," said the other; "I bring a message from the Maréchal Prince de Moscowa." The aide-

* Inserted subsequently.

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de-camp appeared to use his best efforts to wake him; but the more he tried, the louder Macdonald snored. I think that Ney himself came up, and was left to draw his own conclusions from the extraordinarily sound sleep which had suddenly seized the Duc de Tarente). . . . .

I proceeded to General Guilleminot's, to report myself according to the Marshal's desire. I received a message from the Governor, that, upon further consideration, he thought it would be more advisable for me to engage a place in a cart, than to buy horses, as I should probably find difficulty in procuring forage. I followed his recommendation, and succeeded in obtaining a place in a cart, or waggon. It appeared to me, however, a little singular that this was the only information given to me: I was told, neither when the convoy was to assemble, nor at what hour it was to depart; nor was I put under the orders or direction of any person.

Left to make my own enquiries, I found that it was to start at a certain hour from a place at a short distance from the city. Thither, accordingly, I went at the appointed time; and, when all the luggage belonging to our party was placed in the cart, it appeared that there was little, if any, room for ourselves.

I derived great advantage from the society of a young officer, who was one of my companions in the cart, and who gave me all the information necessary to place me upon a proper footing with the old campaigners.

Our force was said to consist of 10,000 men; but, as I heard afterwards from the Governor of Montpellier, was, in reality, of only 7,000.

Our first day's march brought us to the neighbourhood of a village. It was totally deserted, for the inhabitants had all fled at our approach: indeed, we had not seen a single

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Spaniard during the whole day's march. The village stood in an extensive plain, in which the army bivouacked, whilst the superior officers took possession of the houses. I proceeded to the village, to report myself to General Guilleminot. Upon my return I sought in vain for my party, till I almost despaired of finding it. The whole plain was illuminated by a succession of fires: the soldiers had collected themselves into little knots, while the various travellers had mustered round their respective waggons, and had lit their fires, and all were occupied in cooking their suppers. At length, I succeeded in finding my party, who were busied in the same occupation. I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and lay down on the bare ground. But it was to me too unusual a scene to allow of my closing my eyes: it was, indeed, a striking sight, and well calculated to arrest the attention of one who had been so long buried in a *cachot*. The army extended over a considerable plain, and the long line of fires produced a fine effect.

The night, though sufficiently cold to warn us of the approach of winter, was beautifully clear. Some time before daylight, orders were given to march: but it was nearly two hours before we were fairly *en route*. Our road lay, for the most part, through a wild, but beautiful country: it was, indeed, the lowest part of the Pyrenees Mountains that we traversed; but, though they might not vie with the other parts of that range in sublimity, they were, still, highly picturesque: and, if these pine-clad mountains gave us the idea of a wild, uninhabited country, there was nothing to break the illusion in the deserted villages: scarcely an individual did we see during our whole march to Gerona.

At night, we generally took up our quarters in one of the deserted villages, and melancholy, indeed, was the scene of devastation that they presented. In the houses, there was nothing left to plunder; but these houses became, in

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consequence, the object of the soldiers' sport: doors, windows, and any other pieces of wood, were torn down as material for a fire, and I remember one occasion, when, not content with so slow a process, they actually set fire to the house itself, and, at length, extorted from a French General, who was witness of the scene of destruction, this expression, "*Il faut avouer que nous sommes des brigands.*"

I performed, with very little exception, the whole of our march on foot; for our cart was so entirely filled with luggage, that there was not room for more than one person in it. My usual companion was the French officer, whom I have already mentioned, and I enjoyed to the full my partial liberty and the wildness of the wandering life of a soldier in Spain.

It was not, however, unaccompanied by fatigue and privations. Our beds, if not always on the cold ground, were scarcely more comfortable; for they consisted of the hard floor of some deserted cottage, and, after our fire had died away, the cold of the nights, as we advanced higher among the mountains, became very severe. . . . .

One day, during the course of our march, I found myself in a singular and interesting position. Previous to our breaking up the bivouac, it was reported that a Spanish army was not far distant, and that we might have an attack. These rumours began to assume a more real aspect, when, upon approaching a village, we found our road interrupted by a sort of stockade, or rampart, composed of pine branches. It appeared, then, that the Spaniards really meant to resist the further advance of our convoy; and I, in the middle of a French army, was to be a quiet spectator of the scene; perhaps to fall by the fire of my friends, perhaps to be rescued from the hands of my enemies. The last was the feeling uppermost in my mind, and I awaited the result with the greatest eagerness.

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But it all ended in smoke. After some halt, and an increased activity on the part of the advance-guard, we passed the stockade, without seeing anything of the enemy by whom it had been raised.

Our provisions were now drawing to a close, but to some of their last remains—a cold omelette, which had been a specimen of the skill in cookery of one of our party, and which I was persuaded to taste at breakfast—I was nearly indebted for my restoration to liberty. It disagreed with me so much, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could drag myself along; and at one point, whilst the troops were passing a rivulet, I thought that I never could have raised myself from a bank on which I had lain down. A few moments of faintness or of sleep, and the convoy would have passed on, and I should have been in the hands of the Spaniards.

I was, however, determined that nothing in my conduct should give grounds for the slightest imputation of a breach of faith, though in persevering in this resolution, I had no little temptation to resist. I could not repress the conviction, that was every moment gaining greater force on my mind, that it was Marshal Macdonald's secret intention that I should make my escape: indeed, of its being so, I *now* entertain no doubt. In point of fact, according to the strict letter of the law, I was *not* on my parole. I had given no parole, except that I would not leave Barcelona: that had been superseded by my imprisonment, and, on my release, I had not been required to sign another parole: and now I had left Barcelona, the only thing which I was forbidden to do by the parole. But there is a modern refinement, an implied parole; and, if that is once admitted, the more the confidence reposed, the more sacred should be the obligation of not abusing it. On the other side, however, it is rather hard, if, when your enemy neglects, either intentionally or

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carelessly, to impose the necessary restraint upon you, you, by an overstrained delicacy, are to impose it upon yourself. But, in any question on a point of honour, *on ne transige pas;* so, whatever my suspicions might be as to the intentions of the Marshal, as no hint had been given on the subject, I had but one course to pursue; and that I determined to follow strictly. . . . .

I do not now remember how many days we were upon our march to Gerona; but it was high time we should arrive there, for our stock of provisions was entirely exhausted, and, for the last day, we had but a meagre allowance of bread to live upon. When we did arrive, what a contrast between our new and our late position! It was like the effect of an enchanter's wand: I felt quite bewildered, and could scarcely believe in the reality of what we saw; for, ever since our departure from Barcelona, we had been traversing a country, as wild and deserted as if it had never possessed inhabitants; the only signs that it had done so, were to be traced in the forsaken villages; and our minds had become accustomed to such a scene of desolation. . . . .

On arriving at Figueras, we were told, at the inn at which we had taken up our quarters, that we might dine at the *table d'hôte*. Accordingly, at the hour of dinner, we went to the room to which we were directed. I opened the door, but immediately drew back in some confusion, for I saw a party of about eight or ten, seated round a table, at the head of which was a handsome woman *d'un certain âge*, highly rouged, and magnificently dressed, and next to her, the General, whom we had so lately visited as Governor of the Fortress. I was apologising for what I supposed to be an intrusion on a private party, when we were desired to walk in, and take our places at the table. I cannot say that I felt quite at my ease, when I perceived that, in addition to the General, our party consisted of the principal

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officers of the garrison: nor, could I persuade myself that I was really at a *table d'hôte*. However, such it proved to be. The whole was in character with the rank of the guests; the dinner, both in appearance and cooking, was equal to anything I ever saw, and did honour to the chef, who, as I was assured, had been one of Prince Borghese's twenty cooks. . . . .

There was nothing in the manners of the French officers towards us, that could at all recall to our minds the difference of our situations, or the fact that we were poor prisoners in the presence of our masters. I passed a very pleasant evening, which was not the less agreeable from the singularity of my position. . . . . The officers and I amused ourselves by going down to the kitchen, and setting the cook off upon his favourite subject, the wonders of Prince Borghese's kitchen. . . . .

From Figueras, we proceeded to Hostalrich. There, the Cavallero accompanied me, as usual, in my visit to the officer in command of the fortress. He received us with civility, and told us that, though we were not far from the frontier, he, still, did not think it safe for us to proceed without a convoy: that he, therefore, wished us to go to the house of the Captain of the Miquelets, and tell the Captain of the Gend'armerie who lived there, to provide us with an escort to conduct us to Perpignan. He entreated us not to suppose that he wished to put a guard over us, as it was solely a measure of precaution for our greater safety. Whether this was the fact, or only a *façon de parler*, we, of course, could not judge, but proceeded immediately, according to his directions, to the house of the Captain of the Miquelets. The Captain of the Gend'armerie was not at home, and we waited a considerable time for his return, during which the Captain of the Miquelets drew the Cavallero aside, and took him into another room, whilst

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I remained in conversation with some Italian officers who were present. After some time had elapsed, the Cavallero returned, and, thinking it useless to wait any longer for the Captain of the Gend'armerie, we left our message and retired. As soon as we had got at a sufficient distance from the house to prevent any fear of our being overheard, the Cavallero addressed me to this effect: "I have got something to communicate to you. You would observe that the Captain of the Miquelets took me into another room: he there stated to me that, though he was engaged in the service of the French, he was, in reality, a sincere patriot, an ardent lover of his country. That a very erroneous opinion of his character had been formed by the Spaniards, and that he was prepared to give a proof of his patriotism by effecting our liberation. He said that the Spanish outposts were only at one league's distance from the town, and that, if we could meet him at one o'clock in the morning, he would himself conduct us safely to within a short distance from their posts: that the only recompense he asked was, that we would assure the Spaniards of his zeal in the common cause. Now," concluded the Cavallero, "my answer to him was, that I would be entirely guided by you; that, if you were willing, I would go; but that I would not go unless you would accompany me. Now, what do you say?" My answer was, that my mind had been made up from the first; that I had determined not to attempt my escape; that, had I intended to have done so, I should not have required the assistance of a captain of Miquelets, but should long ago have been far away; that, however, my decision ought to have no influence on his; for I was a prisoner, but he was a deserter: that I could not violate the confidence that had been reposed in me; but it was for him to consider, whether there was greater dishonour to him in keeping, or in breaking, his parole; whether the

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duty he owed to his country, ought not to supersede all other considerations. I begged that, at all events, he should not allow consideration for me to have any weight in his decision.

However unjustifiable might have been the weakness of this young man in deserting, still the principles of Castilian honour were uppermost in his mind; and anxious as he was, to accept of so dazzling an offer, elated with the hope of being restored to his friends, his country and his home, nothing could induce him to forsake me, and to expose me to the consequences in which I might be involved by his escape. It was, accordingly, determined to reject the offer of the Captain of Miquelets.

The following day, we set out at the hour fixed by the Captain of the Gend'armerie. . . .

Now that we approached nearer to the frontier, the inhabitants, who were accustomed to a more habitual intercourse with the French, did not, like their more patriotic countrymen, forsake their habitations, but aimed at deriving all the profits they could from the pockets of their enemies. Cold and hungry, I got out of the cart, and entered a cottage near which we halted, and was not a little pleased at seeing some coffee smoking on the fire. Whilst I was enjoying, what was to me so great a luxury, I was surprised to hear the Captain making a great outcry, which, I found, was solely occasioned by my absence, and he charged his men, on no account to lose sight of me for a moment. I was struck with this unusual degree of anxiety respecting me, but soon forgot it.

In the middle of the day, we halted at a village, the little inn of which was so crowded with the people who had taken advantage of our escort to return to France, that we could not get anything to eat, or even find a place in which we could sit down.

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We were now not much above a league from the frontier. I sent one of the Spanish officers to the Captain of the Gend'armerie, to ask if he would allow us to walk on to the next village, which was at two leagues' distance. He returned with an answer that he would comply with my request, if I would give him my honour not to attempt my escape. He soon came himself, and put that question to me. I told him that, if I had intended to have made my escape, I should not have waited so long, that I considered myself on parole, and was ready to give him any further assurance that he might require. Convinced that I had no intentions of escaping, he consented to our proceeding. Accordingly, on we went on foot; and I much enjoyed the walk and comparative liberty.

As we approached the frontier of France, I could not help reverting to the uncertainty of my future prospects. I could not leave Spain, in which I had spent so many months of happiness, and some of misery, without feeling a strong interest in her welfare, and without great anxiety for the result of the war, which, notwithstanding all the errors in the manner in which it had been conducted, is still the most glorious struggle for liberty that modern times have seen.

At length we passed the frontier, and I was in France. We soon got to the village to which we were bound, and succeeded in procuring some dinner, which we were able to discuss at our ease, before the convoy made its appearance. We then proceeded onwards, and arrived at Perpignan before night.

The following morning we were conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. The secretary began by taking down the names of the Spaniards. He then turned to me, and, after writing down my name, added "*déserteur*," with a look of utter contempt: I spurned the title with no slight indignation, and

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explained to him that I was a prisoner. The instantaneous change in his manner did credit to his feelings. He expressed, however, no little surprise at not having received any communications respecting me, which fully confirmed the opinion I had before entertained, that Marshal Macdonald intended me to make my escape. The impression, indeed, on my mind is, that the secretary made use of some such phrase as, "What do you want here?" but here, unfortunately, I was, and, therefore, was put upon my parole, and ordered to proceed to Verdun. Instead of a passport, I had a *feuille de route*, which gave me a month for the journey, being calculated at the rate of a soldier's march, upon the supposition that I should have to proceed on foot. The Spanish officers were ordered to one of the dépôts for the organisation of the Spanish troops.

Upon our return to the inn, a young Spanish girl took an opportunity to draw the young Cavallero into another room. Upon his return, he addressed me thus: "I owe you my life: the proposal made by the Captain of the Miquelets was an act of the blackest treachery: his object was to tempt us to endeavour to escape, that he might have an opportunity of giving a distinguished proof of his zeal in the cause of the French; and, as the explanation we should have given of the transaction, would not have corresponded with his, we should have been murdered, as the only way of ensuring our silence, as well as to give an additional proof of his devotion. If you had not been firm, I should have accepted the offer, and my death would have been the consequence. You observed," added he, "the anxiety the Captain of the Gend'armerie showed about you during our march, and you will remember the order he gave to his men never to lose sight of you. The traitor, finding that he had failed in his plan, and failed owing to you, denounced you, declaring that you intended to escape during the march." I listened to his

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account with astonishment: I could scarcely bring myself to believe that there could exist so deliberate, so base a villain. (I met subsequently, when residing at Versailles, a *ci-devant* Aide-de-camp of Marshal Macdonald's. We found no little gratification in talking over the adventures of former times, and, when I told him this story, he expressed no surprise, but said that it was quite in keeping with the usual rascality of the man. He confirmed my opinion that the Marshal wished me to escape.) . . . .

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PART III.

VERDUN.

FROM Perpignan, I went in the diligence as far as Narbonne; and I determined to make a halt there. . . . . I was pleased with the old-fashioned appearance of the town, and was the more disposed in its favour, from its being the first town in which I had enjoyed a little comparative liberty. Having established myself in the inn, my next step was to go to the circulating library, to get a book with which to while away the time. The bookseller informed me that he only let out books to subscribers. I pressed him hard, but in vain. At last, he asked my name. "Stanhope." "*Ah!*" said he, "*êtes-vous de la famille du Comte de Chesterfield?*" "*Oui, Monsieur.*" "*Monsieur, toute ma boutique est à vous,*" cried he in a state of enthusiasm: and, I believe, I came in for part of the veneration he felt for the author of the "Letters." At all events I got my book.* . . . .

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* When we were travelling on the Continent, I remember I was astonished at the enthusiasm with which foreigners greeted the name of Stanhope, the one English name that they seemed to know and to respect: "*Ah! mais vous avez un très-beau nom.*" This was most marked in Germany, probably owing to former diplomatic relations. When we were travelling through that country in our own carriage, our great amusement, while we were changing horses, was to watch the crowd which assembled round us, to study the arms on the panels; and their astonishment was great, on seeing my mother's three white spread eagles in one of the quarters; the royal bird, that no one was allowed to use: and when they saw the motto, "*A Deo et Rege,*" they settled that we *must* be royal.—A. M. W. P.

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In one of the places through which we passed, we received an addition to our party, in the person of an old gentleman, who came, with his portmanteau under his arm, to apply for a place in the *voiture*. I at once perceived from his manner, that he was an *ancien noble*, nor, perhaps, was he unwilling that we should be aware of the fact. . . . .

He soon let us into the whole history of his life, and we ascertained that, previous to the Revolution, he had been a Colonel in the army. . . . He at once got deep into the history of former times, and amused us not a little by his expressions of gratitude to the Prince de Condé, for what! —for not having sent him to the Bastille, in consequence of his having once forgotten the respect due to the Royal family, while pressing the Prince with a petition! . . . . He was led, by the presence of an Englishman, into a long discussion on the battles of Crecy and Agincourt, and concluded by assuring us that it was quite a mistake to suppose that the English had beaten the French. . . . . Whilst discussing the different manners of different countries, ... he said, that one day, when he was paying a visit at the house of some grand *seigneur*, an Englishman was announced: he immediately retreated from the hearth, near which he was standing, as an act of courtesy to the stranger, who at once took full possession of the fire, without the slightest apology or compliment to him. After the Englishman had left the room, he remarked to his host on the deficiency in politeness exhibited in this conduct; upon which, the master of the house gave him a severe lecture on the impropriety of forming conclusions without sufficient investigation, and explained to him how great was the difference in manners in different countries, concluding with, "that gentleman whom you are accusing of want of politeness and manners of the world, *c'est Lord Fitzwilliam.*" I was pleased to find from this anecdote, that Lord Fitzwilliam's name is as well

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known, and his character as highly appreciated, in France as it is in England.

On arriving at the town where we were to dine, the old gentleman addressed us in these words, "I cannot afford to pay the same price that you probably do for your dinner, but I am known here, and, if you will leave the arrangements to me, you shall dine for forty sous, and I will engage that you shall have as good a dinner as you would get for double the money." We assented, ... and had an excellent dinner. . . . .

Just before we got to Pont Saint Esprit, our *ancien noble* took leave of us, and again mounted his portmanteau on his shoulder. . . . . I could not see a man, whose air alone showed the rank and position of life in which he had been placed by birth, reduced to a state of comparative poverty, without feeling the greatest commiseration for him. Whatever may have been the faults of the French nobility, they have shewn, in their adversity, a dignity of conduct which will justly entitle them to the admiration of posterity, and ought to have preserved them from the ridicule to which their old-fashioned prejudices have exposed them. They have shewn that true nobility is independent of money, and can rise superior to poverty. . . . .

On leaving Villefranche we had all * agreed to take up our quarters at the same inn, on our arrival at Mâcon. The appearance of this inn soon convinced us that we had not been wrong in our selection, and we congratulated ourselves on being introduced into a handsome, well-furnished room.

The young American was kind enough to accompany me in my visit to the Commissary of War, to whom I went to get my *feuille de route visêed*. We afterwards sat down to an

* *I.e.*, my father and some chance travelling companions, including an American, with whom he had previously made friends.—A. M. W. P.

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excellent supper, accompanied by some of the celebrated Vin de Mâcon. As this was the most splendid inn I had seen in France, I was not a little surprised at the landlady making her appearance, and informing us that she could not accommodate us with separate apartments, that she, therefore, hoped we should not object to a double-bedded room. This was not an arrangement to suit the fastidious taste of an Englishman; but there was no help for it; and the American and I, not feeling ourselves so much strangers to each other as we did to the Frenchmen, naturally agreed to occupy the same room. The beds were excellent; indeed, so much so, that I felt considerable reluctance at leaving mine at four o'clock in the morning.

I must not, however, take my leave of the inn, without relating two stories, which were told me by a gentleman who got into the diligence at Mâcon. I had expressed my astonishment at our having been required to sleep two in a room, at an inn of so much pretension, when our new companion observed, that it was the custom of the house, and that, in consequence of it, a most singular adventure had befallen him; indeed, that *two* occurrences of so extraordinary a nature had happened to him there, that nothing should ever tempt him to go into the house again. He arrived there, he said, one evening, and enquired for a bed, at the same time telling the landlady, that he intended taking his place in the diligence on the following morning. She replied, that, as the house was full, she hoped that he would not object to sleeping in the same room with a gentleman, who was also going by the diligence. She said that he was a person with whom she was well acquainted, and for whom she could answer, as being a man of perfect respectability. Upon retiring to his room, he found that his companion was already in bed, and, apparently, asleep, for the curtains of his bed were drawn quite close. When he got up in the morning, he found the

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curtains still undrawn, and, though he made some noise in dressing himself, the gentleman did not awake. He thought it right to endeavour to arouse him: "Sir," said he, "I have not the honour of knowing you, but the landlady told me you were going by the diligence; allow me to say, that, if you do not make haste, you will be too late." To this he received no answer: he called to him again in a much louder tone; still no answer: astonished at so determined a silence, he began to think that something must be the matter, and drew back the curtain; when the sight that met his eyes was a body covered with blood, and a dagger sticking in its breast! His consternation and horror may be more easily imagined than expressed. When his agitation had in some degree subsided, his thoughts reverted to himself. What a situation! How to clear himself from the suspicion of having committed the murder? Fortunately he was well known; his character was above suspicion; and this preserved him from the possibility of such an accusation.

The second occurrence to which he had referred, also took place when he was himself at that inn. A certain Captain, who held an office of some importance in Lyons, and who, by his exactions, had amassed a large fortune, rendering himself universally detested, arrived there one evening, accompanied by his mistress. He ordered a supper in his bedroom, and invited two of his friends to sup with him. At midnight a dreadful scream was heard; the whole house was alarmed; and the Captain was found lying dead in the street, directly under the window of his room, from which he had, evidently, been precipitated. Guards were immediately stationed round the house, out of which no one was allowed to go; so that my fellow-traveller found himself a second time implicated in a most alarming transaction. All researches proved ineffectual, the Captain's mistress, and his two friends, having succeeded in making their escape during the confusion of the first alarm.

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From Mâcon we went to Châlons and Dijon. . . . . At four o'clock in the morning, I embarked in a miserable vehicle assuming the distinguished name of diligence. I was not long in discovering all the miseries of my situation. One of the windows resisted all my efforts to draw it up, and, to make me more sensible of this inconvenience, the cold was intense, and the wind high. The road presented the appearance of one continuous sheet of ice, and the horses had not been rough-shod; so that, instead of trotting, they went sliding on, till, at length, down came one of them, and, in spite of the repeated efforts of our coachman, or rather coachwoman (for our Phaeton was a female), would not rise. At length, however, she got him up; but down he went again. She then declared that it was in vain to attempt to proceed, and that we must return to Dijon. . . . . We turned round; but down fell one of the horses again, and the coach came to a standstill. . . . . How long we remained in this position I cannot tell; but, at length, we discovered that our coachwoman had quietly stolen away, and left us, coach and all, in the middle of the road, under the sole protection of a little boy. . . . . We took refuge in a cottage, ... and then walked back to Dijon. . . . .

On leaving Commercy, where I had stayed a few days, I found the cold much more severe than it had yet been; the snow had drifted so much, that the roads were frequently impassable. In several places it was higher than our vehicle itself, so that we were obliged to diverge, and steer our course across the fields as well as we could; and, in so doing incurred no little risk of wandering entirely out of our way. At length, our further progress seemed to be totally stopped by a piece of water, which was but lightly frozen. Yet, to pass through it, was absolutely necessary, as there was no other road. On to the ice, accordingly, we drove; but, at every step, it broke under the horses' feet,

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and it was no easy task for them to drag on the *patache*. At length, when they had got it fairly into the middle of the water, alarmed and exhausted, they refused to advance. In vain the driver used all the encouraging, and all the menacing expressions he could devise; in vain he employed his whip with all the energy he could muster; not a step would the horses move. Our case was hopeless, it was equally impossible to advance or recede; our fate seemed to be irrecoverably fixed, there to remain in the midst of a pool, till we were starved to death. At a little distance was a village, the inhabitants of which, perceiving our situation, collected in numbers on the opposite bank; but not one of them would venture to trust himself on the ice, lest he, too, might become a partner in our misfortune. In this position we had remained an hour, when one man, more courageous than the rest, ventured to advance sufficiently far upon the ice, to be able to throw us a mattock, or some such instrument. With this we succeeded in breaking the ice, step by step, under the horses' feet, and, at length, effected our liberation, and proceeded to St. Michel, where we arrived, almost perishing with cold. I dined there, whilst the horses were getting that rest of which they stood so much in need, and finally arrived at Verdun a little before six, the hour at which the gates were closed.

I was stopped at the gates by the gend'armes, and conducted to the citadel, where was the Commandant's office: but, as he was then at the theatre, they took me to the principal inn, "*Les trois Maures.*"

Thus ended my long journey through France, by my arrival at my prison-house [about January, 1811]. . . . .

After I had been put on my parole, I called upon Mr. Hamilton,* a young midshipman, a relation to Mr. Innes,

* Subsequently consul at Boulogne. See p. 197.

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who had written to him to look out for lodgings for me. . . . I secured some very good rooms, and obtained the additional advantage of being *en pension* in the family of my landlord, Monsieur Sainctelette. He was a retired jeweller, and, having shaken off the trammels of business, considered himself elevated in the scale of society. Though no longer obliged to work for his livelihood, he had sufficient sense, which so few possess, to be able to derive amusement from occupation. . . . . In his own sanctum, he would often revert to his former trade. . . . . One of his favourite occupations was painting. He was a heaven-born painter, and most original were the productions of his brush: however, he was satisfied, and proud of them; and that was the essential. Taking him altogether, he was one of the happiest men I ever met. He would sometimes tell me, with no little pride, of his having been selected, I believe I may say, compelled, to paint the decorations of the fête given at Verdun in honour of the restoration of the worship of God. The device was, "*La Nation Française reconnait un Être Suprême;*" on which he would remark, "What a degree of condescension on their part!" . . . . His wife had, in former times, been very pretty, ... and their eldest daughter had married an Italian count, and was "*Madame la Comtesse.*"

Though we had, generally, no positive suffering to complain of at Verdun, yet there is a sort of weariness in the life of an exile, which none can understand who have not experienced its intensity. Hitherto, I had almost lived upon futurity; my thoughts had been constantly occupied in planning tours, and in looking forward to adventures; in short I had been busied with every description of air-built castles: *now* there was no room for futurity; I could not, I dared not, look that way; scarcely could I find there a single ray of light to cheer the prospect. The negotia-

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tion for an exchange of prisoners had totally failed. The hope of any conclusion to the war appeared more distant than ever; whilst the Emperor lived, peace seemed to be impossible; and he might live twenty years, without the slightest diminution of his energy or his ambition: we could scarcely calculate upon a shorter period. Twenty years at Verdun! What a cold chill came over me, when that thought crossed my mind. Twenty years! at a time when amusement is the principal object of a man's life, and in a position, too, which gave me all the enjoyment of life, without any of its cares: at an age (and I was then not devoid of ambition) when, if I wished to take an active part in public business, not a moment was to be lost, as every day would make me less fitted for the task.

Sometimes, I may say, often, did my thoughts revert to London. What a contrast did the dull monotony of Verdun offer to the gaiety and enjoyments of a London season! In vain I looked for the slightest glimpse of hope; none could I see in the state of the political world; with the single exception of Spain, success seemed to follow the Imperial arms in every quarter. There was but one source from which we could, any of us, derive the slightest consolation, and that was from the character of Napoleon himself. We flattered ourselves that his insatiable ambition, after having prompted him to the execution of everything that was practicable, would finally urge him to attempt impossibilities. . . . .

Hopeless, however, as my situation appeared, I was determined not to sit down with my hands before me, and give way to despair; but to muster up all my courage, and make the best of my position. I engaged all the masters I could find: I had every day a French master, a fencing-master, and a dancing-master: subsequently I learnt German, and even went through a course of mathematics, according

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to the French mode of teaching, which I much prefer to ours. I breakfasted early: went to my club every day at one o'clock; mounted my horse at two, and returned punctually at five. . . . . Our limits extended to two leagues; and my horse knew them as well as I did; for he invariable turned round when he came to the invisible boundary. At six, I dined with the family of my landlord, and, in winter, spent the evening with them, or went to the theatre, which was next door. . . . I usually walked after dinner with Captain Strachey, of the navy, who was, in general, the companion, both of my rides and my walks. Our other public places of resort were the clubs, of which we had two. We had, also, our racecourse, and our regular races. . . . .

The state of our society in Verdun may, in some degree, be imagined: a thousand people of different characters and habits, collected together in one town, without any occupation to divert the tedium of their lives! Indeed, the society with which we were necessarily mixed up, was one of the greatest misfortunes arising from our detention, composed, as it was in a great degree, of the refuse of those who had been arrested by Buonaparte's orders at the time of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens: the *détenus*, as they were designated. . . . . The rest of our society consisted of officers in the army, the navy, and the merchant service. . . . . In the commencement, the *détenus*, imagining that their detention would be of but short duration, . . . , had launched into every sort of extravagance, ... and the French Government, to their eternal disgrace, had had the cruelty to send from Paris a faro table to complete their ruin. . . . . The mixing of the officers of the two services in one dépôt, was productive of no less evil, than the mixing of these with the *détenus*: . . . . the midshipmen, claiming the same rank as the ensigns, thought that, while on shore,

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they were entitled to the same privileges as the latter, and resisted every attempt on the part of their captains to enforce discipline: and a wilder race of beings than a body of midshipmen, when emancipated from all authority, is hardly to be conceived. . . . . The genuine midshipman does not improve or grow older with years, but only with rank; and at forty, he is as wild, and as much a boy, as at sixteen: but promote him, and he is instantly an altered man. . . . . The commandant was so well aware of the character of the midshipmen, that he told me one day, that he would rather command ten thousand French troops, than the fifty mids at Verdun. . . . . The jealousies arising between the members of the two professions were, also, constant sources of disturbance, and of endless duels. . . . . In fact, it was a common saying, that, if an angel had come down to Verdun, he would soon have become, or have been made out to be, a devil.* . . . .

The Commandant of Verdun was Colonel Courcelles. He was, probably, a soldier of fortune, for, undoubtedly, he was not a gentleman, either in his manners or ideas: he was not, however, an ill-natured man, and I, personally, had no reason to complain of him. . . . . He was not daring enough to be a villain, but had no objection to such little acts of peculation as he thought might be committed without exposing himself to risk. . . . . But he did not escape punishment; for some of the prisoners contrived to forward a complaint against him to the French Government, ... and, as a result of an enquiry,

* Various stories are related in the journal of the escapades of the prisoners. In these, there is frequent mention of the names of Lord Boyle and Lord Blaney, the latter of whom, from his wild freaks, had obtained the reputation amongst the French of being mad. One compound Hibernicism is too good not to be reproduced: a certain Irishman went at midnight with a candle, to see what time of day it was by the sun-dial. —S. P.

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he lost his post, whilst poor Masson, his paymaster, whom he had induced to burn the ledger, in order to destroy the evidence against him, was driven to put an end to his own life. . . . .

Courcelles' predecessor, General Wirion, was a man of more desperate type; his conduct towards the prisoners was atrocious; his principal object being, to extort large sums of money from them. . . . . These extortions were carried to such a length, that the English at Verdun made a formal complaint to the government: the General was summoned to Paris, and ended by shooting himself in the Bois de Boulogne. . . . .

Our next Commandant, after Courcelles, was the Baron de Beauchène, a gentlemanlike, excellent man, against whom I never heard even a whisper of complaint. . . . .

Henry Stanhope (Lord Chesterfield's son) was at this time at Verdun; he had been a midshipman in a man-of-war, which had been shipwrecked on the coast of France early in the war, and the crew had been made prisoners. Since that time, he had been leading a very quiet, retired life, and had latterly had his brother, Charles, as a sharer and solace of his captivity. Charles, who was a captain in the army, was taken prisoner at Talavera, and was sent to Verdun. . . . .

Henry Stanhope, with fifty other midshipmen, had been, in consequence of some acts of insubordination, ... confined in the citadel in one long room, probably, the former dormitory of the monks. . . . . Henry at once determined to make his escape. It happened that, at that moment, some workmen were employed in making alterations in the grates of the citadel, and this suggested to him an easy mode of effecting his disguise. He blackened his face, put some tongs or shovels on his shoulders, and boldly sallied forth, under the assumed character of a

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workman. It was late, the keeper of the citadel-gate had just turned the key, but, upon seeing him approach, was so completely deceived, that he actually re-opened the gates, and gave him free egress. He proceeded to the place of concealment which his brother had provided for him, and assumed the disguise of a French peasant. . . . . As the military were ever on the look-out for peasants endeavouring to escape the conscription, it was extraordinary that Henry should, even by keeping to the forests, and avoiding the towns and villages, have succeeded in arriving so far as the immediate vicinity of Luxemburg. But he did so; and there he was retaken.

The first information that we received of this occurrence was from the Commandant himself, who had been outrageous at his escape, and was no less delighted at his recapture. He announced it to Henry's landlord, by sending him word, that he might have tea ready for Mr. Stanhope, the midshipman. To Verdun, accordingly, after the lapse of a few days, he was brought back, and confined in the strongest prison in the citadel, a tower known by the name of the Tour d'Angoulême, from the circumstance of its having been occupied by that unfortunate Duke at the commencement of the French Revolution. The circumstances of the moment were peculiar: a decree had lately been issued, ordering that any prisoner taken in attempting to escape from the place of his detention, should be tried by a court-martial, and, if convicted, be condemned to the galleys for seven years; . . . . and orders had been sent from Paris, peremptorily enjoining to all court-martials to condemn any English prisoners brought before them: the excitement created in the town by Henry's recapture was, consequently, very great. What could he do? was the universal question. Would a Stanhope, a British sailor, submit to such an indignity. . . . . Henry showed a noble feeling: "No-

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thing," said he, "that they can do, can degrade me: I cannot be disgraced, so long as I do nothing unworthy of a man of honour." I was delighted with his spirit. From the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, I had never given him credit for the firmness and decision which he now displayed. Not the least cast down by his failure, nor dispirited by his close confinement, he appeared perfectly composed; and so cheerful, that one could hardly have imagined that anything unusual had occurred. He frequently declared that, do what they would with him, he was determined to escape; and that a man, when really determined, was certain of ultimate success.

He, in common with several other prisoners in the Tour d'Angoulême, was allowed to walk within the bastion in which the tower is situated, for two or three hours every day. At these times, I generally accompanied Charles to see him. As we were pursuing our walk towards the citadel, Charles informed me that he intended making a proposal to his brother, which, if he could induce him to accept it, would make it necessary for me to return immediately into the town. He then added, that it was his intention to propose to him to change his clothes with him: that, as they were nearly of the same height, he had little doubt but that his brother might safely represent him, and elude the eye of the sentinel who guarded the bastion. I was so much pleased with this noble instance of fraternal affection, that I refrained from offering any observations that might tend to throw even a shadow of a doubt upon his chance of success, and assured him that I should be willing to comply with his request: but, in my own mind, I was fully convinced, not only that the plan was impracticable, from the dissimilarity of the features of the two brothers, but that no consideration whatever would induce Henry to purchase his own liberation at his brother's

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expense. Nor was I wrong in my estimate of his character: the brothers met, and, after a few minutes' conversation, Henry came up to me, and communicated to me what Charles had proposed to him, but added, that it was entirely out of the question, as, to such an arrangement, were it, indeed, practicable, he never could have acceded. . . . .

Four months did Henry remain a close prisoner in the Tour d'Angoulême. The time for trial at length was fixed. The court-martial met. He entered the court with the bold and gallant bearing of a British sailor, and with an air as composed and unconcerned, as if he had been a mere spectator of the scene, in which he was to be a principal actor. . . . . The Colonel who presided, and who appeared to be a gentlemanlike man, entered into a definition of the word parole, and concluded with emphasis, "*Moi, Français, je la considère comme cela.*" Upon which Henry advanced two steps towards him, and exclaimed, "*Et moi, Anglais, je ne la considère pas comme cela.*"

The court then retired, and in a few minutes returned with a verdict of "guilty."

The prisoner was led into the court-yard, all the Gend'armerie drawn up, and the sentence read, degrading him from his rank as an officer, and condemning him to the galleys for six years.

He was then transferred, under an escort of the Gend'armerie, to the Porte Chaussée, a criminal prison. We accompanied him there: he walked through the streets, with an air that had in it more of triumph than of subjection. So little, indeed, was he subdued, that he told me, that, on that night, he intended to attempt his escape, if his brother could contrive to convey him a rope and a file. The following day, he was conveyed to the civil prison: it was held that, having been degraded from his rank as an officer, he had become subject to the civil power. Charles

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succeeded in sending to England a printed copy of the sentence, and our Government immediately took up the case, and informed the French Government that, if any English officers were sent to the galleys, all the French officers who were prisoners in England should be sent immediately to Fort St. George.

There was one great advantage arising from this change in the place of his confinement. As the civil prison was that in which the debtors were confined, there was a constant intercourse carried on with the town, without the same amount of precaution that was adopted in the military prison. . . . . The prisoners all occupied a room, through which a person must pass in order to go into the prison; and through this room there was, therefore, a pretty constant passage; and it required a sharp and discriminating eye indeed, to distinguish a prisoner from a visitor.

It was upon this circumstance, that I grounded a plan for his escape. He had changed his dress, and assumed one more in character with his new situation as a galley-slave. His costume consisted of a pair of grey trousers, and a round grey jacket. I proposed to him, that a party of his friends should pay him a visit, that he should then change his dress, put on breeches, boots and a coat, and disguise his face by means of a dark-coloured wig and whiskers, (the natural colour of his hair being light), and should then boldly walk out in the middle of our party. This he peremptorily refused, as he said that he would never agree to anything that would compromise any other person.

I then recommended him to adopt the same plan of disguise, and walk through the jailor's room boldly, with the unconcerned air of a person unconnected with the prison. This plan he determined to follow.

I ought, however, to say a few words respecting the prison-house itself. It was a miserable building: Henry

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had, perhaps, the best apartment in it; but bad, indeed, was the best; for it was so damp, that the wet ran down the walls in streams. To remedy this inconvenience, his kind landlady had sent in a stove, as well as such other comforts as she thought he most required. This cell, however, derived a considerable interest in my eyes, from its having a gothic carved roof.

His brother and I generally visited him every day. The plan for his escape was matured; and, at length, the day arrived on which it was to be attempted. It was a Sunday, on which day, as Charles had previously ascertained, the jailor was to be out. Two o'clock was the appointed hour; I was pacing up and down the Grand Rue with Captain Strachey, in anxious expectation of the result, when I perceived Charles approaching: he passed me rapidly, crying out as he passed, "All's well." It had been previously arranged that we should not, for some time, have the slightest communications, as we knew that we should be closely watched. It was, therefore, not till some time after, that I learned the particulars of Henry's escape. He had walked through the jailor's room, dressed in the manner I have already described: the jailor's daughter had a sort of confused notion that she knew the face, but he gave her no time to recollect herself, for he was out of the door in an instant. He had, however, hardly set his foot in the street, before she had collected her ideas, and given the alarm: but it was too late: he had run, as a man would run for life or death, and was safely concealed in the place of refuge before his pursuers could get upon his track.

The sensation created in the town by his escape was very great, and the fury and indignation of the authorities unbounded. The jailor ran about the town with a sword in his hand, declaring that, if he could find him, he would cut him down. Domiciliary visits were threatened; but,

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even in that case, he was secure in the house in which he was concealed, and which his brother did not reveal, even to me; though he told me that it was the only one in Verdun which the Commandant dared not search. Charles told me, also, that there was a spy placed over me, and another over him; but that he had succeeded in defeating the one attached to him, by means of a counter spy.

The plan adopted for Henry's escape from the town, was that which I had previously suggested, of travelling as a French officer, in a military hat, blue great-coat, and a *croix* to his buttonhole. . . . . He remained concealed in the town for above a month, and, during that time, found it expedient to change his quarters: but I was never allowed to see him. . . . .

At length arrived the day fixed upon for his escape. His brother had bought two horses, and engaged, as a servant and guide, a man who was employed at Drake's livery-stables. This man left the town on foot, and Colonel Wyndham's servant took the horses to a neighbouring village. Just as Henry was about to scale the walls, word was brought to him that all was discovered: "Well, never mind," said he, "here goes!" and over the wall he flung, walked to the village, where he found the horses, mounted, and was off at a gallop. Colonel Wyndham's servant was taken up, upon his re-entering the gates, and the guide, also, upon his return to Verdun, was thrown into prison. Narrowly as they escaped seizing Henry, I believe that they were not aware of the prize within their reach. . . . . That they were in possession of the greater part of the plan for the escape of *a* prisoner, was evident, but I believe that they were, none of them, aware that the prisoner in question was Henry Stanhope.

The character he had assumed, was that of a Swiss officer belonging to the regiment then quartered at Verdun. He wore the ribbon of the *croix* at his buttonhole, and was well

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supplied with papers to meet all common enquiries. He did not experience the slightest difficulty in his journey, though he once very nearly found himself in an awkward predicament; for he was informed by the landlord, at one of the inns at which he stopped, that there was an officer, then in the town, belonging to his regiment, and was much pressed to stay to see him; which, to the landlord's infinite astonishment, he positively declined. He, at length, reached the termination of his journey, but what port it was, I do not remember: at any rate, he succeeded in procuring a boat, and, putting to sea, was soon picked up by an English vessel.* . . . .

During my residence at Verdun a great part of the Imperial Guard passed through the town on their way to Wilna, the head-quarters of the army destined to act against Russia. To judge from the troops we saw, never was a finer army assembled in modern Europe. These were the *élite*, but, in themselves, they almost constituted an army.

Of all the regiments we saw, perhaps the most striking was that of the Polish Lancers: though there were, undoubtedly, others, which consisted of taller and larger men, yet, in activity, in proportion and lightness of limb, the Lancers far excelled the rest. They halted for a day at Verdun, and upon that occasion were inspected, so that we had sufficient opportunity of forming some opinion upon their general appearance. . . . .

* My father told me of, and alludes in his journal to, many other interesting stories of escapes effected by prisoners from Verdun: one escaped in a cart of hay; another assumed the disguise of a courier carrying despatches to the *Grande Armée*; a third passed himself off as a customs-officer, and accompanied a division of the army, meeting with the greatest attention and civility from both officers and men. There were many others; but, naturally, the escape of Henry Stanhope was the one which interested him most.—A. M. W. P.

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In the evening, a disturbance arose in the theatre, in consequence of an attempt of a French officer to force his way into our box. The Polish officers, indignant at this man's conduct, all took part against him, ... and a strict alliance was formed between these Poles and the English prisoners. We gave them a supper, which they returned the next morning with a breakfast. "We like you," said they, "because you *are* free, and we, too, *were* free." . . . . Few things could have irritated the Emperor more seriously than such a *rapprochement* between the officers of his guard and the English prisoners. This magnificent regiment was totally annihilated in the ensuing Moscow campaign.

A Dutch regiment of the Guards, also, passed through Verdun. It was composed of the finest men I ever saw, but then, there was a Dutch heaviness about them, which, though it might make their appearance more imposing, rendered them, in my opinion, infinitely less qualified for active service than the lighter and more gracefully-formed Poles.

The Guards had all passed; the army was concentrated and ready to move: that was the moment at which Napoleon himself generally took the command. His departure from Paris was hardly ever known before his arrival at the head-quarters, as he always travelled with the greatest rapidity. No sooner did he arrive, than the army was in movement, and the campaign commenced.

It was announced in Verdun, that the Emperor was to pass through the town. Some preparations were made for his reception; an address was to be presented by the *Maire* and other authorities; and one of the streets in the middle of the town, which was very steep, was to be covered with gravel.

Long before the expected time of his arrival, I took up my station with a fellow prisoner on the top of the Rue

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St. Pierre, and waited in patient expectation to see the would-be Lord of the Human Race pass by. At length the carriage was seen approaching. My companion remarked to me, "Now, if anybody should shoot at him, we shall be inevitably cut down." "An agreeable reflection, at all events," said I. At the top of the street, the wheel was locked, and the carriage descended the hill at a foot's pace, so that I had ample opportunity of seeing the Man of Destiny; and to see him I was determined, *coûte qui coûte*. I put my glass to my eye, advanced with the carriage, and actually contrived to get between Rustan, the celebrated Mameluke, and the window. I cared not for *les convenances*, or the rules and etiquettes of courts, but actually stared him down. Yes, I may boast that I made Napoleon himself draw back.

And now, how shall I describe him? He was in a coloured night-cap, not a very Imperial, nor, at any time, a becoming, costume: he had travelled all night, which, also, is neither calculated to improve a man's beauty, nor to shed a ray of good-humour over his countenance. His face looked swollen, his complexion sallow and livid; his eyes—but it is impossible to describe the expression of those eyes: I need only say that they were the true index to his character. There was in them a depth of reflection, a power of intention (if I may so call it) of seeing into the souls of men; there was a murkiness, a dark scowl, that made me exclaim, "Nothing in the world would tempt me to go one hour in that carriage with that man!" I could understand the power of that eye, under the glance of which the proudest heart in France shrank abashed; but, still, the whole countenance rather brought to my memory the early impressions I had formed of a moody schoolmaster, than those of a Cæsar or Alexander. It would not be possible to give a more faithful representation of the appearance

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and expression of his countenance at that moment, than that given on the coins of the Kingdom of Italy.

The sight of the English was, certainly, not calculated to excite pleasing emotions in his mind. The Empress, on the contrary, who, perhaps, retained something of her former impressions in favour of the English, looked round her with an air of kindness and affability. General Cox, the *ci-devant* governor of Almeida, advanced to the window, and presented to her a petition, which she received with a gracious smile, and handed over to Napoleon: he took it, but took no further notice of it.

Whilst the horses were changing, the authorities presented their address; and he then proceeded on his way.

*(On his way to that campaign which was to prove the commencement of his fall from the height of power which he now occupied; a height unparalleled in the history of modern Europe. Who can look back now at the wonderful success which had attended his previous career, at the point at which he now stood—if not commanding all Europe, at least, able to dictate to all her nations but one: his power apparently confirmed by his marriage with an Archduchess, by his alliance with the proudest house in Europe, and further confirmed by the birth of a son;—who can look back at all this, and refrain from moralising that, if he then would have but taken his stand, and given that peace to the world which it so much required, and turned the energies of his mind to the amelioration of the condition of his subjects, and to securing their happiness; that if he had but abandoned the vain ambition of imitating Cæsar, in order to follow the footsteps of Augustus, he might, not only have transmitted his sceptre to his son, but have left behind him a name far more glorious than that acquired by his victories.

* Inserted subsequently.

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How little did we think, when we saw him thus, in the full possession of his power, that his fall was to be so immediate: yet I was not, even then, without hopes that he would at length meet with defeat. We are all sanguine in what we wish, and I remember having a long discussion on the subject with one of my masters, a French priest, a very clever, and, indeed, liberal-minded man, who had passed much of the time of his emigration in Poland. I urged that Wellington had shewn the way how to resist the French armies, and that the Fabian policy would succeed in Russia, as it had done in Spain. He laughed at me, talked of the interminable plains of Poland, the vast supply of corn, the impossibility of laying waste to the country upon so large a scale; and, as is usually the case, we both persisted in our own opinion. I remember, also, a French innkeeper venturing to express something of my own opinion to me, and in a very concise manner: "*Eh! Diable! que veut-il?*" He found Spain too hot for him; he will find Russia too cold for him.)

From Verdun the Emperor proceeded to Metz, which is justly considered as one of the most important towns in this part of France. It was not, however, one much in favour with his Imperial and Royal Majesty, as it had always been considered as the head-quarters of the Moreau party, and, even at this time, many old officers attached to that General were said to be resident there. On the present occasion, the authorities presented an address to the Emperor, complaining of the state of trade, and petitioning that, as Metz was a town of so much more importance than Verdun, the dépôt of English might be transferred from the latter to the former place. "The population of Verdun is greater than that of Metz," was the Emperor's reply. "*Comment, sire*, the population of Metz is ——, whilst that of Verdun is only ——." "Impossible," exclaimed the Emperor, "for I find there were

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only —— voted for the consulship for life at Metz, whilst there were —— at Verdun: therefore the population at Verdun is greater than that at Metz." This was a species of logic to which there could be no reply. Therefore we remained at Verdun.

On a previous passage of Napoleon's through Verdun, (I think it was on the occasion of the Austerlitz campaign,) one of the horses in his carriage fell down: the time occupied in exchanging it for another post-horse was about twenty minutes, during which period a considerable number of Englishmen, naturally enough, collected round his carriage. The Emperor, thus surrounded by his enemies, did not seem to feel much at his ease. One man, a fine, tall, handsome Irishman, he seemed to view more particularly with a doubtful expression of countenance. At length, the horse was replaced, and the carriage proceeded. It had hardly, however, cleared the town, before one of the Englishmen said, "How easily we might have stopped him." "So, indeed, we might," was the unanimous answer; and all saw at once the golden opportunity they had missed; and now, in fancy, they matured their plans: "We would have attacked the carriage, dragged him out of it, placed a man on each side of him, with a pistol at his head: we could have easily repulsed the Gend'armes, and there were no other troops in the town; shut the gates, and marched him to the coast, not releasing him till our escape was secured. Upon the slightest resistance, we would have shot him." It would, indeed, have been a singular sight to have seen the tables turned, and Napoleon himself, in the centre of his dominions, a prisoner to his own prisoners.

How far such an attempt would have been justifiable, or reconcilable to the obligations of parole, I will not stop to enquire; indeed, it needs no enquiry; the case is clear: its only excuse could have been the greatness of the daring:

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but had it entered sooner into the mind of the man who suggested it, it would probably have been carried into execution; there would have been no time for reflection, and the very greatness of the attempt would have blinded the prisoners to the dishonourable nature of the act. There was not one amongst them, who would have harboured the idea of putting him to death: but no one can look at the case coolly, without seeing that such must inevitably have been the result. . . . .

What the cause of the Russian war was, I have never yet heard explained. Whether it arose from a determination on the part of Alexander to make a bold effort to stem the torrent that threatened to overwhelm him, or, as I have always supposed to be the case, he felt fully convinced that, now that Prussia and Austria were humbled, he was to be the next victim, and that, therefore, the only course for him to pursue, was to commence the contest at a favourable moment; in fine, did the war originate with France, or with Russia?—is a question that I cannot answer: but, that it really arose from the ambition of Napoleon, I cannot, for one instant, doubt.

The conquest of the world was the great object of his ambition; it was, as the French called it, *le grand projet*, of the execution of which, they never seemed to entertain a doubt. England, they all admitted, was the only bar to the execution of this project, and it was generally rumoured, that the invasion of Russia was but the prelude to his future schemes. Russia was to be humbled, and forced to join with France in an attack on Constantinople. At the head of a new crusade, Buonaparte was to have raised, once again, the standard of the Cross in the capital of the Emperors of the East, and, perhaps, added their title to those which he already bore. Once in possession of Constantinople, with

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Alexander reduced to the rank of one of his satellite-sovereigns, he might, at his leisure, have matured his plans of aggression upon our Eastern dominions. . . . .

I may mention an occurrence, which will throw some light on the state of the Imperial Government. One morning, the *Maire's* house was discovered to be on fire. Captain Hunter Blair, who lodged there, contributed mainly to the escape of the family, and used his utmost exertions in endeavouring to stop the progress of the fire. To the credit of the *Maire* and the other authorities, a statement of the case, with a petition for Captain Blair's release, was sent to the Emperor. It was backed by the Minister of War; and Napoleon, who was not an ill-natured man, and, whatever might be his faults, had a mind alive to the noble feelings of the soul, immediately granted his liberty. . . . . But, day after day, and week after week, did Captain Blair wait for the expected passport; but it never arrived. The fact was, that a strong feeling of enmity existed between the Minister of War and the Minister of Police, and, as the former had taken a warm interest in the Captain's favour, the latter was determined that his liberation should not be effected, and took good care that the passport should never arrive: and who was there bold enough to complain to the Emperor of his Minister of Police? . . . .

A similar act of magnanimity on the part of Napoleon, was exercised in the case of Captain Fane, (and with better success,) in recognition of his having previously, at the time of the Egyptian campaign, rescued two Frenchmen from drowning. . . . .

Mr. Gell had written to his brother-author of "The Troad," Monsieur Le Chevalier, to beg him to use his interest in my behalf. He, not knowing exactly in what

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manner to benefit me, enclosed the letter to Monsieur Le Févre, Sous-préfet of Verdun, recommending me to his good offices. Le Févre was a brother of General Le Févre, the late husband of the Emperor's sister, Pauline. . . . . Upon receiving the letter, he sent for me, and, communicating to me the interest that M. Le Chevalier took in my favour, added, that he should be happy to do me any service in his power. I replied that, to leave the dépôt, was my most anxious wish, and that, if he could assist me in obtaining that permission, he would confer upon me the greatest obligation. He desired me to return home, and write a petition to that effect; which I, accordingly, did, applying for leave to reside at Geneva, or any other large town in France. But this petition failed. . . . .

I subsequently wrote direct to M. Le Chevalier, and, in the month of October (1812), I received a letter from the house of Lafitte, enclosing the copy of one from the Minister of War, in which he stated that, in consequence of the good character he had heard of me, and of the petition he had received, he was ready to accede to the request, and to permit me to pass three months in Paris, where I should be in no way disturbed, so long as I conducted myself well. . . . . What part Talleyrand took in the transaction, I do not know; but I understood from Le Chevalier that he had interested himself in my favour, and, though he was not at that time in the Emperor's good graces, he was too powerful to be neglected by any of his ministers.

The delight with which I received the communication of my leave to reside in Paris, I will not attempt to describe.

I was not long in making the necessary preparations for my departure. . . . . I had first to return to Verdun.*

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* He was, at the time, staying with a *propriétaire* at Ligny, having obtained permission to spend a month or two in the country.—S. P.

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Upon arriving at Bar, I found that town in the greatest consternation, the window-shutters of most of the houses closed, the shops shut, and frequent reports of pistol-shots being heard: everything bore the appearance of an enemy being at the gates. So, indeed, there was: but rather a singular one. For many preceding evenings, a band of wolves had entered the town, chased the inhabitants from the streets, killed two or three, and wounded nineteen others. Many of the natives wisely concluded that the Russian wolves, alarmed at the cannonading of the French army, had retreated into France; and, in support of this opinion, they maintained that the wolves were evidently of a distinct breed from those of France. . . . .

The distance that a voiturier would travel in a day, was such as my horse could easily compass, and, as a security against rain or accidents, I engaged a seat in the coach from Verdun. The necessary arrangements being made, the day for our departure was fixed; and, accordingly, on a beautiful morning, after having swallowed a hasty breakfast, I mounted my horse, a fine spirited chestnut, whose sire was an Arabian, and bade adieu to Verdun.

I soon arrived at the "limits," and, with a bounding heart, crossed that imaginary line, from which I had so often turned, and entered the forbidden ground. I rode on to Clermont, and found this lovely spot in full beauty. The town itself is magnificently situated. . . . . It stands at the extremity of the valley, on the inclination of a steep hill, the brow of which, embosomed in trees, hangs immediately over it. From this, opens a most beautiful valley, which is, in fact, in the midst of an extensive forest, for the hills on each side are covered with wood.

At the further end of the valley is the little village of La Chalais, inhabited entirely by a colony engaged in the manufacture of bottles. By some strange freak of the

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ancien régime, the privilege of making these bottles was limited exclusively to the noblesse: in consequence, there was in this valley a colony of glass-making nobles. Apparently, it was not a lucrative profession, for, even in the brilliant days of aristocracy, a noble of La Chalais was a joke, a sort of proverb amongst the inhabitants of Clermont, who used to say, that, when one of them wished to make his appearance in that town, he called upon his neighbours to contribute each a part towards equipping him as a noble; one lent the horse, another provided the sword, a third the spurs, and a fourth the pointer, which was held to be not the least necessary appendage to the dignity of a nobleman: thus fitted out, he could look with aristocratic contempt upon the little bourgeois of Clermont, who, in his turn, ridiculed the airs of the poor noble of La Chalais.

I do not, however, know that I ever met with a happier race of people. . . . . I was much interested at finding that all those titles, which had been annihilated by the Revolution, were still retained in La Chalais; and I heard the men engaged in making bottles, addressing each other as Monsieur le Baron, Monsieur le Chevalier, etc., maintaining in their mutual intercourse the manners and polish of the *vieille cour*. . . . .

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PART IV.

PARIS.

We had calculated on arriving in Paris on the fifth day, but were detained for another night by the breaking down of our carriage. My chestnut was so little the worse for his exertions, that, upon his being led out, he reared up, and frightened the man so much, that he fell down flat on the ground. With no less bounding spirits did I mount him; and he carried me gaily along, till, at length, we approached Paris.

Yes: Paris was before me; that city which had been so long the beau ideal of my imagination; to see which, had been so long the darling object of my heart. And whose heart would not throb, or whose pulse would not beat quicker, when looking down for the first time on Paris? But, on entering the Imperial City by the Rue de St. Denis, my enthusiasm almost gave way to disappointment. "And is *this* Paris?" almost rose to the tip of my tongue. Certainly the Rue de St. Denis is not calculated to impress the traveller with an idea of the magnificence of the capital of France.

After having settled myself most comfortably at an excellent hotel, in a very good situation close to the Boulevards, and in the most fashionable part of Paris, ... I determined to continue my studies without loss of time, and began by engaging a Spanish and a German master. I then wanted to find a dancing-master. I thought the opera-house the most likely place. Thither I, accordingly, went, and, seeing two gentlemen whom I judged to be attached to the theatre, I

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accosted them, stated my difficulty, and asked whether they could recommend me the person of whom I was in search. . . . . They received my application with the greatest civility, consulted together, and settled that Monsieur Guillet was the person best suited to my purpose. They offered to conduct me to his house, to which I immediately assented; and I was, accordingly, introduced to him, by two people whom I had never seen before, and at once made my arrangements with him.

The first class of pupils at the opera are under the superintendence of Coulon, *le Dieu de la Danse*, whose merits are described in the following lines, placed under the engraving of his portrait,

> *"Du feu de son génie il anima la danse,*
> *Aux beaux jours de la Grèce il sut la rappeler,*
> *Et, recouvrant par là leur antique élégance,*
> *Les gestes et les pas apprirent à parler."*

And this man to whom France owed her dancing reputation, was a little, round, pot-bellied fellow, who would have formed an admirable representation of Sancho.*

After I had practised the steps every morning at M. Guillet's, whom I found an excellent master, all the little *danseurs et danseuses* were summoned to dance quadrilles, and most joyfully did they obey the call. . . . .

The Palais Royal did not by any means equal my expectations; but my imagination was, probably, more in fault than the Palais; for it is undoubtedly a splendid establishment. It consists of a garden of an oblong form, surrounded by a

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* M. Coulon's son came to London, and settled there as a dancing-master. His wife was a music-mistress, and taught us the piano. When we knew her, she was a little, shrivelled, old woman, with an inexhaustible fund of humour; very clever, and very devoted to music. Her daughter followed her mother's profession: but they have all, now, long passed away.—S. P.

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building, supported by a handsome colonnade, under which is the great promenade of Paris. It is separated from the garden, on one side, by a grille; on the other side, it is embellished by a splendid row of shops, restaurateurs, cafés, etc. Amongst the latter, I must not pass over in silence the Café des Mille Colonnes, with its celebrated *belle*, who, seated in the full blaze of her diamonds, presides over the coffee and the ices, and receives, with the greatest dignity, the money presented to her by the attendant *garçons*. Her beauty, her smiles, and, still more, her diamonds, attracted innumerable visitors, and gave a profitable celebrity to the Café des Mille Colonnes. The Café Corrazza and the Café de Foi are, also, very splendid, but derive their reputation from the political party to which they are attached; for, in these days, even Cafés are political: one was exclusively frequented by the *ancienne noblesse*, another by the partisans of the Imperial Dynasty, a third by the Republicans. For my part, I visited each, as the whim of the moment led me. Of the restaurateurs, then, I shall only name Véry, as he was *facile princeps*: there the epicure could enjoy every luxury that might suit his appetite or the compass of his purse, not forgetting *rosbif de mouton*, *bif-stick à l'anglaise*, and even *plum-poudin* swimming in burning brandy.

There was something in the appearance of the Palais Royal that put me in mind of a college: but to what a different purpose is it appropriated! The second story is principally devoted to gambling houses: these extend, also, to the cellars, where are gambling tables of all sorts, adapted to the calibre of every man's purse. . . . .

I must, however, say one word in behalf of the Palais Royal. It unites in a small space most of the *agréments* of life; and, if these places, now devoted to vice and sensuality, were destined to harmless amusements and instruction, it might become the residence of happiness, as well as of

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luxury. Fancy the Palais Royal as the concentration of all objects of taste; the place where all distinguished specimens of modern art were collected; where the most splendid shops in Paris attracted the notice of the ladies; where the most celebrated restaurateurs invited the followers of the *Almanach des Gourmands;* where the different political cafés were the resort of the most distinguished statesmen and orators in France; where others were frequented by the philosophers, the savants and connoisseurs;—what a delightful *point de réunion* it might be! . . . .

The Théâtre Français was the first theatre that I visited, and I was fortunate in the piece that was represented. The principal performers were Mlle. Roconi and Mlle. Duchènois; the first acted extremely well, and gave great effect to a very disagreeable character; the latter, though the total want of personal attraction is a great drawback, is certainly a fine actress. She has, however, a solemnity and pomposity in her voice and manners, that borders upon affectation, and, at the first instant, generally appeared to me to approach the ridiculous. The best proof, however, of her talent as an actress, was, that, in spite of that impression, she soon commanded my whole attention. She has recourse, not unfrequently, but principally in the more striking passages of her part, to a direct motion of the arm, a sort of "front give point," such as Nathan might have been supposed to have used, when addressing David with, "Thou art the man," that has a singularly good effect, and which I did not remember to have seen attempted by any other performer.

Whilst speaking of the Français, I must not overlook the theatrical god of Paris, who was at that time at Lyons, but, shortly afterwards, returned to the metropolis. He is unquestionably a very fine actor, but whether superior to Kemble, it is not for me to venture to decide. Talma has an expressive countenance, and represents the hero or old

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Roman, admirably well; but he did not appear to be equally fortunate in the more tender scenes. If, as an uncivilised John Bull, I may hazard a criticism, I should say that he is not unacquainted with stage tricks, and that a great deal of the effect produced was due to a sort of *mugissement*, a groaning, or, rather, growling, and to a sudden dropping, or, to speak more properly, raising of his voice into a whisper. The contrast between the full notes of his deep voice, and this still small whisper, had almost a harrowing effect on his audience, as it seemed to be occasioned by the most intense feeling. It was a piece of *mannerism*, for I do not like to call it a trick, to which Mlle. Duchènois had, also, not unfrequently recourse. The part for which Talma is most celebrated, is that of Manlius in the play of that name. The simple words, "*Que dis tu?*", which Pierre, *alias* Manlius, addressed to the representative of Jaffier, upon presenting him a letter discovering his treachery, is considered the master-piece of Talma's acting, and never fails to produce the most tremendous applause.

* (Here, if I may be allowed to introduce the opinion of one of our own dramatists upon this very point, I will state what occurred to me subsequently, when I was in Paris, after the restoration of Louis XVIII. I went one night to a great ball given by Lafitte. It consisted of an enormous crowd of people of a mixed character, but of which a great part was composed of English. When supper was announced, the gentlemen handed the ladies down stairs, but were not allowed to enter the supper-room. There were Gend'armes placed at the door, who, as soon as the ladies had passed, crossed their swords, and would not allow the gentlemen to follow.† This was a proceeding not much suited to the taste

* Inserted subsequently.

† "Lorsqu'il faut passer du salon dans la salle à manger, les hommes ne donnent plus la main aux femmes; comme ils le faisoient autrefois;

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of Englishmen, and, once or twice, I saw something like a movement to force the guard. For such a movement I did not find myself in the pleasantest situation, though it might be a post of honour, for I was in the front rank, immediately touching a Gend'arme, who was repeatedly threatening to make use of his spurs, which, applied to my silk stockings, would not have produced the most agreeable effect; nor did I feel quite certain how far a Gend'arme might venture to use his arms, if his post was likely to be forced. What a singular instance this was of the gallantry of *la Grande Nation!* What an illustration of the principles of liberty, as entertained by one of the leaders of the liberal party!

At length, the ladies' supper was concluded, and the Gend'armes condescended to allow us to enter. I seated myself at a little table with three other men. They were all strangers. Two of the party, I at once settled in my own mind to be characters: there was no English stiffness about them, but a gaiety, an offhandishness, combined with an evident knowledge of the world—I mean, of the *real* world, not of that little coterie which arrogates to itself exclusively that title. Our conversation turned principally on theatres, and my companions seemed to be quite *au fait* of the *coulisses* of all the theatres of England and of France. One of them, thought I, is a dramatist of no inferior description: and, upon considering over the names of the different dramatic authors of England, I concluded that it was Moreton; and Moreton it proved to be: but who was the other? He had more the air of the "chartered libertine," of "the man who had seen the manners and cities of men:" he had, also,

cet usage a probablement changé à mesure que le système des vanités s'est plus subtilisé: il a fallu alors mettre les hommes hors de la question, parce qu'ils introduisent, inévitablement du positif dans les affaires. Voilà donc les femmes qui, toutes ensembles, s'approchent à la salle manger." *Necker. Mémoires de la vie privée de mon père. Mme. de Staël, p.* 195.—S. P.

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the appearance of a military man, but without that exclusive or professional air, which generally characterises our officers. "He is a military man who has lived much in foreign society," said I to myself: it is "Don Carlos:" and Sir Charles Doyle, my correspondent from my prison at Barcelona, it, undoubtedly, was. The acquaintance thus commenced, has, I trust, been cemented by mutual regard. I have often, for my part, regretted that I had not met with him at Valencia, and abandoned my Grecian tour, for a campaign with him in Catalonia, which he had proposed to me.

I had, then, guessed who two of my companions were, though I had so little to guide my conjectures, and I found their conversation very agreeable. But I must not omit to mention an observation made by Moreton, as it was, in fact, the cause of this long story. I had ventured some remarks upon Talma's acting, similar to those which I have made above: "You may say what you like," said he, "but that man *must* be a great actor who can electrify an audience with three words as simple and inharmonious as, '*que dis tu?*', as he never failed to do.")

Talma stands high in Napoleon's favour. I have been credibly informed that, when the Emperor himself is at the theatre, he always gives Talma a slight sign of recognition, which, though, probably, almost imperceptible to the audience, must be highly gratifying to the actor's feelings: but how far this may be true, I will not venture to answer. Another report, also, is very prevalent, and is, I believe, universally credited; it is, that in the early days of his greatness, Buonaparte took lessons from Talma in the art of representation.

One anecdote I must mention, which is generally circulated and believed, as it places the Emperor in an amiable point of view. One night that he was at the theatre, he perceived a degree of inattention or preoccupation in Talma's

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acting, which he took as a personal affront to himself; and, accordingly, he sent for the actor, and reprimanded him severely; and it is well known that the ebullitions of his temper were not of the gentlest description. Shortly after, he was informed, that Talma's apparent negligence had arisen from some domestic misfortune, which, at the moment, pressed heavily on his mind; he immediately sent for him, and expressed his regrets at having spoken to him severely on account of a fault, which, in fact, had arisen from the state of his feelings.

Talma knew that at no time was a man so disposed to shew you an act of kindness, as when he feels that he has treated you with injustice. He saw that the moment was peculiarly favourable for pressing a petition which no other individual in France, however exalted his station, could have ventured to make—the release of a prisoner of war. The circumstances of the case were, indeed, peculiar, and creditable to all parties; and, therefore, they deserve to be mentioned. A relation, I think, a nephew, of Talma's, had been taken prisoner, and sent to England: this reached the ears of Kemble, who immediately applied to Government for his release, and obtained it: so, this distinguished actor had the gratification of conferring an important and unsolicited obligation on a brother-actor. Talma must, necessarily, have been much pleased with this mark of Kemble's regard, and, of course, was unwilling to be surpassed in generosity by his rival friend: but the difficulty was, how to approach the Emperor, so as to venture to speak to him on a forbidden subject. The opportunity now offered itself: the Emperor was, not only in a good humour, but evidently desirous of doing Talma a favour. He, therefore, related to him the whole story, and expressed his hope that his Sovereign would allow him to acknowledge the obligation in the only way in which he could do it with propriety, namely, by granting to

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him the release of an English prisoner. The Emperor listened to the anecdote with much interest: it was one calculated to touch the right chord, to act upon the better feelings of his mind: he instantly assented to the request, and gave orders for the liberation of the prisoner in whose favour Talma petitioned.

I had the pleasure of sitting one day at dinner next to Madame Talma, and had a good deal of conversation with her, principally respecting her husband. I enquired whether a report which I had heard, that he was born in England, was correct: she told me that it was not, but that he was brought up in England; and that, at one time, the great object of his ambition was to be able to act as well in English as he did in French; that he had long wished to make the attempt, but that he feared it was now too late, and that the habit of acting in French had given him a peculiar style, a sort of mannerism, which is inseparable from French tragedy, and which would totally unfit him for distinguishing himself on an English stage.

During the time that I was in Paris, a circumstance occurred in the theatrical world, which excited no little sensation. Talma, having been handled pretty roughly in one of Geoffroi's dismal criticisms, ventured on a measure, no less daring than that of bearding the lion in his den. Bursting open the door of the box, which, till then, had been considered the inviolable sanctuary of the great critic, he actually dragged him out of it by main force: he did not, however, effect this without a considerable struggle, which created so great a commotion as to interrupt the performance. It was said that, had the Emperor been in Paris, Talma would not have ventured upon such a proceeding. The following morning a bitter, but highly ludicrous account of the transaction appeared in the *feuilleton* of the "*Journal de l'Empire.*" Geoffroi did not attempt again to take

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possession of his former box, which had been assigned to him by the company gratis, but engaged another on his own account; and, as may well be supposed, his criticisms on Talma's acting were not lessened in asperity. . . . .

Having dwelt so long on the merits of the tragic actors at the Français, I should be treating the comic actors of that theatre with great injustice, did I pass them *sub silentio;* for Fleury and Mlle. Mars yield in excellence to none. The former is universally considered by the French as the perfect model of a gentleman, and often have I been recommended to study carefully his manners, as the dress and glass by which to form my own. His were the manners, however, of the *siècle de Louis quatorze*, of the old French marquis, generally adapted for Molière, but too refined, too trifling, perhaps, for the age of Napoleon. He seemed like one who had outlived his generation.

Though Mlle. Mars was said to be far from young, yet, by the aid of dress, she was still a very handsome woman. . . . . She was evidently the woman of the world; one who knew how to put into play all the arts of her sex, and, whilst impressing the mind of her auditor with that conviction, was still, notwithstanding, altogether fascinating.

In the higher branches of comedy, Fleury and Mlle. Mars were altogether unrivalled.

A play was brought out about this time, and, I believe, by the Imperial command, for the exclusive purpose of abusing the English. It was called Tippoo Sahib. It was execrable. The burthen of the piece was, "*horreur aux Anglais;*" and poor Lord Duncan (as a punishment, I conclude, for his naval victory), was held up to the detestation of the Parisians, as the General opposed to Tippoo Sahib. As a proof, however, of good taste on the part of those same Parisians, even Talma acted to empty benches: a circumstance which I never knew to have occurred at any other time.

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It was about this time that a stranger entered a shop in Paris, and ordered the mistress of it to prepare for him immediately the insignia of a Knight of the Garter. Upon her husband's return home, she informed him of the extraordinary order that she had received, and urged him to go instantly, and buy into the funds, as she was convinced that the articles in question were designed for an ambassador, who must be coming from England, the consequence of whose arrival would be an immediate rise in the funds. Her husband, however, saw further into this mysterious business than his wife did. It was his conviction, that there was some dangerous conspiracy on foot, in which her customer was materially implicated. He, accordingly, set off instantly to the Police office, and informed the Commissary of what had occurred.

To a Police officer, whose mind was solely intent on plots and counter-plots, this intelligence appeared to be of a most serious character: he told the man to execute the order, and to give the articles to the supposed ambassador, without shewing the slightest appearance of suspicion, and to leave the rest to the Police.

At the appointed time, the Commissary stationed himself near the shop, and we may well imagine the anxiety with which he waited for his prey, big with the thoughts of the dangerous conspiracy which he was now about to bring to light. At length, the victim appeared, walked unconsciously into the shop, and asked for the Star and Garter which he had ordered. With a suppressed smile the shopkeeper produced them, and received his money: the British Ambassador left the shop in perfect security. "The game's afoot: well done, old Commissary!" So well did the agent of the Police follow up his prey, that he entered the stranger's lodgings almost as soon as the stranger himself, and, advancing towards him with a hollow smile, addressed him

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with, "*Monsieur, je suis faché de vous déranger; je suis Commissaire de Police.*" He then demanded who he was, and what he intended to do with those things, which could only belong to the English Order of the Garter? The stranger, who had been astonished at the word Commissaire, and at the importance of the man in office, recovered his composure upon hearing the nature of the information required from him: "*Monsieur,*" answered he, "*je suis Michot du Français, et je joue Lord Duncan dans Tippoo Sahib.*" Fancy the crestfallen look of the important Commissary!

The story was too good to be kept a secret: it got wind in Paris, and delighted the Parisians, who were not very sorry to have a joke against the Police. . . . .

Franconi, the Astley of Paris, had actually succeeded in taming a stag so completely, that it, not only went through all the evolutions of the amphitheatre, but was shot at, and shammed being dead, till summoned again into life by a signal from its master. . . . .

I must not leave the Gallery of the Louvre unnoticed, though to describe it would be impossible. It was such a blaze of excellence, as quite to bewilder the spectator. . . . .

*(I was in Paris when the Gallery was dismantled. It was, undoubtedly, a great moral lesson that was then read to the French, but, still, it was a great pity that such a collection should be again dispersed. What a school it was for the arts! Conveniently situated for all countries, and most liberally conducted by the French Government. To restore these pictures and statues to the respective countries from which they had been stolen, was, however, an undoubted act of justice, but it was a great want of policy on *our* part to become the instrument through which it was

* Inserted subsequently.

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effected. The French did not seem to feel any great animosity against us on account of the victory we had gained at Waterloo; but, when they saw our soldiers occupied in dismantling the Louvre, even taking away the Venetian horses from the triumphal car, their rage knew no bounds: nothing would persuade them that we had no interest in the matter. To that one act may be attributed all the subsequent animosity they felt against us. The Emperor of Russia played a much wiser game: he was all magnanimity, all condescension to the French, and became quite the object of their admiration, whilst *we* bore the odium of all the acts of severity enforced against them.)

At the time of my arrival at Paris, the newspaper criers were crying about the streets the accounts of the execution of Mallet and his fellow conspirators. It was, in fact, in the interval between my departure from Verdun and my arrival at Paris, that this conspiracy exploded; and it may well be supposed that it had excited no little sensation in the capital: for, undoubtedly, a more extraordinary conspiracy, or one executed with greater boldness, history has not recorded. That a man, immured in a state prison, should conceive the idea of forming a plot to shake to its foundations the Empire of Napoleon when at the height of its power, would have been ranked as the conception of a madman, had it not been so nearly realized.

Mallet was a General in the French service, was attached to Moreau's party, and, at the time that he first formed his design, was a prisoner at Vincennes. He began by effecting his own liberation, and that of General Lahorie, by means of forged orders, which are said to have been executed by an abbé, who is understood to have hitherto escaped all the researches of the Police. Mallet proposed to bring about a revolution in the government by means of the very persons

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to whom the charge of defending it was entrusted—the regiment of National Guards, then on duty in Paris. His game was, to persuade them that the Emperor was dead. In this he succeeded in the case of many of the officers, but met with considerable difficulty in gaining the Colonel of the regiment.

At length dawned the day big with the fate of Paris. The conspirators were masters of the gates of the city: placards were distributed, announcing it to be their intention to recall the Bourbons, to make peace with England, to abolish the duties paid at the gates of the town, to reduce the bread to half-price, and to double the soldiers' pay. The conspirators, however, met with a check at the very commencement of their operations, to which their failure has been attributed. The Colonel remained in a state of indecision for the space of two hours, though, at last, he determined to co-operate with them: but, at such a moment, so long a delay could not but be of the greatest consequence.

They began by a grand *coup*: they went to the hôtel of the Minister of Police, entered his room, and produced an order for his arrest. The Minister was alarmed, and suffered himself to be put into a hackney coach, without any resistance: he was then conveyed quietly through the streets of Paris. La Force was the place of his destination; but he entreated Mallet to allow him to be taken to another prison, of which I forget the name. Mallet had consented, and the coachman had changed his direction, when one of the conspirators, who was guarding the coach, came up, and, with an oath, said, "This is not the way to La Force," and immediately turned the horses' heads. Upon the arrival of his Excellency the Duc de Rovigo, the astonishment of the chief jailor was indescribable. He saluted him with the greatest respect, and, even, refused to receive him as prisoner; upon

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which one of his escort called out, "*Tuez le.*" The Duke then entreated the jailor to admit him into the prison, as the only chance of saving his life: and his Excellency was safely lodged in that prison, to which he had consigned so many unfortunate persons.

Having thus disposed of their principal enemy, they proceeded to the residence of the Governor of Paris, General Hulin, a marked man, owing to the part that he had borne in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He was not disposed to surrender himself so easily as had done the Minister of Police; upon which, they fired a pistol at him, and broke his jaw. Leaving him thus *hors de combat*, and weltering in his blood, they proceeded to the État Major, which is at the opposite corner of the Place Vendôme. They placed a sentinel at the door, giving him orders to let no one go out, but they forgot to order him to let no one in. This was a fatal oversight; and they committed one no less fatal, by entering into a discussion with the General, by which they lost time, at a moment when everything depended on their promptitude and decision, and thus gave an opportunity to General Laborde, who had become acquainted with what had passed, to enter the apartment, and arrest Mallet and his Aide de Camp, who had alone undertaken the duty of arresting the General. The Aide de Camp was much blamed for not having shot Laborde, whilst he was seizing Mallet.

Having secured the principal leader, Laborde soon succeeded in convincing the soldiers that they had been deceived, and that the Emperor was not dead. He then employed them in arresting those whose orders they had been so lately obeying.

The conspirators were thus all secured. Amongst them was a soldier, who had formerly saved Napoleon's life, and who was still devotedly attached to him. When he found

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that the Emperor was alive, and that it was against the Government of one whom he so ardently loved, that he had conspired, his grief knew no bounds, and even the rough soldier cried like a child. Still, he experienced the same fate as the other conspirators, and atoned for his treason with his life.

It was generally whispered, that the placards issued by Mallet had produced quite as much effect as could have been anticipated in so short a time: and the King of Rome was, henceforth, never mentioned but as *le petit bâtard*.

Orders had actually been given for all the preparations necessary for the meeting of the Senate. Had Mallet succeeded, as he was so near doing, in making himself master of the executive power, and had he got possession of the *Trésorerie*, (which was to have been his next step), there is no calculating what the result might have been. The money would have soon raised the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the Emperor was no favourite: the military would have been committed too far to recede, and Napoleon was too far distant to be feared: before the intelligence could have reached him, an English army might have been in France, and a counter-revolution effected.

The conspirators were, I believe, all condemned and executed. Mallet died nobly. When asked who were his accomplices, he replied, "all Europe:" and when the Grenadiers, probably from the emotion, which they could not but feel, on being ordered to shoot one of their Generals, missed him, he called out, "*Grenadiers, visez mieux.*"

Such was the result of this extraordinary conspiracy. I was subsequently given to understand, that many suspected persons were sent to the state prisons and "disappeared:" but such events were too common in Paris to create any sensation. "*Il a disparu,*" was the only observation that it produced; and well did this express

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the truth; for seldom, if ever, did the poor victim re-appear.

But to return to myself. I will now describe the manner in which I passed my time. I rose every morning at seven o'clock; immediately after which, I studied German till nine, my German master coming three times a week: I then went to Monsieur Guillet, the dancing-master: upon my return home, I studied Spanish, for I had a master of that language three times a week. About half past one, I sallied forth, and, either rode or walked, or occupied myself in visiting some of the sights of Paris.

At first, I generally had my dinner sent from the restaurateur's to my lodgings, though, occasionally, I went to one of the principal restaurants. The evenings were generally spent at the theatre, or in visiting some of my friends. At first, I had but few acquaintances, except amongst my own countrymen I was not, however, in want of society; and, gradually, the circle of my French acquaintances enlarged.

To the Comte de St. Morys, the nephew of my old friend, the Marquis de Moligny, in whose house at Fulham I had been *en pension*, I was indebted for many of my introductions, as well as for great and repeated acts of kindness.

St. Morys' history was a singular one. His father was a man of ancient family, but of one that had not, like most of the nobles of France, aspired to the favour of Kings. He possessed a large property, and resided chiefly at his Château de Houdainville, near Beauvais, where he devoted himself principally to literary pursuits, and left all the cares of the *chasse* to my old friend, the Marquis, who used to dwell with delight on the happiness and splendour of

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the life they led at the château. What a contrast he must have found to that, and, still more, to the gaiety of a Parisian life, in his little mansion at Parson's Green, Fulham.*

The old Comte de St. Morys was a great friend of the Minister Calonne, and, with the Marquis, accompanied him, after he was removed from office, in his journey (I might almost say, flight) into England. I have heard de Moligny talk of this journey. Calonne carried with him all the gold that he could stow about his carriage; and the people of Verdun have described to me the fun they had, when one of his boxes broke down, and, for some distance, kept pouring out pieces of gold; and the eagerness with which, for a considerable time after, the peasantry used to hunt for the fallen *louis d'or*.

The Comte de St. Morys did not, at first, give way to the alarm that induced so many of the French nobles to emigrate, but attempted to maintain himself at his château, and did, for a considerable time, defend himself against all the turbulent attempts of the peasantry. The Revolution, however, proceeded in its course, and he found it no longer possible, either to maintain his position, or to ensure his safety. He, therefore, determined to follow the example of so many of his countrymen, and emigrate. He had succeeded in transferring a sum of money to England, sufficient to enable him to maintain a respectable establishment in London. He there met with his old friend, de Calonne, who was then in possession of a considerable property. I believe,

* Poor old Marquis! I had subsequently the satisfaction of seeing him once more an inhabitant of his beautiful Paris, living upon his appointments as a retired General, his coat adorned with the *croix de St. Louis*. Sadly altered, however, must that Paris have appeared to him who had left it as a gay Colonel in its most brilliant times, and returned to mourn over the changes that had taken place, and to be laughed at as one of the old *ci-devant* nobles.

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indeed, he did not find Apsley House sufficiently large for his residence, but occupied, also, the two adjoining houses. The joke at the time was, that he kept one house for himself, another for his picture, but, to whom the third was appropriated, I do not remember: at all events, the anecdote serves to give some idea of what his wealth must have been.

He occupied himself with his friend, Monsieur de St. Morys, in arranging the plan of the expedition to Quiberon, in which, I believe, both of them expended the greater part of their remaining property.

A marriage was negotiated between young St. Morys, then about nineteen, and the niece of Monsieur de Calonne, a woman of the highest accomplishments, and of great personal attractions. She was considered, at that time, to be the greatest heiress in Europe; for she was heiress, not only to her uncle's riches, but to all the future wealth and influence, as was fondly supposed, of the restorer of the Bourbons. But the result of that unfortunate expedition was far different from what they expected, though it was what might have been anticipated. The poor Comte de St. Morys exerted himself to the utmost in endeavouring to save the *émigrés* soldiers; he was the last man to leave the shore, and, indeed, remained there so long, that he only saved himself by swimming to the vessel. His exertions of mind and body were too much for his strength; and, two or three days after, he sank, a victim to that unfortunate expedition.

As for his son, I am bound in justice to say, that he was the only Frenchman I ever met with, who vindicated the conduct of the English on that occasion. I have frequently heard him speak on the subject. I remember, more particularly, once, when, at a large party at Count Belderbusch's he defended the conduct of the English with

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no little warmth and feeling, and finished by saying, "I am the last man in the world who would defend the conduct of the English, if it had been such as has been represented. I lost my father at Quiberon: could I defend them, if they had been the cause of his death? But the truth is to be spoken, and justice done where it is due." I own that his spirited justification of our conduct, afforded me no slight gratification; for it has not been by foreigners alone, that that conduct has been arraigned; even in the House of Commons it was said, and beautifully, though erroneously, said, by Sheridan, in answer to Pitt's declaration, "that English blood had not been shed:" "Yes: but English honour has bled at every pore."

Whilst speaking of this period, I must introduce an anecdote of Monsieur de Calonne, which was then a source of no little amusement to the *émigré* world of fashion. The Marquis de Calonne was on his way to pay his respects to the French Princes, I think, at Coblentz: Monsieur was anxious to show him marked attention; and, in order to do him peculiar honour, he determined to ride, accompanied by his suite, to meet him. After having proceeded some distance, Monsieur de Calonne's carriage was seen approaching. As soon as his Royal Highness was recognised by the Marquis' post-boys, they stopped, and the Prince, followed by his attendants, the first nobles of France, rode up to the carriage door. Instead of the gracious speech, and the still more gracious manner, which distinguished the Comte d'Artois above all men of his age, shouts of laughter burst from the whole party: the old Minister was discovered, comfortably asleep in the corner of his carriage, his bald head quite bare, whilst his niece was sitting bolt upright, her bright eyes sparkling from beneath the flowing curls of her uncle's wig. The scene must have been *impayable*. The fact was, that Monsieur de Calonne, feeling himself very

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sleepy and tired with his journey, determined to indulge himself with a nap; but, knowing that he would have to present himself immediately on his arrival to Monsieur, contrived to save his wig from the derangement his nap would occasion it, by transferring it to his niece's head. . . . .

To St. Morys I was indebted for my introduction to the Comte de Belderbusch, a Senator, and, at this time, one of the first Amphictyons of Paris. He had some very good apartments in the Rue Mont Blanc, kept a capital table, and gave a dinner once a week, after which he had a soirée; and etiquette prescribed that the guests of each dinner should attend the soirée of the following week. His dinners were excellent, and *très-bien montés*: his society, a mixture of the leading official men of the day, and of those distinguished by their literary eminence: for it was the Count's ambition to shine in the character of a Mæcenas. Belderbusch, as his name would indicate, was by birth a German: he was nephew to the former Elector of Trèves, and uncle to the Duc d'Alberg, who now ranks as a Sovereign Prince. He was, I think, formerly minister from Trèves to the Court of Paris. He attached himself to the revolutionary party, and became a Frenchman. He was, for a long time, Préfet de Beauvais, and was afterwards promoted to the comfortable post of a Senator.

He had then with him his nephew, Baron Börselager,* an amiable, gentlemanlike man. I suppose the Saxon blood is not quite extinct in our English veins, for I found that we assimilated together more naturally than we did with the French, and became great friends. I was generally invited to dine with the Count once a fortnight, and attended the intervening soirées. I derived the greatest advantage, as well as interest, from the opportunity thus offered of meet-

* Whom we afterwards knew at Bonn, see p. 207.—A. M. W. P.

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ing some of the most distinguished men in France, both in politics and literature.

I remember, on one occasion, finding myself seated next to Le Mercier, the celebrated author of the *Tableau de Paris*. He was an extraordinary person for the Count to have invited; and the old Conventionist was evidently looked upon with no very favourable eye by the party, consisting, as it did, of those attached to the Government, and of those ambitious of that honour. This, however, did not seem to disturb the equanimity of the old Republican, whilst it added much to my amusement. He seemed to have taken a fancy to me, and directed his conversation solely to me. He, evidently, considered that an Englishman was a real friend to liberty, and that he might open his heart to me on subjects, from which those around us, whom, probably, he regarded as renegades, would shrink with dismay. . . . . I asked him why he did not write a history of the Revolution: as he had borne his part in its earlier stages, he could best describe its secret history. "I have not been inattentive to that," replied he, "but that history must not be written by a man who has been an actor in the scene; it must be reserved for a future generation. I have, however, collected the materials from which my successors may write its history, and I have taken care to have them safely secured in your country." . . . .

Not an infrequent guest at Belderbusch's dinner was the Abbé St. Phar, a well-known character in the brilliant days of the Prince of Wales' youth. He was the natural son of the Duc d'Orleans (Égalité), and had much in his appearance, and in his disposition, that recalled to my mind the better qualities of that race. . . . . St. Phar loved to talk to me about England, ... and used to say to me, "*Comment va votre Prince Regent?* We have drunk many a bottle of champagne together." And fully did his appearance verify

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the truth of his statement; for the use of his legs was almost entirely gone, though the appearance of his countenance was peculiarly youthful. Whilst speaking, however, of the Prince Regent, he never adverted to the frolic, which, at the time, made a great noise in the London world. The Abbé was standing at the edge of the Serpentine, ... and had placed himself in such an attitude, that a certain part of his person, whose ample rotundity established his claim to a descent from the House of Bourbon, presented such a temptation to the Prince, that he could not resist it, but, advancing gently behind him, he launched him, head over heels, into the river. . . . . It was with some difficulty that their mutual friends prevented the joke from becoming rather too serious. . . . . *(The last time I saw St. Phar, I could not help laughing at the ridiculous position in which he was placed. It was at a splendid ball given to the King of Prussia in Paris—in 1817, I think: St. Phar was seated under a chandelier well provided with candles, from which the melted wax was dropping in an almost incessant shower upon, probably, his best coat, so that it was totally covered from top to bottom with spots of wax; while, there he sat, in patient resignation, unable to move.) . . . .

Negotiations had been entered into from England to effect an exchange between myself and a French prisoner: but all fell through: . . . . the Ministers had positive orders not to submit to the Emperor any proposal of that nature, and there was not any one of them bold enough to disobey his orders; for the awe that even his principal Ministers felt in his presence, would hardly be credited in England. His courtiers trembled before him: "In what sort of humour is the Emperor to-day?" was a frequent question in Paris. With the exception of Talleyrand, few, very few, of the

* Inserted subsequently.

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nobles and more independent characters among the French dignitaries, were superior to that singular influence by which Napoleon was able to subdue the proudest spirits. There was not then a man in Paris, certainly, not a Minister, who would have ventured to plead the cause of a prisoner.

Such, however, was not the case with bodies of men; and the Institute appeared to me the only body sufficiently powerful to make an application in my favour, and the only one authorized by the nature of their pursuits, to interfere on such an occasion.

The idea was originally suggested to me by Necker, who advised me to write a letter in Latin to Volney, containing a good sprinkling of flattery, which, probably, would gratify him so much, that he would communicate it to the Institute, and interest that learned body in my favour. This I would not do: .... but I endeavoured in a letter to my father, to give him a sufficient hint to set him upon that track; but I did not dare to speak out plainly, as I knew that all our letters were subject to the inspection of the police. He, consequently, applied to the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Vincent, who was kind enough to write a letter to the Emperor himself. ....

*(Dr. Vincent told me afterwards, that he had ascertained that his letter was presented to Buonaparte, and added, "he sent me no answer: but how could I expect an answer from a man whom I had called Nebuchadnezzar; and Nebuchadnezzar I really thought him, sent to punish the sins of a wicked world." I could not resist smiling at so characteristic a trait of my old master. I introduce it here with the greater pleasure, as it enables me to renew the expression of the unfeigned love, respect, and gratitude, which I felt for him, and with which I revere his memory ....)

* Inserted subsequently.

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M. de St. Morys had given me a letter of introduction to M. Cassini, ... who received me very kindly, and proposed to take me to a *séance* of the Institute. . . . . All the members received me with equal kindness, and, upon my informing them that I had been on my way to Greece, when I was made prisoner, the President suggested that they might be of some assistance in procuring my liberation. . . . .

Both classes (the first and third) of the Institute, led by M. Cassini and M. Barbiè du Bocage, came forward gallantly and unanimously on my behalf. I was requested to draw out a memoire; and this was read at a meeting of the Academie. . . . . L'Anglez spoke strongly in my favour, and stated that he was intimately acquainted with me: (he was, indeed, one of the most constant guests at Count Belderbusch's, and had, from his first acquaintance with me, distinguished me with his friendship:) he, actually, went so far as to say, that Captain Constantine had been guilty of the blackest treachery, and that, for the Government to detain me as a prisoner, was to render themselves a party to that transaction. . . . . The Institute then drew up a report, which was sent to the Minister of War. . . . .

One evening upon coming home, I found on my table a letter, which I immediately opened. It was from Count Belderbusch, enclosing a note which he had received from Monsieur de Baure, with another enclosure from Count Dam in the following words:—

"*Mon cher de Baure,*

J'ai le plaisir de vous annoncer que S. M. a signé la permission pour Monsieur Stanhope; et qu'ainsi votre jeune savant peut poursuivre ses voyages quand il lui plaira."

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on reading this note, or the state in which I passed that night. . . . .

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It was some time, however, before I received an official notification of this event, and I may occupy the interval by recalling a few of the notable occurrences in Paris during my sojourn there. . . . .

The Emperor's return from the Moscow campaign was, indeed, a singular moment; it would be almost impossible to give an idea of the effect produced by the tenth bulletin. Previous to that time, the campaign had been a continual series of victories; Moscow itself was in the hands of the French army, and the war was, probably, at an end. Amongst the opponents of the Imperial dynasty, there might, indeed, have been some surmises that a different issue was impending; some private communications detailing the sufferings and privations of the French army; but nothing more.

All at once, the tenth bulletin declared the whole truth: "*Dans quatre jours cette belle armée n'existait plus!*" These few words, the more striking from their simplicity, announced the annihilation of the finest army seen in modern days. It fell like a thunder-clap upon Paris, and the sensation it produced was indescribable. The full disclosure of all the truth in a bulletin, an event hitherto unprecedented, was alone sufficient to shew the extent of the misfortune. The *prestige*, as it was termed, was past; the charm was broken; that singular infatuation, which led men almost to worship one who, not unfrequently, was the secret object of their detestation; that power, which seemed to subject their minds to that of the Emperor, was no more. This supernatural man, this god,—or devil—, sank below the level of ordinary men; there was not a man in Paris who would have committed such blunders. "*Le prestige est passé,*" was in every one's mouth.

Even the Ministers seemed to tremble for the duration of their power. I heard a gentleman venture to remark,

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that the situation of a mere citizen would soon be worth a valuable consideration, "*Se vendrait à grand prix.*"

In the midst of the agitation that universally prevailed, it was suddenly announced that the Emperor was in Paris. It was declared that he was at the Palace.

I hurried to the Tuileries, and was at once convinced of the truth of the report, by the appearance of the gardens; for a partial crowd had already collected in front of the Palace. He was, indeed, returned: *sed qualis rediit? Nempe una nave:* but in what sort of a vessel? I hardly dare mention it—a *pot de chambre!** Yes, the great hero of modern days, *Napoléon le Grand*, sneaked into Paris in a *pot de chambre!* Let Xerxes be no more an example to "point a moral, or adorn a tale"; his fate was dignified in comparison with that of the modern Cæsar.

Before leaving the remains of his army, he had assembled the principal officers; appointed Murat as Commander-in-Chief; and, immediately after, commenced his journey. He had travelled night and day, without stopping anywhere but at Warsaw; and, for the purpose of the journey, had assumed the title of Duc de Vicence, while Caulaincourt, the real owner of that title, was his companion. . . . .

As soon as his return was known, a crowd assembled round the Palace, and Napoleon condescended to shew himself occasionally at the window, and to solace himself with the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur,*" which some of the crowd, probably emissaries of the Police, cried out, whenever he presented himself. I remained some time, in the hope of seeing him, but could only distinguish his back, as he walked up and down the room. The murmurs, which before had been loud, were still to be heard, though in

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* One of the inferior sorts of hackney carriages of those days was thus designated.—S. P.

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whispers; for neither his presence, nor the indefatigable exertions of the Police, could quell the just complaints of the Parisians; and few were the families that had not to mourn over the loss of one or more of their relations.

The army was reported to have been in a state of complete disorganisation: even the Emperor's life was said not to have been safe from the vengeance of his own troops; and a sort of bodyguard was reported to have been formed of officers whose regiments were annihilated, and who kept a strict guard over the Emperor's person. Prince Eugène seemed to have contributed more than anyone to the preservation of the débris of the *Grande Armée*. On one occasion, I was told, a body of the troops, in the Emperor's presence, burst forth with, "*Vive le Prince Eugène,*" without taking the slightest notice of their Emperor. But he was not to be disconcerted at so strong a hint at the feelings of his soldiers; his presence of mind did not forsake him: he came forward, and cried out, "*Oui, mes amis, vive le vice-roi, vive le Prince Eugène; c'est lui qui nous a suavé tous.*" He had touched the right chord, and "*Vive l'Empereur*" resounded on all sides. . . . .

Napoleon appeared never to have enjoyed better health than he did during the retreat and his rapid journey; though the English papers were full of accounts of his ill-health, and of his constitution having failed under the fatigue; their wishes being father to their thoughts. He was even reported to have been in high spirits during the journey; but, perhaps, it was deemed politic to shew that his spirit had not sunk under his reverses. . . . .

A man was taken up pasting on the walls of the Tuileries the following placard:—

"*Ce Palais est à vendre,*
La couronne à rendre,
Et le tyran à pendre."

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Another placard was found in the Place Vendôme, where Napoleon is represented first upon the summit of the column, built in imitation of Adrian's pillar,

"Si tu étais entouré
Du sang que tu a versé,
Tu en boirais."

One day, when he was riding, a man had, actually, the boldness to lay hold of his bridle, and to say, "*Napoléon, tu vas trop loin, retourne toi.*" "*Ce n'est qu'un fou,*" observed his majesty. But I heard afterwards, that the Police were making a most active search after the man. . . . .

As I could not obtain a ticket for the *séance* of the opening of the Senate, I was obliged to content myself with seeing all the Imperial Procession pass through the garden of the Tuileries. Napoleon was evidently desirous of vying with, or rather, of outvying, the King's progress to the House of Lords; and, certainly, so far as pomp and glitter went, he succeeded: but there is a simplicity, a harmony in the *tout ensemble* of the carriages, horses and decorations, that renders the procession in London far more striking than all the tinsel of the Imperial show. Still it was, as the French would term it, *magnifique.*

It opened by detachments of some of the regiments most distinguished for the brilliancy of their equipments: then followed the cortège of the Empress, which consisted of several carriages containing the ladies of the court, beautifully dressed, attended by gentlemen ushers and heralds, all in high caparison. This was shortly followed by the cortège of the Emperor, which was still more splendid, and accompanied by innumerable heralds in the most showy dresses. But, in spite of all this splendour, I could only regard them as caricatures; more as a scene at the opera, than as heralds of the olden time. At length, came the Emperor himself, seated, as had also been the Empress, in a

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glass coach, but drawn by the old cream-coloured horses, which, though almost broken down with their extreme old age, were beautiful even in decay, and awakened a bitter feeling in my heart, whilst they opened to view those feelings of an equally bitter character, which were rankling at the heart of *Napoléon le Grand*. It was a *petitesse* unworthy of such a man; it was either a piece of contemptible vanity, or a studied insult to George III.

As the Emperor was, as I have already mentioned, seated in a glass coach, his person was fully visible to the spectators, and I had now a second opportunity of satisfying my curiosity, and of fully scanning the countenance of the Man of Destiny. I have already described the impression made upon my mind by the appearance of his countenance when he passed through Verdun—I can, even now, almost shudder at the recollection of it—but, on this occasion, I could scarcely have believed that the same man was before me. He had *now* no popularity to lose, but much to regain; he was not *now* the conqueror, come in triumph to recount his victories, but the General, come to announce the total loss of his army, the frustration of his hopes, and the dangers that threatened the Empire. He was, accordingly, most gracious in his manner to the surrounding crowd, greeting them with a smile: and that smile was strikingly beautiful; there was a fascination about it, which, even in spite of my previous impressions, I could not resist.

I was afterwards told that he read his speech extremely well, and with great composure and self-command, till he came to the word "Moscow," when his voice faltered. As soon as he had made his speech, he returned to the Tuileries with the same ceremony.

I do not know whether I was more astonished at the excessive credulity of the Parisians, or at the cool, barefaced manner with which the Emperor imposed upon that cre-

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dulity. After announcing the total destruction of his army, he told them that he wanted neither men nor money: and they believed him. They were not, however, left long in their fool's paradise: the news of General York's defection arrived; upon which, Napoleon announced, that circumstances were changed since he had told them that he wanted neither men nor money, that his allies had forsaken him, and that he, therefore, required 400,000 men—a somewhat considerable number to be called for in consequence of the defection of an army of 20,000 men, and of the efforts that Prussia might be able, in her humbled state, to effect.

The rapidity with which the new army was called into existence, has been generally considered as one of the most signal proofs of the extraordinary genius of Napoleon. To those who witnessed the process, it was only a proof of the boldness of his tyranny, and of the subservience and patience of his subjects. . . . .

The next step was a new conscription. . . . . Not content with this measure, the Emperor went himself to the Invalides, that he might personally inspect the pensioners, and ascertain whether any of them were yet young enough, or sufficiently recovered from their wounds, to be able to endure the fatigues of service. I remember waiting for a considerable time with one of my friends, to witness the Emperor's departure from the Invalides. We were informed that the veterans were drawn up in line, and that he selected those whom he thought equal to service. This proceeding seemed by no means to meet with the approbation of the people who were assembled. As his carriage drove out, a shower of petitions were thrown in at the window, and he passed on; but not a single cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*" was to be heard; though, as my friend remarked to me, "to-morrow's *Moniteur* will state that he left the Invalides amidst a deafening cry of '*Vive l'Empereur.*'" . . . . .

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As I have mentioned the manner in which the Duc de Rovigo began his administration, by turning most of the English out of Paris, it will not appear surprising, when I add, that he was held in very slight estimation by my countrymen, who considered him as disposed on all occasions to treat them with severity; whilst they entertained a very different opinion of his predecessor, who has been generally held up to universal detestation. Our feeling was, that, whatever might be the crimes which could be laid to Fouché's charge, he was, at all events, a gentleman in his feelings. Undoubtedly, the English had no cause to complain of his conduct: he had invariably treated the prisoners, not only with justice, but with liberality; indeed, with a degree of liberty, that, considering their situation, was hardly justifiable. Most of the officers taken at Talavera had been allowed to go to Paris, where, instead of living quietly, and keeping themselves, as much as they could, out of public sight, they acted with the usual incautiousness of young Englishmen. They were in the habit of walking, four together, arm-in-arm, so as to push people they met into the gutter: the Café Tortoni had become so entirely the resort of the English, that it was called the Café Anglais, and few Frenchmen would venture into it. It is not surprising that the Parisians should have become indignant at seeing their prisoners lord it over them in their own metropolis.

It was at the time of the Walcheren expedition, that Fouché gave the most signal proof of his feeling and consideration for the English. That foolish and unfortunate expedition was viewed in a very different light in France, from that in which it was regarded in England. Better acquainted with the real state of the country, the French well knew the impracticability of the attempt that was made, whilst they saw the still greater results that might have been effected by a wiser disposition of our army: "The English

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cannot take Antwerp," was the general remark, "but they may march to the gates of Paris." The greatest alarm, consequently, prevailed in that city; and it was not diminished by the knowledge that the Netherland Departments were very discontented, and that the Dutch were decidedly hostile in their feelings towards the French. So fine an army as we sent on that ill-fated expedition, marching at once into the interior of the country, would have formed a rallying point for all the disaffected; and, destitute as France then was, of troops, might have proceeded unopposed from one end of the country to the other. There were, therefore, sufficient grounds for alarm in the Capital.

The danger that might arise from the number of English then resident in the city, if a British army marched to the gates, was urged on the Senate. Fouché fired at the attack: he declared that the English prisoners were there under his authority, and that he was personally responsible for them, and would continue so, as he knew all their characters individually: in short, that not one of them should be sent out of the town. To the bold line of conduct that he pursued at this period, and, more particularly, to the calling out of the premier van of the National Guard, was his disgrace generally attributed.

At this period, his name was never mentioned, and where he was, no one seemed to know.

One of the first measures of Savary's administration was, as I have already mentioned, to send all the English, with a few exceptions, back to their dépôts; and in this, as well as in all his subsequent proceedings, he was considered by them as actuated by a hostile feeling towards our countrymen.

To Sir John Coghill I was indebted for many acts of friendship during my residence at Paris. . . . . At this time he was living very quietly, and not entering much into

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general society; and we not unfrequently went to the theatre together. I remember his mentioning to me that, upon going one evening to the hôtel of the Duc de Rovigo, the Duke addressed him with, "*Monsieur Coghill, nous ne vous voyons plus;*" to which he replied that "he really felt afraid of going into society, there were so many spies about." "Yet," said the Duke, "you see from what has just taken place (Mallet's conspiracy), that we have not a sufficient number:" though he (Coghill) admitted, "I speak with hesitation, yet, I think, I do so correctly, when I say, that three out of every five persons in Paris are spies." . . . .

Whilst speaking of the Police, I will mention a circumstance which occurred to Le Chevalier during the short peace. He determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of seeing Sicily: "I could not die content," said the excellent old man, with all a traveller's enthusiasm, "I could not die content, without having seen Sicily." Accordingly, thither he went. He stayed, *en route*, for a short time at Gibraltar, where he was most kindly received by the Governor; but the expressions which he used at the British Governor's table, even at the *ultimos Gades*, were known in Paris. No man was more alarmed at the power of the Police, than was Le Chevalier; a Police spy was a bugbear that haunted him continually. Nothing could induce him to accept an invitation to dinner: "No," he would say, "I could not keep a constant check upon my thoughts; a word might escape me; and, when I returned home, I should find a gend'arme at my door." Under this impression he remained ensconced in his observatory at St. Geneviève, (of which he was librarian,) where he could disregard alike, the insinuations of spies, and the ambition of rulers. He used to tell me that he could read the political feeling of the day in the faces and manners of the employés in the library at St. Geneviève. In the early days of his power, he was secretary to Talleyrand, and, in such

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a situation, had enjoyed no little share of influence, which he had constantly exercised in acts of kindness. . . . .

I will mention another Police anecdote, which was current at that time. At some Parisian dinner, the conversation turned insensibly upon the Emperor and his Government. One of the company remarked, that he was a great man, but was too fond of war. When the party broke up, a gentleman, who was present, requested to speak in private to the person who had made that observation: "Sir," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I must request you to go with me to the Police." "Why?" said the other, in the greatest apparent alarm; "I have said nothing against the Emperor but what every one must acknowledge,—that he is too fond of war: there can be no harm in that." "With that I have nothing to do: you must go with me to the Police." The other now began to shew the strongest symptoms of fear; he entreated the Police agent not to denounce him, pressed upon him the situation of his unfortunate wife, of his innocent and unhappy children, and, finding all his efforts fruitless, he, at length, threw himself on his knees before him, and entreated him in the most pathetic language and manner to have compassion upon him. The other, however, stood firm and unmoved by all his solicitations; when, suddenly, the man rose from his knees, and burst into a hoarse laugh, to the utter astonishment of the informer: "You think you have caught me," said he, "you are a spy of the Police; so am I: and I was put over you, to see whether you would do your duty."

What a horrible state of society! Society, do I call it? it is an abuse of the word: no such thing as society could exist under such a state of things. Be it at dinner, ball or soirée, you could not but feel that half the people around you were spies: you could trust no one, hardly your dearest friend. Even when in our own sanctum, we had to remember

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that walls had ears, and we used to open the door, to see that no one was listening at the keyhole. I remember being myself, on one occasion, taken for a spy by a lady who was detailing various anecdotes of the retreat from Moscow.* . . . .

I will conclude this long tirade by an anecdote of Napoleon himself, something in the nature of the biter bit. He sent one day for Fouché, and, in rather an imperial manner, began with, "*Monsieur le Ministre*, I find that such and such streets are not well paved; such other streets are not well lighted;" and made a series of similar complaints. "Your Majesty thinks, then," replied Fouché, "that the Police do not do their duty? I will give your Majesty a proof that they do. Your Majesty left the Tuileries at —— o'clock, walked into such a street, got into a hackney coach, drove to such and such places, got out of the hackney coach in the Rue ——, and walked back to the Tuileries." The Emperor was reported to have flown into a furious passion; for it was one thing to keep spies over his subjects, but quite another thing to set spies over his Imperial Majesty himself.

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* Our modern system of Police is so strictly confined to the prevention and detection of crime, that it is difficult to realise, that, under Napoleon it was used almost exclusively as an engine of government, with the weapons of *espionage* and delation, more so, even, than in the times of the later Roman Empire. "La police politique, fruit de nos troubles révolutionaires, leur a survécu. La police de sûreté, de salubrité, de bien-être, d'ordre n'est plus venue qu'en seconde ligne: elle a par conséquence été négligée. Il est des temps dans lesquels on s'occupe plus de savoir si un citoyen va à la messe ou à confesse, que de surveiller une bande de voleurs. . . . . La police d'opinions, née comme je viens de le dire, de nos troubles révolutionaires, est soupçonneuse, inquiéte, tracassiére, inquisitoriale, vexatoire, tyrannique, amoureuse de complots qu'elle découvre parce qu'elle les a créés. . . . . A qui n'est il pas arrivé de s'entendre dire dans un salon où l'on s'exprime avec chaleur: *Prenez garde, modérez-vous; on dit qu'un tel est de la police.*"—Mémoires de Bourrienne, III., 303.—S. P.

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(It has since appeared that, not only his private secretary, Bourrienne, but Josephine herself, was in the pay of Fouché.*)

I was told of another adventure, which occurred upon one of these expeditions *à la Caliph Haroun al Raschid.* Napoleon went out early one morning with Caulaincourt, and walked through some of the streets of Paris. His appetite was awakened by the freshness of the morning air, and he proposed to his companion that they should go into one of the neighbouring cafés, and have some breakfast. Perhaps, indeed, it might have been part of his morning plan, and that he went there to ascertain the feelings of the people who were in the habit of frequenting that café: but, be that as it might, there they had their breakfast. He desired Caulaincourt to pay for it: but, when the Duke put his hands into his pockets, he found that he had left his purse behind him. The Emperor then searched *his* pockets, but they, also, were moneyless. What was to be done? The Emperor sent for the owner of the café, and told him that they had, unfortunately, forgotten their purses, but, if he would trust them, they would return home, and send the money immediately. "That won't do," said the man, "I am not to be caught by such tricks as those: you do not leave this house till you have paid for your breakfasts." In vain they tried to move him; his determination was taken. The case was becoming awkward, when the *garçon* remarked, that "*Monsieur avait l'air d'un honnête homme,*" and that he would be caution for

* According to Bourrienne, Napoleon himself was, for some time, under the espionage of Fouché; while he (Napoleon) had his own private police, who acted as spies on those of Fouché. He, also, did not scruple to employ his brother, Joseph, to entrap and inform against Bourrienne, at a time when the latter was his most intimate friend and most trusted employé.—S. P.

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him. Upon this they were allowed to depart. As soon as they returned to the Tuileries, the Emperor sent the money, with orders for the *garçon* to repair to the Palace. The astonishment of the young man, upon finding that the gentleman, "*qui avait l'air d'un honnête homme*," was the Emperor himself, may be imagined; no less than his delight at being, not only recompensed with money, but also, actually received into the Imperial service.

Another adventure occurred to Napoleon while I was in Paris: he went into a shop somewhere in the Chaussée d'Antin, and, after looking at some goods, asked the mistress how trade was, and complained of the dearness of her goods. On this she gave a-loose to her tongue, and was supposed to have expressed her opinion pretty openly upon the Emperor and his love of war. He stalked out of the shop, sent a servant in the Imperial livery for the goods, with a caution to the mistress, to beware how she indulged herself in similar language again. . . . .

I was fortunate enough to get admission to a masked ball at the Tuileries. I received a ticket, only the very morning of the day on which it was to take place, and was occupied the greater part of that day in procuring the necessary habiliments; as no one could be admitted except in full dress. I was previously engaged to an American club dinner; for I had latterly, from my intimacy with Sir John Coghill, formed an acquaintance with some of the principal Americans in Paris, amongst whom I may mention Mr. Franklin, nephew to the great Franklin, a very sensible and agreeable man, and Mr. Church, secretary to the American Legation: he is the son of an English member of Parliament, was brought up at Eton, and is a remarkably gentlemanlike man; how he came to be an American diplomat, I cannot tell. . . . . Monsieur Benjamin Delessert was the only

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Frenchman in the party. It was late before dinner was put upon the table, and, when it was, it was voted *nem. con.* to be not superexcellent. "But then, what is to be done?" was the remark, "we must make the best of it, for the other restaurants will not allow of play." From this, as well as from other observations that were made, I discovered that the club was neither more nor less than a gambling club. I was, therefore, very glad that my ball-ticket enabled me to make my escape, which, however, I was obliged to do rather prematurely, just as the second course was put upon the table. I made an inward resolution, never again to be caught at an American club dinner.

I found Börselager at my lodgings, waiting somewhat impatiently for me. I was soon equipped; and, upon arriving at the Tuileries, we found a great crowd before the door. We remained for some time exposed to a pretty strong pressure. At length, the doors were opened, and a great rush ensued.

Fortunately, Börselager had a ticket of the same colour as mine: they were both for the first boxes, so that we were raised very little above the pit, which, united with the area of the theatre, formed the scene of action. The ball was under the direction of the Queen of Holland, who had also had the privilege of inviting the company, which began slowly, but gradually, to assemble. They were, at first, unmasked, but, on the arrival of the Empress, they all put on their masks. She entered at the head of her suite, all dressed in, what was called, an American costume, quite bespangled with gold. It was rumoured that the Emperor was to wear a green domino; consequently, every person so disguised, and at all resembling him in shape, was immediately voted by those near him to be the Emperor.

I was the first to recognise him, which I did from his air and appearance, from the length of time he stood talking to

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Cambacérès, and from the respectful manner in which the *Archichancelier* seemed to listen to him.

The Queen of Holland, leading in the ladies of the quadrille, came dancing into the midst of the ball-room, playing on the tambourine which she held over her head, and showing her beautiful little figure to the greatest advantage. The quadrille was intended to represent the hours of the day and night, and was, I believe, called *Les Heures*. Each lady was dressed, more or less, in black or white, or in both, according to the hour that she represented. The dresses were not new, but had already appeared at a former ball, and the Queen of Holland was blamed for her economy in reproducing them. The cavaliers followed: they were dressed to represent American savages, and came in with their bows and arrows; the latter of which were, occasionally, pointed at their fair or black partners.

The quadrille itself was something like a ballet at the opera: indeed, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole was not a scene on the stage. When I called to mind that I was in the presence of Imperial and Royal actors and actresses, I could not help thinking to myself that it was all a farce. "It never can last," said I, almost audibly: and, from that moment, I felt convinced that, after they had played their part, the actors and actresses of the Imperial Court would, in their turn, disappear, and make way for people better calculated to represent the royal character.

The spectators, who occupied the different tiers of boxes, were all in full dress, and the beauty of the women, the brilliancy of their diamonds, and the splendour of their dresses, produced a very striking effect.

After the quadrille was finished, ices were handed round, not only to the persons who assisted at the ball, but also to us spectators; and I was rather amused at finding myself, a poor English prisoner, eating ices in Napoleon's presence.

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One of my frequent partners at balls caught sight of me, and, with a start of surprise, called out to me in English, "What! you here!" I could only make a sign, and an attempt at "hush," lest the Emperor, who was sitting immediately below, should catch the sound of that detested language.

I kept my eyes fixed the whole time upon Napoleon, who, to me, was the greatest object of curiosity. I saw him for some time, seated near a lady, with whom he appeared in deep conversation: he then rose, crossed the theatre, and sat near another, just below our box. She seemed to be young, and to have a pretty figure. I observed that, whilst he was speaking to her, she turned from him, and entered into conversation with a lady who was seated next to her, and who appeared to belong to her: I had hardly remarked to Börselager that she could not know who it was that was speaking to her, before Napoleon rose, walked up to the Empress and gave her his arm, thus, at once declaring himself. I heard, the following day, that I was right in my conjecture, and that the lady had said something far from pleasing to his Imperial ear.

At one o'clock, supper was announced: we saw the company walk out, and then we ourselves retired. . . . .

I remember, one day, when I was riding out with Colonel Scott, meeting the Emperor in his carriage, and noticing that several of the Parisian dandies, who were preceding us, turned off to the right or left, to avoid pulling off their hats to him. We went a step further, for we actually passed close to the carriage, without pulling off our hats. The astonishment depicted in the countenance of the attendants was not a little amusing.

On Sunday, March 20th, [1813,] upon returning from a walk, I found upon my table a note from the État Major,

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in which I was desired to go there immediately. I lost no time in obeying such a mandate, and was informed by my old acquaintance, Monsieur ——, that he had orders to give me a passport for Greece. He asked me for my permission to reside in Paris, which I gave him. He then, having taken my *signalement*, placed in my hands my passport. As soon as I got into the street, I opened it, and my joy can scarcely be imagined, when I found that it released me *entirely* from my parole as a prisoner of war.

I was, indeed, like something gone mad; and, as I walked through the streets, I gave, every now and then, a hop or a jump, to the great astonishment of the passers-by. That day will, certainly, rank amongst the happiest of my life. But with that day my happiness ended. An anxiety of mind, a depression of spirits, took possession of me. Without my being able to assign any reason for my fears, I felt a sort of presentiment, or warning, that something would occur to prevent my departure.

I was most anxious to have started immediately; but I found that it would be necessary for me to wait till the Friday, as that was the day upon which the third class of the Institute held their *séance*, and it was thought right that I should attend both classes, to return them my thanks for their intercession in my favour. I had, also, many preparations to make before I could be ready for my journey.

I sold my horse to a gentleman belonging to the Queen of Holland's establishment. . . . . Some of my countrymen were of opinion that it would be right for me to give a dinner to those gentlemen who had taken the most interest in my favour: they thought that the French expected some such compliment from me. I was not of this opinion myself; but I did not wish to appear wanting in anything that might be considered by my countrymen as likely to be beneficial to them; still less did I wish to appear wanting in gratitude to

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my French friends. I thought it best, therefore, to consult Belderbusch, who gave, as his opinion, that it would be a proper attention on my part. I, accordingly, issued my invitations for a dinner at Robert's the following Tuesday. When I told Le Chevalier what I had done, I received from him a severe lecture for my folly.

On the Friday, I attended the meeting of the third class of the Institute, in order to return them my thanks. The different members had been instructed to propose any questions to me upon subjects into which they might wish me to make enquiries, and, singularly enough, it happened that an essay was read upon the question as to whether or not there had existed a city at Olympia. "*Voilà, Monsieur Stanhope,*" said the President turning to me, "a question for you to resolve." From that moment I determined that Olympia should be my first and principal object in Greece; for to Greece I was resolved to go, notwithstanding the kind advice that Count Belderbusch had given me. He had sent for me one day, and had said, "Go off immediately to your father; the savants of the Institute may expect you to go to Greece; but it is quite unnecessary: the government does not care a straw whether you go or not; so go home." I thought that his observations were fully borne out by the tenor of my passport; but I knew that the Institute had interested themselves for me, in the full confidence that I would go to Greece; and to Greece I was determined to go.

Upon my return from my walk on Sunday, I found the following note on my table: "*Monsieur Stanhope est invité à vouloir bien passer au premier Bureau de la Police Générale de l'Empire, etc., etc.*" Now, then, my fears, which had so affected my mind as to bring me to a state little short of positive illness, began to assume a tangible shape. What could it mean? What was to be done? Had it not been for this unfortunate dinner, before two hours had elapsed,

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I should have been out of Paris. But was there sufficient reason to justify me in going off? I thought not. I could only suppose that the object of the message was to enquire, either why I still remained in Paris, or when I was going.

The morning came: Stobbart (my former servant), who had heard of the letter, called upon me. He was so alarmed, that he had not slept a wink all night; he, however, expressed his conviction, that there could not possibly be any reason to fear that I should be detained. He walked down with me to the Police. As I could not feel certain that I might not be sent to Vincennes, I told him, in case I did not appear, to go to certain of my friends, whom I named.

When we came to the gates of the Police, a sort of involuntary shudder came on me. I made a full stop. "It is not yet too late," said I, "shall I go back?" A moment's reflection restored my courage. I entered the precincts of the Police, and, upon going to the first bureau, was desired to sit down till the Chef arrived. I saw several other people in the same situation; their countenances betrayed the mixed emotions of fear and melancholy, and my courage began to sink: I would have given worlds to be out of that place. At length, the *Chef du bureau* arrived. He requested me to go into the next room. "*Donnez-moi la lettre du ministre,*" said he. What was my consternation, on seeing that the "letter," which the clerk presented to him, consisted of an immense roll of papers! This, then, was the black catalogue of my offences. Hope forsook me, and Vincennes rose before me in all its horrors. I waited in breathless expectation, whilst the man, seated at his desk in front of me, was studying the contents of the letter.

At length, he addressed me, and in a tone of politeness, which I little expected in such a place: "*Monsieur, je suis bien faché, mais j'ai ordre du Ministre de vous envoyer à un dépôt de prisoniers de guerre, et son Excellence ne*

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veut reçevoir aucune réclamation jusqu'a ce que vous y soyez." "Sir," said I, "this is very extraordinary: may I ask whether it is anything that I have done, that has led to the adoption of such a measure?" "I do not know," replied he, "the motives that have induced the Minister to issue this order, but I believe there is nothing in it particular to you, and that there are several others of your countrymen in the same situation."

He enquired to what dépôt I wished to go. I named Valenciennes, as, at all events, preferable to Verdun. Had I had time for reflection, I should have named the other, as lying immediately on the road to Germany: but, as yet, I had not been able to form the slightest opinion upon the position in which I might ultimately find myself.

He wrote something on a piece of paper, and conducted me into the Préfet's office, a long room, full of people waiting for their passports. He placed me in a part that was railed off at one end. At first, I thought that the rail was fastened by a spring lock, but I soon ascertained that this was not the case. I then began to take a hurried view of my position; I feared that they would call upon me to sign a new parole, and did not well see how I could evade doing so. I was still free: I was still in possession of my passport: would not the best course be, to escape whilst it was in my power? The idea no sooner entered into my mind, than it was carried into execution. I seized a moment when no one was looking, lifted the rail, and was out of the room in an instant. I ran down stairs as fast as I could, jumped into a hackney coach, and urged the coachman to drive as fast as possible.

I proposed to leave Paris instantly. I got to my lodgings, and, in the hurry of the moment, was guilty of an act of imprudence, which I can scarcely think of, even now, without shuddering. I took out all my letters and papers, and threw

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them into the fire, without observing that my French servant was before me. There was, undoubtedly, nothing in any of them that I should have been afraid of submitting to the inspection of the Police, but still, that imprudence might have cost me my life. How could I have proved that they were not treasonable? For, the mere fact of my having destroyed them, would have been suspicious: and, in France, to be suspected, amounted to the same thing as being guilty.

I proposed taking neither clothes nor anything else with me, but to get into a little carriage, the name of which I need not repeat, and, by that means, pass the gate, and get on afterwards as best I could. I went to Peingeance's to procure some money, as the thing most necessary: I saw Philips, and told him what had passed: he urged me strongly to reconsider what I was doing. He said that the Police were, probably, already in pursuit of me, and added, that it must be a mistake, and that the order must have been given before it was known that my passport had been granted, or else, that it was a general order, in which I was in no way concerned. He recommended me to go to Goulliot, and consult him. This advice rather threw me into a state of uncertainty; but I saw at once, that it never would do to go to the Minister of War's office, as I should only be losing time, without any certainty of my being able to see Goulliot; and that there was no option, but either to start immediately, or to go back to the Police, and put a stop to the search after me, which, without doubt, was already in progress. I resolved upon the latter course; determined, at the same time, on no account to give up my passport, or to sign any parole.

I, accordingly, drove back to the Police as fast as I could, and went at once into the *premier bureau*, when I apologised to *Monsieur le Chef* for my absence, which I excused on the score of having felt unwell. I then begged of him, if I might do so without indiscretion, to tell me what was the date of

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the Minister's order? He said there were two; one of the 14th, the other of the 19th. The former was the very day on which the Minister of Police had signed my passport. This struck me as a very suspicious circumstance: it might be a mistake; it might be merely a general order, in which I was included. It was evident that the *Chef de bureau* knew nothing of my passport; but, if I were to enlighten him on that point, and it really were not a mistake, *I* should be making a grevious one; for, how could I refuse to give him up this passport? If, on the other hand, it were a general order, why was I sent for first? Why were none of the other English included in that order of the bureau, as well as myself? Why was I informed that the Minister would receive no reclamation till I had arrived at the dépôt? What reclamation could I have to make to the Minister, but to demand my liberty; and what chance would there have been of any remonstrances of mine being listened to, when sent from a dépôt? They would, like so many of my former petitions, have been consigned to the flames: and, if there were just grounds for reclamation on my part, on what just pretence could the Minister refuse to hear them, whilst I was in Paris, on the spot where they could be fairly discussed? All these questions passed rapidly through my mind. I knew that no great affection existed between the Ministers of War and of Police: I called to mind the instance of Captain Blair, who had been a victim to that enmity, and I felt convinced that, once consigned to a dépôt, I should find no one bold enough to inform the Emperor that the Minister of Police had contrived to counteract his order.

I had no right, however, to complain of want of attention on the part of the *Chef de bureau*. He gave immediate orders to stop the search that was already making after me, and again conducted me to the Préfet's bureau, and himself apologised for my absence.

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The Chef of that office then gave me a passport for Valenciennes. I was rather amused at the difference of the *signalement* in this and the Grecian passport. . . . . He then asked me for my permission to reside in Paris: to which I replied, that I had not got it. "Then you must send it to us." "You may wait some time till you get it!" was my mental rejoinder.

I left the Police, not a little pleased at the turn things had taken. I had now two passports, instead of one; and, in one of them, the express declaration that the Emperor had released me from my parole. I felt that, if the Minister of Police had really intended to play me a shabby trick, I had now the advantage over him.

I found Stobbart waiting for me, in a state of great anxiety: he had heard of my running away from the Police, as he had ventured into that dreadful abyss to enquire after me. He made me sensible of the imprudence of my conduct in burning my papers in the presence of my French servant, who had told him, that I had come in in the greatest agitation, and thrown all my papers into the fire: "You rascal," said he, "if you mention that, I will be the death of you."

I went to Philips, who, when I produced my new passport, said, "Oh! now you are quite safe, and need have no doubt about the matter: be off as soon as you can. What money will you have? We cannot give you any letters of credit, for fear of committing ourselves, but we will give you any money you choose: will you have a thousand pounds?" "With all my heart," said I: and he produced me a thousand Napoleons, which I contrived to hide about my person. I returned home, bought a cabriolet from my neighbour, the physician, packed up a part of my clothes, and, in an hour's time, was out of Paris on the Valenciennes road, having given out, generally, that I was ordered to Valenciennes.

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The only other person in my confidence was Börselager, who stayed with me to the last moment, and did all he could to dissuade me from so dangerous an attempt. The Comte de la Rochefoucault had, also, offered to do all in his power for me, but he was not aware of my intentions.

After I had gone the first stage, I questioned the post-boy, and appeared to discover that I had taken the wrong road, and that I must gain that which led to Rheims. Luckily it did not occur to him, that the obvious way of doing that, was to return to Paris; and I continued my road. The détour that I was obliged to make, occupied a long time; but, fortunately, I was never asked for my passport.

I did not stop a moment, till I got to Rheims, when I was detained by an accident, which happened to some of the tackle of the carriage. I got a peep at the celebrated cathedral: but I was in far too great a state of anxiety to pay much attention, even to a cathedral. I paced up and down before the inn door, counting each minute; for every instant was precious. The round I had taken had occasioned a most serious loss of time. If I succeeded in making the Police believe that I was gone to Valenciennes, all was right, but, the non-arrival of my permission to reside in Paris, might, in some degree, open their eyes, and they might telegraph me at the frontier towns.* At length, I got once more under weigh, and reached Chalons in safety, where I had the satisfaction of entering the direct road.

I continued my journey without the slightest interruption, till I got to Nancy, where the postmaster asked for my passport. I concealed my agitation as well as I could, and assuming a careless air, produced my Grecian passport. He soon came back, and returned it to me with a very low

* An extensive system of communication, by means of signals from elevated stations, had been in existence for some years, connecting Paris with other important towns in France.—S. P.

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bow, shewing, in his manner, all the respect due to so great a savant. *En ravanche*, he made me pay tolerably, or rather, intolerably dear for some wine and cold meat, which I took into the carriage for my dinner. However, I was not disposed to quarrel with him on that score. *En passant*, I could not but admire the pretty, though somewhat too uniform, streets of Nancy.

I passed through Bar and Ligny in the middle of the night. I cannot describe the feelings with which I revisited, as a trembling fugitive, that country where I had passed so many happy hours.* I thought of the breakfast at the farm, and almost wished that I could venture to surprise the party there, by my unexpected appearance: but that was out of the question; nor would I have willingly involved any of my friends in my own danger.

I pushed onwards; but it was not till the morning of the third night, that I found myself stopped by the gate of Strasbourg. How my heart beat: the decisive moment had come: I was on the point of, either regaining my liberty, or of being condemned to all the horrors of the fortress of Biche.

Upon entering the gate, I was asked for my passport, which I produced, and was told to apply for it at —— o'clock at the Police-office. I went to the inn, and had the comfort of shaving and dressing myself; and then, in spite of my agitation, contrived to eat a good breakfast, of which I stood in no little need. I afterwards walked round the town, and visited the celebrated cathedral of Strasbourg. I found that it was contrary to law to export gold, and became, therefore, rather nervous about the quantity I had about my

* My father was allowed, when at Verdun, to spend the *belle saison en pension* with a family, who had a very pretty country house near Ligny. This permission was given to him, on the understanding that he was to return to Verdun by a specified time.—A. M. W. P.

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person, fearing that I might be searched. I, accordingly, enquired for the principal banker of the town, and being directed to Monsieur ——, introduced myself to him. His surprise at my producing so large a sum of gold was unbounded, and I saw that he was beginning to entertain no very favourable suspicions of my character, for he knew not how to account for such a circumstance. I told him, that I would leave the money, whilst I went to the Police for my passport.

Thither I went at the appointed time, and waited till it arrived. The clerk read it with evident surprise, "Ah! it is very singular that they should have given you such a passport at Paris." My heart sank within me. After a little consideration, he said, "I must go and speak to the Préfet." Out he went, leaving me in the most serious alarm. He returned after a short absence, and told me that I must fix upon some place, as a point to which I intended to go. The fact that the passport had not been viséd at the gates of Paris had escaped him. I named Vienna, and, to my inexpressible joy, he returned it to me, viséd for Vienna. I slipped a douceur into his hand, and was out of the office as quick as thought. I went to the banker's, and shewed him my passport, which produced an instant change in his manner, and an evident one in his opinions. He pressed me to stay and dine with him; but I was then in no humour to accept invitations to dinner: every moment seemed an hour to me. I returned to the inn, got into my cabriolet, and soon found myself on the banks of the Rhine. When I had got half way across the bridge, I was asked for my passport. I gave it to the guard, who immediately returned it to me; and, after having answered some questions respecting my clothes, I was allowed to pass.

I arrived on the other side of the Rhine, and was FREE.

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* (I learned afterwards, that my departure had created no little sensation at Paris. Amongst the English, bets were laid, as to whether I had gone to Valenciennes, or had made my escape. Both Baron Börselager and Stobbart kept their own counsel. They sometimes passed each other in the streets, and, by a wink, shewed that all was right; but not a word passed between them. Stobbart even maintained a perfectly innocent face when Seymour, upon meeting him one day in the streets rated him severely: "Stobbart," said he, "I always thought you were a clever man, but I shall not think so in future, since you could allow that poor fellow to be sent to Valenciennes." Such of my friends who had not heard of my departure, went, according to my invitation, to Robert's, and much mirth at the strangeness of the occurrence prevailed. It was, indeed, quite the story of the day in Paris. The Minister of War was much amused, and said that I had done quite right. The Minister of Police declared that it was a mistake, and sent orders to release me, in case I made my appearance at Valenciennes.)

* Inserted subsequently.

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PART V.

With the Army of the Allies, and return to England.

[My father went from the Rhine to Baden. He thus describes his feelings after climbing the mountain, on which were the ruins of the old Castle.—A. M. W. P.]

The view was magnificent: there was the town, situated in a valley, the woodland mountains by which it was surrounded, the distant Rhine, and beyond—the land of bondage. If I live a hundred years, I shall never forget that moment. I was once again free; the world was all before me; the weight, which had so long hung on my mind, was entirely removed, whilst the distant view of France, not only recalled to me the misery from which I had escaped, but enhanced the happiness of that moment.

[From Baden he went to Carlsruhe, to Stuttgart, and on to Ulm, where he saw the spot upon which Buonaparte stood, when Mack surrendered to him the city and the whole Austrian army. From Ulm, he went down the Danube to Ratisbon, and thence to Vienna. After he had stayed in that town for some little time, he began to realise that it would be very difficult, while there, to make the proper preparations for his tour in Greece, and that these preparations could be made much more satisfactorily in England. To England, therefore, he decided to return; and, after some difficulty in obtaining a passport, he set out on his homeward journey. After passing through Prague, he arrived at

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Dresden, and found that city in a state of the highest excitement: there was a great amount of noise and bustle in the streets, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he procured a room in one of the inns.—A. M. W. P.]

Eventually, I agreed with Mr. Perceval, Lord Arden's eldest son, who was attached to Lord Cathcart's embassy, and Sir Francis d'Ivernois, to join their party. In the meantime, the battle of Lützen took place. The anxiety that prevailed in the city during this period, may be more easily imagined than described. At every moment contradictory reports were circulated. At length it was announced, that the victory had been gained by the allied army. In spite, however, of the boasted success, everything began to assume the appearance of a retreat. The Sovereigns arrived in Dresden, and, with them, the Ambassadors. I immediately went to call on Lord Cathcart, and told him my story. He enquired into my future plans; and I told him that, before undertaking a journey to Greece, I proposed returning home by Berlin and Hamburg. He said that he could not conceive that my passport could authorise me to do so. I replied that, when he had seen my passport, he would be satisfied that there could be no objection to my returning to England. "I do not know how to conceive that," answered Lord Cathcart. "Very well," my lord," said I, "if that is your opinion, I will return to Vienna." "I do not wish," added he, "to influence your conduct: you must judge for yourself: I speak only out of friendship for your father and your family." "I can only repeat, then," said I, "that, if such be your opinion, I will certainly return to Vienna. I shall, therefore, be obliged to your lordship to procure me a passport authorising me to re-enter Austria." This, however, was not quite so easy to obtain. In the midst of the important political business in which he was involved, Lord Cathcart had no time to think of me.

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He spoke of the battle which had just taken place, and assured me that they had gained the victory. He said nothing that could in any way infer the necessity of a retreat of the allies, excepting a passing observation, made to Perceval after dinner, (for we all dined with him that day), "If the Cossacks enter Dresden," said he, "you had better take care that they do not get possession of your stables." As I was not accustomed to diplomatic caution, I felt perfectly secure, concluding, that, as the French had been defeated, they must, necessarily, be in full retreat. Upon observing, however, the number of troops that were constantly pouring into the town, I began to entertain some suspicions; but I was not completely roused from my security, till Perceval asked me what arrangements I had made for my departure. I now found myself in a very embarrassing position. I was to return to Vienna, and was only two stages from the frontier; but I knew that I should not be permitted to enter Bohemia without a passport *en règle*, which I had in vain endeavoured to procure. I asked Lord Cathcart for one; he referred me to the Austrian Minister: when I applied to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, he told me that I must get a note from Lord Cathcart to him. In the meantime, all the Ministers were retreating, or preparing to retreat, each his own way; it was impossible for me to be running after them; so the only course left to pursue, was to follow the army.

I had not neglected to visit the celebrated gallery of pictures: I was there with Perceval, when a gentleman, who was acting as our cicerone, was called away, and immediately returned, introducing the young Princes of Prussia. I was amused at the difference in the manner of an heir-apparent, and of a younger brother: the hereditary Prince took very little notice of us, whilst his brother almost overwhelmed us with his bows. They seemed to be very pleasing, gentle-

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manlike, young men. I also visited everything worth seeing in Dresden and its immediate vicinity. . . . .

At length the plot thickened. A line of troops, baggage-waggons and wounded men, was incessantly passing through the town. "Very like a retreat," were the words of salutation which we, who were not in the secrets of diplomacy, addressed to one another when we met. Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who had great cause to dread the anger of Napoleon, retreated across the bridge, near which he took some lodgings, thus putting the Elbe between himself and the French.

The streets of Dresden had been, for the last three days, a scene of constant movement; all day and all night, there was an uninterrupted passage of troops, baggage and artillery. I was, as yet, unprovided with horses; so I went to a horse-dealer, who lived at a short distance from the town, to see if I could obtain any horses from him: he had but two left, and, after some hard bargaining, he undertook to send them for me into Dresden by four o'clock the next morning. . . . .

It was now very well known that the French would enter the town the next day; and it would not be easy to paint the dismay of the inhabitants. They were but too well convinced, that the manner in which they had received the Allies, had drawn upon them the indignation of the French: and the melancholy expression of their countenances showed how keenly they felt their situation. A few short moments had converted the most cheering hopes into utter despair, and they had now a fearful reckoning to pay.

I was not myself without great alarm; I feared lest the French should press upon the rear-guard, and enter the town at night. Hardly escaped from captivity, to be again taken prisoner, would, indeed, have been a hard fate, and I could scarcely forgive my folly, for having exposed myself to such a danger.

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I had been very particular in not putting on a uniform, or even wearing a sword, that I might not be said to have borne arms against the French; but I felt that appearances would have been strong against me, and that the least I could expect, would be to be taken for a spy or an informer, and hung up on the first tree. But what most alarmed me was, the fear of committing my friends in Paris, who might be considered in some degree responsible for my conduct. Those considerations, and a sort of unaccountable dread of the Allied Army finishing its passage through the town before sunrise, had kept me from closing my eyes during the two preceding nights; and I had passed the weary hours in listening to the uninterrupted march of the troops, and to the song of a nightingale, which poured forth his notes from some tree opposite to my window. Frequently I could not refrain from jumping out of bed, and running to the window, to endeavour to ascertain by the uncertain light of the moon, whether it was, indeed, Russian, and not French troops, who were marching by.

Now, truly, I began to have some serious cause for alarm. The higher powers took good care that none but themselves should have any certain intelligence of the movements of the Army. I tried my best to extract a little information out of Frederick Cathcart; but all I could draw from him was, that they had then no thoughts of moving during the night, but that they had everything packed up, and were prepared to start at a moment's warning; and that it was very possible they might receive that warning in the middle of the night.

Perceval and I had passed the evening together, in company with Fanshawe, a brother of my old friend, Capt. Fanshawe: he is an officer in the Russian Service, in which his father is a general officer. It may be easily supposed, that I did not sleep more this night than I had done on

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the two preceding ones. There was a circumstance, also, which tended to give me additional anxiety. I had sent my servant to Sir Francis d'Ivernois' quarters with my trunk, and, as he had never returned, I could not but feel some misgivings, lest he might have taken advantage of the existing circumstances, to make a prize of my wardrobe. I became, at last, so fidgetty, that I got up, dressed myself, and explored my way across the bridge; but, from the darkness of the night, and the number of baggage and ammunition-waggons that stopped the passage, I was not able to get to the inn where Sir Francis lodged, nor, indeed, to find it out. I accordingly returned to my room, and got into my bed again.

I was, also, under no little apprehension, for fear the dealer should not have remained true to his bargain, and should have been tempted by a higher price to sell the horses to some other person; or lest the Cossacks should have laid violent hands upon them. At four o'clock, however, my mind was tranquillized by their arrival. My first object was to get them safely across the river. As we passed the guard, he told us to make haste, as he was going to set fire to the bridge. The French had, upon their retreat, blown up one of the arches; this had been repaired with wood, and was now to be burned.

Having received this warning, I made as much haste back as I could, and, on my way, called upon Perceval. I found him still in bed, and by no means disposed to get up. However, as my entreaties were seconded by a message from Fanshawe, urging him to be off immediately, he was, at last, persuaded to leave his bed.

When I returned, I found Sir Francis d'Ivernois in great alarm, and most anxious to be on the march. I had, however, still to provide myself with saddles, which took up some time. At length, everything was ready, and we com-

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menced our march. Sir Francis and myself, on horseback, and our own, as well as Perceval's luggage, in a sort of carriage like a waggon. . . . .

We began to be much alarmed for Perceval, as he did not make his appearance, and it was reported that he had been made prisoner.

We passed near a *tête de pont*, which defended a bridge of boats, by which all those who remained at Dresden, after the destruction of the larger bridge, were to effect their passage.

I enjoyed my ride extremely. Though I had not slept for three nights, yet, I did not feel the least fatigued. A weight of anxiety was removed from my mind: I now felt no longer the dread of being sent back again to my prison-house, as the most lenient fate that could await me; and the march of an army was, also, a new and animating scene to me. . . . .

At length we came to a small town, where the army was to halt. The place was so full of troops, that we found no slight difficulty in procuring any accommodation.

I saw here an instance of the summary manner in which a person is frequently dubbed a spy. Two men had been arrested on suspicion: they stated that they were *negociants*, travelling on their own affairs. I endeavoured to procure them a fair hearing from some of the Russian officers who surrounded them; but they would not admit of a shadow of a doubt, and declared them unquestionably to be spies. They were marched off. Poor fellows, I could not but pity them, if only from the recollection of the danger I had myself incurred of being treated in the same manner.

We at length succeeded in obtaining some dinner, and, what was no less a luxury, in being allowed to throw ourselves for a short time on some beds.

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We were not a little rejoiced at the reappearance of Perceval. He did not leave that part of Dresden which stands on the northern bank of the Elbe, till he had seen the French take possession of the opposite part of the city. He told us that they might have also secured the bridge, and taken, not only him, but Sir Charles Stuart and all his staff; for they were standing on one end of the bridge, when the French cavalry appeared on the other: the fire was only just beginning to take hold of the wood, as it was too wet to burn readily, and, had they charged across, they might have gained the bridge, and extinguished the flames. The consequences of such a movement might have been very important; for the Allies were retreating in the greatest disorder, and, I was informed, nothing could be worse than the conduct of the rear-guard. As soon as the Allies had passed, the bridge of boats was to have been destroyed: that duty, however, was so negligently performed, that only two of the boats were sunk, and the others were left, as if for the convenience of the French operations.

The ex-king of Sweden, who had come to offer his services to the Allies, got into the scrape into which I had been so afraid of falling: he was not able to procure horses, and was compelled to remain in Dresden, till after the entry of the French. They did not, however, think him worth capture, and permitted him to follow the Allies. . . . .

The conduct of the King of Saxony, upon the change that had taken place in the scene, was very much blamed. The Allies had behaved towards him in the most liberal manner; and, though in possession of his Kingdom, had strictly respected the neutrality which the King professed. I have already mentioned, that I had found him at Ratisbon, to which place he had retired, when the Allied Army had entered his dominions; that I had again seen him at Prague, where he had afterwards retired, in order, I suppose, to place

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himself under the protection of the Emperor of Austria. His line of conduct then should have been, either to attach himself to the Emperor, or to have continued at Prague in a state of neutrality. . . . . The conduct of the Saxons—who, to a man, were opposed to their master's politics,—and the conduct of the Allies,—who might easily have secured the surrender of the Saxon army from its general,—demanded a better recognition of their behaviour than they now got from the King; for, no sooner had the French entered Dresden, than he returned to his capital, and joined the French army; whilst the Saxon general, who was well aware that his own feelings had not been disguised, went over alone to the Allies. I must, however, in fairness say, that his subjects, whilst finding fault with this good and amiable King, all spoke of him with the most enthusiastic affection; and, though they blamed his conduct, were unanimously of opinion that he acted from the highest sense of honour; considering himself bound to stand by Napoleon in adversity, as he had stood by him in the most brilliant days of his prosperity.

The army continued to march; and we had a pleasant ride to Bautzen. As I could not get a passport from Lord Cathcart for Vienna, there was no other alternative for me, but to take the chances of the war. . . . .

As it was understood that the army was to continue its retreat, we considered that the only way in which unprivileged persons, like ourselves, could have any chance of being at all comfortable, or even of procuring the necessary accommodation for ourselves and our horses, was to be a little in advance of the troops. Accordingly, the following morning, we mounted our horses, and proceeded on our route. After some time, we came to a very pretty village. . . . . Here we established ourselves in some pleasant

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quarters, and were so much delighted with our new residence, that our only wish was, that the Allied Army would leave us in quiet possession of it for some time. But we had been there but one day, when our tranquillity was interrupted by the appearance of troops, baggage-waggons, etc., etc.; and we were told that the head-quarters were to be removed to this village. If that were the case, we felt it could no longer be a place for us, as we should have to make room for more exalted personages. We, therefore, considered it expedient to continue our march. But, once more afloat, we found our embarrassments increase: the further we proceeded, the more contradictory were the reports that we heard, so that we came, at last, to the conclusion, that it was to our own discretion alone that we must trust.

We determined that, as the Allies had not defended the line of the Elbe, they would gradually retreat, till they got behind the Oder, and that there they would make a stand. As the constant change, and this uncertainty as to our future movements, was extremely disagreeable, we resolved to pursue, at once, our retreat to Breslau, take up our position behind the Oder, and wait the event of the battle that we expected would be fought there.

We passed through several places on our march. Of these, Hanau presents itself to my recollection. It is a colony of Moravians. We dined, and passed some hours there. Our landlady was a very handsome woman, and her manners were much superior to her situation. When we told her of the great impression her beauty had made on our hearts, she answered that she could not believe us; for, if we were really so struck with her, we should not be in so great a hurry to leave her. She gave us a most excellent dinner, with some very good champagne and other French wines.

We visited the whole of the establishment at Hanau. There was one building, which was called a convent, but

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which seemed to be merely a girls' school. This was shown us by one of the girls, who spoke French extremely well. The girls were all at dinner, and everything seemed to be conducted in the cleanest and nicest manner. We bought some little trifles, that had been manufactured by the ladies of the convent. There seemed to us to be much affinity between the manners of the Moravians and the Quakers. . . . .

We, at length, arrived at Breslau. It was a tantalising thing to pass the fine range of mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia, without daring to penetrate into their recesses, and explore the beautiful valleys which they must enclose. However, this was not a time for touring. Our first object on arriving at Breslau, was to establish ourselves in good quarters; and, at length, we succeeded fully to our wishes. We hired lodgings in Hohenlohe Palace, which, though once a magnificent château, worthy of the distinguished family to which it belonged, was now degraded into a mere tea-garden, and was a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Breslau: several families had, indeed, already taken apartments there for the summer season.

I look back with the greatest pleasure to the time we passed in this retreat. After having been exposed to all the annoyances inseparable from the movements of the army, with whose plans we were totally unacquainted; after having been so long without any opportunity of enjoying either comfort or repose; we found ourselves quietly established in an old Palace, with pleasure grounds so extensive, as rather to deserve the title of park, and with a magnificent suite of stables.

We passed our time in a very regular manner. Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who occupied a room at a short distance from ours, in which he breakfasted alone, was entirely devoted to his accustomary pursuit, of proving that the finances of

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France were utterly ruined; he was writing a pamphlet in proof of that fact, which he published shortly. I can laugh now at the rapturous delight with which he burst into our room one morning, "Gentlemen, one million! one million!" We looked up in no little astonishment; we then found from him, what this million was: that in the report that the French Minister had made of the state of the Empire, he had actually put the population at one million less than he had estimated it in his former report. Sir Francis was, indeed, a thorn in the side of the French Minister: he was, perhaps, the only man in Europe, who took the trouble of examining and *approfonding* their reports. The French nation took the facts for granted, and thought no more about them: the Ministers themselves thought much of effects, and little of accuracy; and, therefore, both they and their Imperial master had a sort of personal antipathy to Sir Francis. . . . .

Lord Cathcart could not endure him, and, out of a little fun, generally called him "Sir David"; "My Lord, I beg your pardon, Sir *Francis;*" but, the next moment, he would again address him as Sir David. . . . .

Sir Francis was a native of Geneva, and had been brought up to the French bar. At that time, few Englishmen were well versed in the French language, and a man who was a thorough master of it, and possessed considerable talents, a degree of judgment, a knowledge of finance, and the power of analyzing, could make himself of considerable use to the English Government, by exposing the arts and deceptions which the Emperor's Ministers were in the habit of employing, to blind the eyes, not of their own people, but of the other nations in Europe: the consequence of which was, that Sir Francis was rewarded with an English pension and with knighthood, and was honoured with the peculiar hatred of the Emperor. . . . .

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To return to Hohenlohe. Perceval occupied himself in studying French, as I did in learning German. We rose early, and, generally, during the course of the morning, walked to Breslau, where we took our respective lessons. We dined at about one or two o'clock, and took our ride in the afternoon: after which we drank tea, and usually spent the rest of the evening in wandering about the garden, a time which Sir Francis devoted entirely to his literary labours. This, our usual routine, was not disagreeably broken upon by an invitation to dinner from Marshal Kalkreut, who was Governor of Breslau. He was the only Marshal at that time in the Prussian service, and had taken his first lessons in arms under the great Frederick. We found him an uncommonly fine old man, and very agreeable in his conversation. Though he was, evidently, in some degree of restraint in our presence, he could not help occasionally letting slip a few expressions, that seemed to indicate an inclination to ridicule the military operations that were then in progress. . . . .

He amused us with many anecdotes of former times, and seemed to derive no little pleasure from recurring to the days of Frederick, and relating stories of the warrior-king. He said that he himself knew every inch of ground upon which the armies were now moving. . . . .

We had passed some time pleasantly enough in our retirement at Hohenlohe, when we were roused from our tranquillity by the intelligence that a battle had been fought at Bautzen. We were the more astonished at the news, as we had understood that the army had left that town very soon after we did. . . . .

To take a brief review of the operations leading up to the battle of Bautzen.—It always appeared to me extraordinary, that the Russian army did not follow up that of Napoleon after the fatal retreat from Moscow. They might, surely,

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have taken advantage of the consternation and total demoralisation of the French troops, and have entirely annihilated them; or, by following them up, without allowing them time to repose, and by fanning the flame that was now kindled in Germany, might, at all events, have driven them across the Rhine. Two explanations I have heard given, and the one, I think, was by Lord Cathcart himself, when I put the question to him: it was to this effect; that the Russian army was scarcely less disorganised than that of the French, and was, therefore, not in a state to follow up the enemy. The other is, perhaps, more properly an inference to be drawn from a circumstance related to me by Colonel Campbell, which he had from Sir Robert Wilson. Sir Robert was riding by the side of Kutusow, at the time the French army was engaged in endeavouring to discover some ford, or point at which they might be able to cross the Beresina. In this occupation they were detained for the space of three days, during which time the Russian army was marching parallel with them on the heights above, and might have annihilated them with the greatest facility. "The French army is in your power, General:" said Sir Robert, addressing the Russian Commander, "why then do you not destroy them?" "I can quite understand," replied Kutusow, "that it is for the interest of England that I should destroy the French army, but I am not quite so sure that it is for the interest of Russia." This may, perhaps, be considered as a clue to the Russian policy: they allowed the poor remains of the finest army seen in modern days ample time to recover and re-form themselves: they gave Napoleon time to raise a new army, and move it to the field of action.

At length, they advanced into Germany. It was the general opinion that, had Kutusow lived, they would never have crossed the Elbe: but Wittgenstein, who, at his death, succeeded to the command, did not entertain the same views

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as his predecessor did, and let them pass that river. Why, however, he did not endeavour to bring the French army to an engagement before the arrival of Napoleon, I cannot understand. Whatever may be the merits of Eugène Beauharnais, he is, certainly, not to be compared to his father-in-law in military talent; indeed, I am inclined to think, that he is more indebted to his personal bravery for his reputation, than to any superior abilities for command. Opposed to Beauharnais, Wittgenstein would have felt himself upon more equal terms, and would not have been oppressed by the prestige attached to the name Buonaparte; and there would, also, have been some gratification in the feeling of "*nous y avons combattus, et tu n'y étais pas.*"

Wittgenstein, however, waited till Napoleon had taken the command, before he commenced his operations. He seems to have engaged in the Battle of Lützen without any premeditated plan. Having perceived some French soldiers in a village near their position, he told the Emperor Alexander that he would make him a present of those men before night, and immediately sent a detachment out to attack them. Napoleon sent troops to support them, and Wittgenstein was, in his turn, obliged to reinforce *his* men. In this manner, a general engagement was brought on. The French army was in an admirable position, and the Russians never brought their cavalry into action, though it was in that force alone that they had a marked superiority over the French. The Russians claimed the victory, and were so far justified, that they unquestionably remained in possession of the villages, which were the apparent object of the battle.

But the Russians, finding the French too strong for them, determined to abandon the line of the Elbe, and, accordingly, commenced their retreat. In carrying that into effect, Wittgenstein made as little use of his cavalry as he

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had done during the action: instead of employing the Cossacks in harassing the enemy, and checking their advance, he let them become of disservice to himself: for, when unemployed, these troops are invariably an annoyance to their friends.

As soon as he had resolved to offer the enemy battle at Bautzen, Wittgenstein took up his position. He placed the whole of his cavalry in the centre, and allowed Napoleon to pass a small river, which runs through the middle of the town, without the slightest opposition, or without even harassing him with his light troops: though, whilst engaged in crossing the river, he might have attacked him with considerable advantage. Probably, he felt great confidence in the strength of his position, and, perhaps, the more so, from its having been, I believe, one formerly taken by Frederick the Great. He, also, left Napoleon at full liberty to make his arrangements for the battle unimpeded.

The Emperor's principal object evidently was, to protect himself against the attacks of the Russian cavalry. This he effected, by opposing to them squares of infantry in échelon, and behind these, artillery; in the rear of which he placed his cavalry. For the Russian horse to be able to effect anything against this mass, was next to impossible: it remained there, as if it were checkmated, and did not make a single move during the whole of the battle. It appears extraordinary, that, considering the great advantage Wittgenstein possessed in the superiority of his cavalry, he did not change the disposition of his force, so as to bring it into play.

The armies had been two days in sight of each other, before the battle commenced. Napoleon came into the field in a carriage drawn by post-horses. He was seen walking about, accompanied by one of his Marshals, almost within cannon shot of the Russians. Colonel Campbell was very

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anxious to persuade one of the men to give him a shot, but the gunner declared that it was out of the question, not esteeming it honourable to fire at an individual.

Buonaparte commenced the action by outflanking the right wing of the Russians: he next attacked, and took, a hill, which formed part of their line. The principal officers of the Allies were of opinion, that they could easily have retaken the hill, but they found their position so completely outflanked, that they thought it useless to defend it, and, therefore, retreated, but were not pursued.

The battle convinced the Allies, of what they appeared to have been previously ignorant—the great numerical superiority of the French; who were now conjectured to have the advantage of at least 50,000 more men in the field. I doubt much whether the Russian officers were, really, at all acquainted with the effective force of their own army: their numbers were so much swelled upon paper, that I suspect they considered it to be much more numerous than it actually was; and the number of soldiers that were employed in the service of the officers, tended, also, to diminish considerably their effective force.

During the time that I was with the army, I had frequent opportunities of forming an opinion as to the character of the Russian soldiers. I found them a fine and hardy race, almost insensible to pain: they were, indeed, men of iron. I remember seeing one coolly smoking his pipe, whilst the surgeon was cutting and slashing at him, in order to extricate a ball; and, though I witnessed the sufferings of many of their wounded men, I do not think that I heard a single one utter a groan. They really seemed to be made of different stuff from other men: their frames and sinews were, apparently, as hard as their minds.

I was more particularly struck with the Emperor's Guard: on entering that body, a soldier succeeds, not only

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to the rank, but to the cap of his predecessor, and the marks made by the musket balls in these caps are considered as so many decorations, and, therefore, are never repaired.

Such men, well officered, would conquer the world: they only want a little more activity to make them superior to all other troops. I ought to add, a little more education, too; for now they are merely machines. I remember, previous to the Moscow campaign, talking them over with a French officer: "*Ils sont des bêtes,*" said he, "*mais on peut tuer une bête.*" They are *bêtes*, however, that would take some killing.

I was not equally satisfied with the Russian officers: they were negligent and inattentive to their duty, seldom marching with their troops.

Of the Prussians, I must speak in the highest terms: the men, indeed, were not made of such impenetrable stuff as the Russians; they could not remain unmoved whilst the surgeon was hacking them, and they were loud enough in their groans: yet, this susceptibility to pain only added to the merit of their conduct, for they displayed an energy of character, of which I could not have supposed the German disposition capable. They evinced, at the same time, the most ardent patriotism, and an enthusiastic devotion to their King; their whole army, both officers and men, being animated by one spirit.

The popularity of Blücher was, at this moment, in some degree affected by an order that he had given at the Battle of Lützen: he had commanded the regiment of volunteers, composed of young men of the first families of Silesia, to charge a battery: few had escaped unhurt, and there was scarcely a respectable family in this part of the country, that had not to mourn the loss of a relation. It was a foolish order: for, though it might not be right to spare a regiment of gentlemen, they were better calculated for light and

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brilliant services, than for those which required mere animal weight.

Immediately after the battle of Bautzen, Barklay de Tolly took the command, and made a most extraordinary change in the movements of the army: instead of retreating upon Breslau, and following the line of his communications, he turned to the right, and marched to Schweidnitz, where he took up a position, backed by the mountains of Bohemia. He appears to have run into a *cul de sac*, and left the country he ought to have defended,—left all his resources open to the enemy. The Russian general, to whom was entrusted the care of Breslau, told me, that their object was, by leaving open the passage across the Oder, to entice the French to send a detachment to take possession of Breslau, and thus, by dividing their army, to weaken it, so that they would be able to fight them upon more equal terms. Such a reason could only be justified by an almost assured certainty of success; whereas, even after this diminution, the French would have been, probably, equal in number to the Allies. The reason given to me by the Silesian minister, Count Dohna, was still more extraordinary: he said that, finding they had been obliged to retreat too rapidly, they had fallen back upon the fortresses, hoping that, by their *appuis*, they might be able to check the advance of the French.

It appeared to me, that the most probable motive was the wish to force the Austrians to declare themselves, though it might be possible that the movement was preconcerted with the Emperor of Austria. If this was the case, it was a very dangerous attempt. The Austrian army, even if so disposed, was not ready to join them; the French would, either have forced them to come to an engagement at Schweidnitz, where they had taken up a position, (apparently with the intention of fighting), or would have

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compelled them to retreat into Poland. . . . . The Emperor Francis knew that he had the balance in his hands: both parties were appealing to him, both looking up to him as the arbiter of their destiny. But, at any moment, a change might take place in the game; and he would, naturally, be cautious how he ventured on a move, upon which his whole fate must depend. That the movement was made in order to bring the Emperor to some determination, I think probable, and in the full expectation that that determination would be in their favour; but that it was a preconcerted plan with the Austrian Government, I do not believe: an opinion which appears to be confirmed, by the preparations that had been made for a retreat across the Oder. It seems to me, however, to have been a movement replete with danger. . . . .

To return to Breslau. The king of Prussia and his family arrived there, soon after the battle of Bautzen. He sent immediately to ask Sir Francis to dinner; but we, as we had not been presented to him, were, of course, not included in the invitation. However, as the Royal family came several times to drink tea at Hohenlohe Gardens, we had repeated opportunities of seeing them. One of the Princesses appeared to be very pretty.

Several of the English now made their appearance in the town: amongst the rest, Jackson, Secretary of Legation, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vyse.

We began, now, to look forward to another retreat like that from Dresden. We went into the town to pay our respects to the Russian General, who assured us that he was determined to defend Breslau, and that he would march out in the morning to meet the enemy; upon which we told him, that some of us would go out with him to see the battle. As the French were not above twelve miles

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from the town, we expected that they would attack it the next morning. We all dined at Jackson's, where it was arranged that our party should move into the town the following morning, and that then, those who were disposed to see the fight, should join the general, whilst the others should retreat upon Schweidnitz by the direct road.

Perceval and I had determined to travel independently of Sir Francis, and had, accordingly, bought a light cart for our luggage. . . . .

At six in the morning, Sir Francis burst into the room in which Perceval and I slept: "Look here, gentlemen," said he, presenting us with a note from Rumbold to Perceval, "for God's sake be off immediately: Jackson is gone without breakfast, and almost without dressing, in consequence of a message he received from the King of Prussia in the middle of the night." "Well," said Perceval, "I won't get up;" "And I won't go without breakfast," added I. "But *considere*, gentlemen, *considere*," exclaimed Sir Francis, in the greatest agitation; and he did, at last, succeed in persuading us to get out of bed. He himself was soon off: but it was a long time before we could get everything arranged; so that we did not leave Hohenlohe Palace before twelve.

We did not quit a place where we had spent so many happy hours, without great regret, and we could not help feeling for the dangerous situation in which we left its inhabitants, who were preparing to move into Breslau by the advice of the King. He had drunk tea in the gardens with his family the night before, and had pleased me much by the paternal manner in which he had taken leave of our hostess, and advised all the inhabitants of our Palace to remove into Breslau, lest they might be exposed to the risk of being plundered by the Cossacks. I could not, at that moment, but feel the deepest interest for the unfor-

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tunate monarch himself, surrounded once more by his family, to whom he was about to bid adieu, in order to face all the dangers of the war: about to abandon his finest provinces, and leave his faithful subjects a prey to the mercy of the invader.

But, to return to ourselves. Our first object on arriving at Breslau, was to ascertain the cause of the unexpected alarm, and to discover, if we could, whether the French had intercepted the road to Schweidnitz.

We thought that the best plan was to go to Jackson's lodgings; and there we learnt that all the English were gone, and, as the landlord understood, had taken the road to Ohlan. We determined to proceed there also, as we were led, from this circumstance, to conjecture that the road to Schweidnitz was already in the occupation of the French.

We found the city of Breslau in the greatest confusion: all the authorities had fled, and the General had announced that the enemy was so superior to him in numbers, that he could not attempt to defend the place. After we had finished our enquiries, we returned to the place where we had left the *Schneider* (for so we called our driver, because he was a tailor by profession) and the cart, and lo! the bird was flown? We were now in no slight alarm; we had given him no instructions as to the route we intended to take, and were afraid, that, having heard us talk of going to Schweidnitz, he might have followed that direction. The loss of our luggage would have, indeed, been a serious one, as it contained, not only our clothes, but our money.

We sent Rantzow, Perceval's servant, with orders to gallop for two or three miles on the Schweidnitz road; if he saw anything of the French troops, he was to make his retreat as fast as he could; and, if he found the tailor, he was to return with him, and follow us to Ohlan.

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As we had now got more accustomed to run away from the French, we took it very quietly, and determined to secure some luncheon before we left the town, as it was probable that we might find some difficulty in procuring anything to eat afterwards.

We were about the last people to leave the town: the greater part of the inhabitants had already abandoned their homes, and the remainder were awaiting the arrival of the French, in a kind of sullen despair.

After we had proceeded a mile or two, we were agreeably surprised by the sight of our tailor, who was advancing slowly forwards with his *Wagen*. In due time, we arrived at Ohlan, where we found the town in the greatest confusion, the streets and squares being crowded with fugitives: nor was it without considerable difficulty that we could secure any place where we could put up our horses. We found Moscow* of no little use to us, as we were able to leave our *fourgon* under his protection in perfect security, while we were searching for quarters.

To procure any dinner, however, appeared a thing that was perfectly impossible; nor had we any reason to expect it, when we saw Count Dohna in the middle of the street, houseless and dinnerless. I was, however, determined not to give up the point without an effort. I went into the kitchen of one of the inns, and made my application to the cook; but all the comfort that I could get, was, that I must wait till supper-time: I did not, however, give way at the first rebuff, but made myself so agreeable to him, that I, at length, per-

* It was from an officer in the ——— regiment, who was only just recovering from the wounds he had received, that I bought a Russian pointer, which I named Moscow, because he had made the retreat from Moscow with his master, a French officer, who had afterwards been quartered in the house of this young man's father, and had made him a present of the dog, which soon became the pet of the whole regiment.

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suaded him to seat us at the dresser, and provide us with whatever he could lay his hands upon.

The number of fugitives was so great, and all of them hastening to Brieg, that we thought our wisest plan would be, to pass the night where we were; and, as soon as the place was a little cleared, we succeeded in procuring rooms. In the middle of the night, I heard the rear-guard pass through the town, and I could not help feeling a little alarmed, lest we might find it in the occupation of the French in the morning. But we were fortunate enough to leave it without seeing anything of them.

We did not take the road to Brieg, but proceeded to Glogau, where we overtook the rest of the English who had passed the night at Brieg. We now joined company with Colonel Campbell, who dubbed us his Aides-de-Camp, and proceeded, sometimes with the rest of the English, and sometimes separated from them, till we arrived all together at Neisse.

We went immediately to the Governor, and found him in a state of the greatest agitation: he had just received orders to declare the town in a state of siege, and had so completely lost his head, that we all agreed, that, if the French had pushed forward, they might have carried the fortress by a *coup de main*. Indeed, I have little doubt but that, if the French had followed us close upon the heel, they might, in the first moment of alarm, have taken most of the fortresses, and have completely checkmated the Allied Armies. Both Colonel Campbell and Colonel Vyse were of opinion, that it would not be prudent for us to remain long in the town, lest the Governor, in his alarm, might shut us up with him, in order to secure the co-operation of English officers: we determined, therefore, to devote only one day to the inspection of the fortress.

During our progress, we met some French prisoners, and Campbell was so struck with the appearance of one of them,

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that he asked him if he was disposed to enter his service; to which the man instantly agreed. Permission having been obtained from the Governor, the man was immediately installed in his new office. Campbell's establishment was somewhat motley: first, there was his old Scotch servant, with all the nationality, not excluding that attachment to his own opinion, which characterises the Highlander: next, was an Irish prisoner, who had entered the French service, and afterwards deserted: lastly, came the newly-acquired French prisoner, a fine soldierlike dragoon, six feet high, who was to act in the capacity of groom.

We left Neisse the next day, and proceeded to Reichenbach. We had just got into the middle of the great Square, and were going to look out for quarters, when the Colonel perceived that the post-boy who had driven his carriage, probably tempted by a higher offer from some other person for his horses, was quietly proceeding to unharness them, with the intention of leaving the carriage in the middle of the Square. The Colonel went up to him, and, holding his undrawn sword over his head, threatened to strike him; upon which, issued a host of men from an inn immediately opposite to us, and one of them, with a large placard in his hand, and with no little violence of manner and ejaculation, began reading something about "*Der Kaiser Alexander*," apparently, a proclamation of the Emperor's against maltreating the Germans. "Damn the Kaiser Alexander," retorted Campbell; and, thrusting his fist into the speaker's face, d—d him in no measured or gentle terms, venting upon him all the epithets and titles of abuse that he could think of. The scene was beyond description. The Colonel, with his fist in the man's face, pouring out all his abuse in English, the other, in the greatest fury, spluttering out German as fast as he could; indeed, so fast, that it hardly assumed the sound and form of words. I, as the only inter-

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preter, in vain attempted to mediate with my broken German, and, equally vainly, attempted to control my laughter, which was not diminished, when I discovered that our antagonist was no less a person than the Burgomaster himself. This official began now to exercise his authority, and ordered up the guard to arrest us. Accordingly, the guard marched up, and formed in front of us: but, far from surrendering at discretion, the Colonel, not giving the Burgomaster time to give his order, laid hold of one of the soldiers by the collar, and, saying, "Come along with me, you, Sir," carried him off in triumph, to assist him in giving some orders that he had to execute, leaving the remainder of the guard and the Burgomaster, surrounded by a crowd of his townsmen, exhaling his fury in all the oaths the German language could supply.

We were occupied not less than an hour in fulfilling some commissions with which we had been entrusted by Monsieur Niebuhr, and transacting other business. Upon our return, we perceived our friend the Burgomaster, precisely in the situation in which we had left him, surrounded by his burghers, to whom he was still venting his indignation. The sight of him roused the Colonel's ire; he went up to him, and thrust his fist into his face, and, commencing with, "You d—d rascal," again saluted him with another volley of oaths. At length, however, we succeeded in drawing him off, and retired to the quarters which had been provided for us, which were very good.

The following morning, I called upon the Secretary of the Austrian Legation, and made a vain effort to get a passport for Vienna: "I think," observed he, rather slily, "I heard something of Colonel Campbell's getting into a row last night": I laughed, and did not deny the fact. We heard no more of it, however; and I do not suppose that it ever got to Lord Cathcart's ears, or we should have had a regular blow up.

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We heard that the head-quarters were about to move to a place called Strelin. We, accordingly, proceeded in that direction, and, halting at a village a few miles distant from it, took up our quarters in the Minister's house. Upon riding over to Strelin, we found quarters taken there for the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Lord Cathcart, etc., etc., etc.: we found, also, one of the King's Ministers waiting for his arrival.

Day after day passed, however, and no appearance of the army: every morning we rode over to Strelin, or else, prepared to start for Schweidnitz, only to be prevented from making a move, by the intelligence that we received. The Minister was as much surprised and embarrassed as we were.

At last, one evening, we observed the advance of troops, and the whole Russian cavalry marched by, under the command of the Grand Duke Constantine. We had some conversation with one of his Aides de Camp, who told us that the army was in full retreat; that a night march was a very unusual thing, and that it, therefore, looked as if the retreat was to be a rapid one; and that the army would not take up a position till after they crossed the Vistula. He added, that the rearguard was expected to pass the night at a village, distant only four miles. However, when we rose the next morning, we looked in vain for the rest of the army; upon which, Colonel Campbell determined to proceed at once to Schweidnitz, even at the risk of finding it occupied by the French.

We had scarcely mounted our horses, when we met a French officer whom we knew, who was attached to the Grand Duke Constantine, and much in his confidence: he assured us positively, that the head-quarters were on the point of moving when he left them; however, we persevered in our intentions, and proceeded to Reichenbach, where we

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met one of Sir Charles Stuart's secretaries, who informed us that an armistice had been signed that morning.

Napoleon had proposed an armistice immediately after the battle of Bautsen, and had renewed his proposal at Schweidnitz. Whilst the Allies were deliberating on the subject, an armistice was granted from day to day, and, only on this morning, had they consented to his proposal, and signed one for several weeks. This, then, was the cause of our having been kept so long in a state of uncertainty; for, had it not been renewed, the Allies must either have fought at Schweidnitz, or retreated.

It appeared to me a very false move on Napoleon's part. He had obtained a great advantage over the Allies, in getting possession of Breslau, as he had turned them from their proper line of retreat: he had fifty thousand more men in the field than they had: he was on the point of driving them into Poland, a country predisposed towards himself, whose inhabitants he might easily have raised against them, by proclaiming his intention of erecting Poland into a kingdom, and restoring liberty to that injured people; and he would thus have cut off all the Landwehr and Landsturm of Prussia: whilst, on the contrary, he could expect but few reinforcements from a country which he had so lately exhausted of men and money, and the Allies were looking forward to considerable additions to their force from Russia, and only wanted time to raise and organise the population of Prussia. There might, however, have been some reasons that rendered an attack inexpedient for the French Emperor: Moscow had, perhaps, taught him prudence; he might not have liked to leave the Austrians behind him, whilst they maintained so doubtful a neutrality; he might, also, have been afraid that the population of Prussia would be brought to act upon his rear. Still, I am satisfied that the cards were in his hand, and that, had he ventured to

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play them, he would have succeeded. Probably, the real cause of his determination is to be traced to the arts of Austria, and that, much as he affected to despise Metternich, he was a victim to his political sagacity: he felt that Austria, by throwing her weight into the scale, could turn the balance on either side, and he could not bring himself to believe, that the Emperor Francis could declare himself against his son-in-law. It, therefore, became his object, to force him to abandon his neutrality.

The Allies were no less anxious to obtain the same object, as they flattered themselves that the result would be far different from that which Napoleon expected: it became, therefore, the interest of both parties to conclude the armistice. However the Austrian cabinet may have been taunted with weakness, imbecility and indecision, she, in fact, assumed here a proud and dignified position, which she maintained to the end of the contest. Had she joined the Allies on their advance, her conduct would have been attributed to fear; and she must have been contented to assume a secondary position, and bend to the pride of Russia, triumphant in her late success: she waited, on the contrary, till that pride had been humbled by defeat, till the Allies were on the point of losing all the advantages they had gained: she then summoned them to her tribunal; and, after presiding at a Congress composed of the assembled majesty of Europe, pronounced her decision: she dictated the terms upon which she would join the Allies, and assigned the command of the united armies to one of her own Generals.

After all our fatigues and anxieties, the armistice appeared to us as delightful as the holidays to a schoolboy. For my part, I was not at all sorry not to have to make my retreat through the South of Poland, which, if the inhabi-

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tants had risen against us, might have proved exceedingly disastrous.

We took up our abode at a village near Reichenbach, which had been fixed upon for Lord Cathcart's quarters; and, as soon as he himself arrived, we proceeded to report ourselves to him. He made some remarks upon our long absence; and, upon my stating that we had been hunting after the head-quarters, he somewhat dryly observed, "I should have supposed that the Emperor of Russia was a mark large enough to be hit." He gave me a letter from my father, which he had received, enclosed in one from Lord Castlereagh, recommending me strongly to his care. I now showed him my passport, which at once changed his opinion, and he withdrew his objection to my returning home: so I resolved to set out shortly.

Our life here was monotonous enough. We rode about, lounged about, and dined every day with Lord Cathcart, who now kept a *maison montée;* unfortunately, he was not on the best terms with Sir Charles Stuart, nor with Sir Robert Wilson; therefore, instead of our diplomatic authorities endeavouring to relieve the tedium of an inactive life by mutual festivities, they kept aloof from one another. We, however, had the advantage of not being excluded from the society of the other missions, though they did not join in ours. They were each established in different villages.

Colonel Campbell and Perceval set off with a large party to visit the fortresses, and make a tour in the Silesian mountains; I was, therefore, left alone. I spent most of my time with George Cathcart, who was an old Edinburgh ally of mine.* . . . .

* In a cottage nearly opposite to that in which my father lived, was Sir Hudson Lowe: it was arranged that they should travel back to England together, but Sir Hudson, then Colonel Lowe, was delayed by business, and my father was anxious to get back as soon as he could.

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I had another companion to *égayer* my solitude, who was the most agreeable, and, perhaps, the cleverest man I ever met—Werry, Lord Cathcart's Secretary of Legation. He was no great favourite with his chief, and had, therefore, little to do with the diplomatic business. Son of the English Consul at Smyrna, he possessed advantages which had fallen to the lot of few men, and was, undoubtedly, the best linguist with whom I was ever acquainted. He had a fluency, both in writing and in speech, which exceeded anything that I could have conceived possible; had he but possessed discretion equal to his abilities, he would have been the first man of his day: as it was, he was the greatest, and, certainly, the most agreeable talker.

He had been long in the foreign office, and was a great favourite with Lord Castlereagh. He told me so pleasing an anecdote of that Minister's kindness, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it here. Werry had, either himself made the observation in a letter, or some one else had hinted to Lord Castlereagh, that he found himself looked down upon by the Russians, because he had no military rank, and that he wished much to have the privilege of wearing a uniform. Lord Castlereagh immediately sent him a commission in his own regiment of militia, accompanied by the complete uniform.

Another of my frequent associates was Niebuhr, a man of distinguished abilities, and of great erudition, but very liberal in his political opinions. He was a son of the celebrated traveller, and subsequently became so distinguished as the historian of Rome. . . . .

He writes, in this part of his journal, in strong justification of Sir Hudson's conduct to Napoleon; but as I have already quoted this passage, together with an account of the very curious scene in Switzerland, in the Grotte de Balme, between Sir Hudson and Louis Napoleon, I will not reinsert it here. (See p. 218.)—A. M. W. P.

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Sir Robert Wilson had amused himself in tacking four horses, by means of harness and rope, to his old campaigning britska, and there he was, with all his orders, driving his four-in-hand, to the great astonishment of the natives, who were amazed at such an exhibition of an English General. To add to the absurdity of the proceeding, George Cathcart proposed to me, that we should turn out an old carriage of Lord Cathcart's, and, with the help of ropes, drive our three horses. Thus established in our unicorn, we made a point of following Sir Robert in all his drives, to the great amusement of the spectators.

I now began to prepare for my departure. Sir Charles Stuart wished me to carry despatches home, and, as I was informed, was displeased at my refusing to do so. I refused, because I considered that, in the situation in which I stood to the French Government, I should not be acting properly, if I did anything that could in the slightest degree appear like taking a part in the war.

Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland wrote to give notice of his intention of visiting the head-quarters, which the ambassadors were extremely anxious to prevent, and determined to send a courier to him, to endeavour to stop him from putting his intentions into execution. As this was matter purely pacific, I thought to endeavour to remove Sir Charles's displeasure, by offering to carry these despatches: he accepted my offer, but, fortunately for me, the officers of his staff thought that it was a task that would be more properly executed by Perceval's servant, Rantzow, and asked me to send him; which I took the liberty of doing.

As they ultimately determined to send Captain Charles, one of Sir Robert Wilson's Aides de Camp, with the other despatches for England, I agreed to return with him.

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I had sold one of my horses to Jackson, and the other to Trench, who succeeded me as Perceval's fellow-traveller; and one evening, in the middle of a most violent rain, I started in an open cart, in company with Captain Charles, and with Moscow at my feet. We had orders not to stop an hour anywhere, until we arrived in London.

It rained the whole of that night, the next day, and the following night; during which time, we were exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. We did not venture to pass through Breslau. Though it had been declared to be a neutral town, and had been evacuated by the French, we did not feel certain that the English would be included in the armistice: we, therefore, crossed the Oder at Brigue, and passed close to Glogau, a fortress in the hands of the French.

We just entered Poland, and the little I saw of that country, did not excite in me a wish to see more of it. We passed through Frankfort, and I was most anxious to have visited Berlin; but I did not press Captain Charles to take it in our route, as it was much out of the way, and, as we should have been there in the night, we could not have seen anything of the town.

At length, we arrived at Stralsund. We reported ourselves immediately to Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, and asked him for a passage to Sweden. We had flattered ourselves with the hope of getting a night's sleep here, but he directed us to proceed to a place where there was a convoy of transports at anchor, and gave us a letter to the Commodore, desiring him to give us a pass to Ystad: he also quartered upon us a Russian officer, who had been sent from head-quarters with despatches some days before, and whom we had been most anxious to overtake, that he might not carry to England the first account of the signing of the armistice. We had, thus far, succeeded beyond our

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most sanguine expectations, and hoped now to have got ahead of him; but Mr. Thornton said, he could not avoid giving him the same advantages as he did to us.

Whilst we were waiting for the Russian courier, I had an opportunity of seeing my old friend, Baron Steinheld, who was then secretary to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and indulged myself in a walk with him (an unwonted luxury to me at that time), round the town.

Bernadotte was then at Stralsund with thirty thousand men. The Allies were complaining of his inaction; but Steinheld told me, that the Prince was complaining, no less loudly, of their conduct: he said that England was the only power that had fulfilled her engagements; that the Russians had not sent any of the troops that they had promised him; and that he was not going to advance into the heart of Germany with only thirty thousand men, when he knew the pleasure that Napoleon would have had in encountering him, when with such a small force.

As soon as our new companion was ready, we started; but did not arrive at the place of our destination till five o'clock in the morning. We found the fleet at anchor, but at some distance from the shore. Our first object was a boat; but that was no easy thing to find: after enquiring in every direction, we did, at length, succeed in meeting with a very rickety old concern, in which we persuaded some fishermen to put to sea. Whilst they were occupied in making their preparations, I endeavoured to procure a little coffee, and was looking forward with great delight to the hope of warming my blood with that most refreshing of all beverages, when we observed that the fleet seemed to be getting under weigh: and, sure enough, they were. Not a moment was to be lost: we got into our crazy boat, and pushed off from shore, not without feeling a doubt of our ever setting foot on land again. We pulled away with all our

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might. Our boat did not belie its appearance; it filled so fast with water, that some of our boatmen were obliged to bale it out with their hats. We got almost out of sight of land, and made for the principal vessel. But, instead of putting to, the Captain kept on his course, making sail, and evidently endeavouring to escape us: most abominable conduct; as he could not avoid seeing that we were Englishmen, and that Captain Charles was in uniform. However, we succeeded in boarding her: but, upon learning that there was a brig of war bringing up the convoy, we again got into our boat, and made for the brig, which we reached in safety: *il en était temps.* We paid our poor sailors handsomely, and I trust that they got safe home again.

We were kindly received by the Captain, who proved to be an old friend of my brother William. He told us, that our returning in such a boat was entirely out of the question, and that we must, therefore, come on board the *Fervent*, and that, if the Commodore would permit him, he would himself take us to Ystad; if not, we must go with him to Rosloch, where we should find the Admiral. The Captain then ordered the gun to be fired, as a signal to the Commodore; but no notice was taken of it; another was fired with as little success, and I know not how many more, before the Commodore condescended to notice it. He probably thought that we were making signals to some of the convoy.

As soon, however, as he did answer, the Captain got into the boat with Captain Charles, and went on board his ship. They returned with orders for the *Fervent* to carry us to Ystad. We, accordingly, made sail immediately. We were out all that and the following night. We had a very rough passage, so much so, that even the lieutenant was sick: I, for my part, had a very severe bout indeed, so that I got no repose to refresh me after my previous fatigues.

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Upon landing, we proceeded to a little inn at Ystad, and, having ordered the best breakfast the place would afford, we invited the officers of the *Fervent* to join us. We were *just in mediis rebus*, when a voice from another corner of the room cried out, "Bless my soul, Stanhope, are you just come out of a French prison?" and, certainly, my appearance at that moment, with a beard of I know not how many days' growth, with the complexion of a man who had been severely sick, and had not been in bed for eight nights, must have resembled pretty closely that of a prisoner who had just escaped from a dungeon. The voice, I found, was that of my old friend, Barrett. He joined our breakfast party, and we talked over old times with no little pleasure. Nor was our meeting unfortunate for him, as the Captain was kind enough to offer him a passage on the *Fervent*.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we took leave of our friends, and re-commenced our journey. Our vehicle was a light, open cart, with a seat in the middle, fastened with ropes: our post-horses, nice, wild-looking ponies: our postillions, peasants. They carried us at a full gallop down the steepest hills: in no country did I ever travel faster: indeed, at first, it required no little nerve not to be somewhat alarmed at the reckless pace we went.

We had, however, a considerable difficulty to struggle with. In Sweden, it is almost absolutely necessary to have a *forbath*, or *avant-courier*. The peasants are obliged to perform the services of the posts, and they are generally working in the fields: therefore, time is required to summon them and their horses from their work. We experienced the greatest difficulty in getting horses, as, both a Swedish courier and some ladies were travelling at the same time: with the latter, we were carrying on a constant race, as well as a sort of flying flirtation, passing shots of glances and smiles. I am afraid, however, that we did not shew much

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gallantry, as our main object was to procure horses for ourselves, and not to study the convenience of the ladies.

The post-houses, in general, were mere hovels, where we could procure nothing to eat but some bread that was perfectly black, which, however, I contrived to eat with no little relish, as the keen air gave me so good an appetite.

Many parts of the country through which we passed reminded me of the scenery of the moors in Yorkshire, and some of the villages brought my own country strongly to my recollection. This resemblance may be attributed, partly to the circumstance of this being the line of communication between England and Germany, and partly to the exertions of Lord Findlater, who had passed in Sweden some of the time of his voluntary exile from his native land, and had derived, perhaps, some slight consolation from, or, at least, deserved some credit for, the efforts he had made to improve that country; and in order to carry on those improvements more effectually, he had even sent to England for workmen.

I was much struck with the beauty of a spot, the name of which I have forgotten, and no less with the beauty of the post-mistress, an elegant and accomplished girl, who spoke English with perfect fluency. Her brother was a man of property, and quite a gentleman: he had been appointed to the situation of post-master. He provided us with some excellent coffee, which, after a very cold night, was not a little acceptable.

It appeared a singular change to us, to find the night nearly as light as the day: there was, I think, no part of the night, in which I could not have seen to read a book.

At one place, we were on the point of getting into a row; and it seemed to me that we were decidedly in the wrong.

We could only get one pair of horses for two carriages, if I may so call them: Captain Charles wanted, *en droit de courier*, to compel one of the former post-boys to proceed

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another stage: but the independent Swedish peasant was not to be bullied, and the new post-boy, making common cause with his countryman, began to take off his horses. Angry words and threats followed: the peasants began to collect round, and to use rough words and gestures; so that I could not help suspecting that we were on the eve of a general engagement, when, fortunately, the other post-boy arrived, and peace was restored.

After having passed two days and nights in traversing Sweden, we arrived at Gothenburg, a town of considerable importance, where we found an English packet; and we informed the Captain, that we had orders for him to sail immediately. We walked about the town, it being day-time, dined at the inn, and, in the evening, went on board the packet, which, however, could not be got out of the harbour till early in the morning.

I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by the appearance of the representative of our post-office at Gothenburg: having heard my name, he had come off to pay his respects to me, and ascertain if I was related to Arthur Stanhope, who was the great object of his veneration. Such a condescension from so great a man, astonished the people on board, and impressed them with a high opinion of my consequence. I cannot say that I received him very courteously, as I could willingly have dispensed with the honour of his visit.

At length, we got under weigh. For the first two or three days we made but little progress, as we were nearly becalmed. During the whole of this time, we were in constant expectation of an attack from the Danish gun boats, which seldom allowed so favourable an opportunity to escape them. It would have been a little too provoking, now that I was fairly embarked for England, to have been again made a prisoner, and, perhaps, deposited in a Danish dungeon.

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Various were our devices to distract our *ennui*: amongst others, the Captain offered to bet the Russian courier a guinea, that he would not hit with a ball, within twenty shots, a quart bottle hung at the yard-arm: he accepted the bet and knocked it to pieces at the first shot, to the utter amazement of the Captain. He, however, offered to bet him another guinea, that he would not hit it again in another twenty shots. He was fool enough to accept the wager, though he had previously told me in a whisper, that he had fired at it with both his eyes shut: he, of course, lost his bet, and all the credit that he had acquired.

We were fortunate in finding this courier a most agreeable and very superior man; he was one *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*. He was a native of the Ionian Islands, and had been for many years Russian Consul in Spain. To the talent and quickness of the Ionian, he united much of the originality of the Spaniard. I never heard any one sing a Spanish peasant's song with more humour, or more exact imitation. He was, also, a man of great and general information.

Our calm was, as usual, succeeded by a storm, which continued with unintermitting violence: we suffered severely from its fury, for we sprung our bowsprit: but, as the wind was favourable, the Captain determined, in spite of our shattered condition, to pursue his course. To me the voyage offered no repose from the fatigues of our journey, for I continued a prey to the most unceasing sea-sickness till we entered the port of Harwich.

What my feelings were on finding myself once more on English ground, I will not attempt to describe.

Poor Moscow was so completely worn out by the journey, being literally reduced to a skeleton, and scarcely able to stand, that I left him under the care of the Captain to refit.

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We saw our Russian courier deposited in the mail, and Charles and I got into a post-chaise, fully determined to get to London before him, though, to save the money of the country, Charles would not indulge himself in the usual expense of four horses, and, as I paid my share of the costs of the journey, the Government was an additional gainer by that amount. We excited no little observation, by the appearance of Captain Charles' servant-boy, a young Cossack, in the full costume of his country, who sat in the dickey of the post-chaise. We travelled all night, and arrived in London before the mail, so that Captain Charles succeeded in bringing to the Government the first news of the armistice.*

At about six o'clock in the morning, I found myself in the old house in Grosvenor Square. Miss Baker (the governess) and the younger part of the family were there, but my father and mother and elder sisters had already left town for Yorkshire. I was too eager to see them, to remain in town, even for a night's rest, but put myself into the mail the same night, producing no little effect by my Russian cap and coat, a somewhat unusual costume in England. One man to my great amusement, whilst I was standing in the "Bull and Mouth" yard, took me aside, and, putting his finger up to my cap, cried out with a knowing wink, "*Parlez-vous?*"

When the mail drove up to the inn at Doncaster, Frank and Askew Hawkesworth, who were standing at the door, immediately recognised me; they told me that, in conse-

* I heard afterwards, with great pleasure, from Captain Charles, that he had got his promotion for bringing over the despatches. But, it is with deep concern that I add, that my poor friend, subsequently, in company with his brother, a Captain in the Navy, volunteered his services on the expedition that went to South America, and fell, gallantly fighting in one of the engagements that took place.

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quence of something that was going on in the town, there were no horses to be had, and insisted upon my going to Hicklaton, Sir Charles Wood's place, the landlord agreeing to let me have a pair of horses to go that short distance. As I had no means of getting home that night, I willingly accepted their kind proposal, and I never shall forget the luxury that a pair of fine, clean sheets appeared to me, after having been nearly three weeks without getting into a bed. However, I felt no disinclination to leave mine before six o'clock, and, getting into a chaise, which the landlord had sent me from Doncaster, arrived at Cannon Hall before the family breakfast.

I scarcely need say, that this was one of the happiest days of my life.

* * * * *

[My father remained for some time at Cannon Hall, making his preparations for his journey to Greece.

He engaged Allason, an artist, to accompany him, and took my Uncle Collingwood, then quite a youth, with him. Greece was, at that time, quite an unexplored country, and, in some parts, it was very unsafe. Everywhere, the accommodation and food were very bad; but my father was in raptures with the extreme beauty of the scenery, and dwells upon it continually in his journal. The description of his travels in Greece does not afford much variety, and I have, therefore, not given any extracts from his journals of that period. Unfortunately, both he and Allason became victims to a most serious attack of malarial fever, followed by ever-recurring ague: their lives were in great danger, and it was not thought, at one time, that my father would recover: but his good constitution pulled him through, though, I doubt whether he ever really recovered from the effects of this illness. It was on account of it, that,

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after his marriage, my parents regularly spent every winter at Holkham, the sea air there agreeing with him, whereas the air at Cannon Hall was too damp for him. The doctors considered him to be in a consumption, and, at one time, he was thought to be in imminent danger, and was ordered to the South of France: this opinion, however, was entirely erroneous, as was proved by his health being restored by living for a year at Boulogne.—A. M. W. P.]

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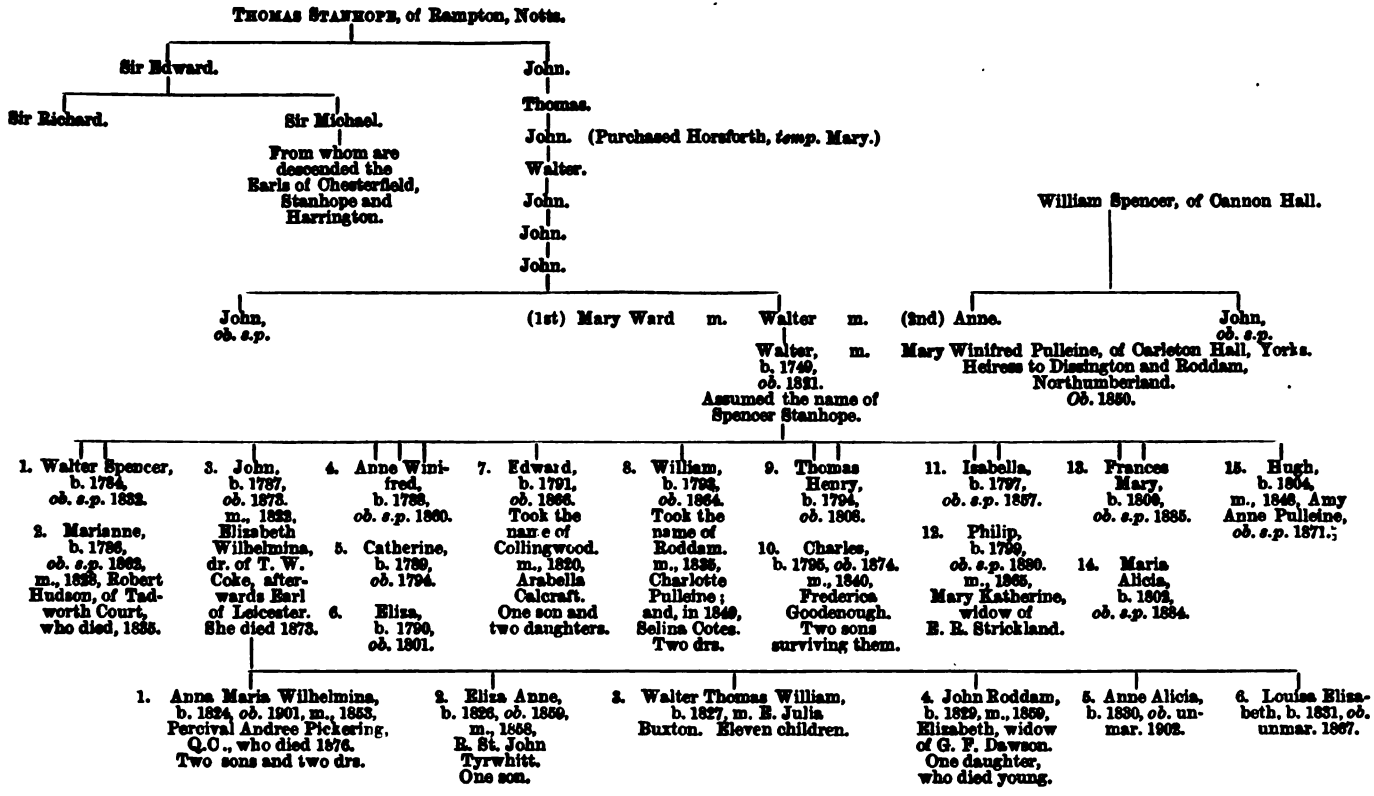
THE SPENCER STANHOPES.


Thomas Stanhope, of Rampton, Notts.
Sir Edward.
Sir Richard.
Sir Michael.
From whom are descended the Earls of Chesterfield, Stanhope and Harrington.
John.
Thomas.
John. (Purchased Horsforth, temp. Mary.)
Walter.
John.
John.
John.
William Spencer, of Cannon Hall.
John, ob. s.p.
(1st) Mary Ward m. Walter m.
Walter, b. 1749, ob. 1821. Assumed the name of Spencer Stanhope.
(2nd) Anne. John, ob. s.p.
Mary Winifred Pulleine, of Carleton Hall, Yorks. Heiress to Dissington and Roddam, Northumberland. Ob. 1850.
1. Walter Spencer, b. 1784, ob. s.p. 1832.
2. Marianne, b. 1786, ob. s.p. 1862, m., 1828, Robert Hudson, of Tadworth Court, who died, 1855.
3. John, b. 1787, ob. 1873. m., 1822, Elizabeth Wilhelmina, dr. of T. W. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester. She died 1873.
4. Anne Winifred, b. 1788, ob. s.p. 1860.
5. Catherine, b. 1789, ob. 1794.
6. Eliza, b. 1790, ob. 1801.
7. Edward, b. 1791, ob. 1866. Took the name of Collingwood. m., 1820, Arabella Calcraft. One son and two daughters.
8. William, b. 1793, ob. 1864. Took the name of Roddam. m., 1838, Charlotte Pulleine; and, in 1849, Selina Cotes. Two drs.
9. Thomas Henry, b. 1794, ob. 1806.
10. Charles, b. 1795, ob. 1874. m., 1840, Frederica Goodenough. Two sons surviving them.
11. Isabella, b. 1797, ob. s.p. 1857.
12. Philip, b. 1799, ob. s.p. 1880. m., 1865, Mary Katherine, widow of E. R. Strickland.
13. Frances Mary, b. 1800, ob. s.p. 1885.
14. Maria Alicia, b. 1802, ob. s.p. 1884.
15. Hugh, b. 1804, m., 1846, Amy Anne Pulleine, ob. s.p. 1871.
1. Anna Maria Wilhelmina, b. 1824, ob. 1901, m., 1853, Percival Andree Pickering, Q.C., who died 1876. Two sons and two drs.
2. Eliza Anne, b. 1826, ob. 1859, m., 1858, R. St. John Tyrwhitt. One son.
3. Walter Thomas William, b. 1827, m. E. Julia Buxton. Eleven children.
4. John Roddam, b. 1829, m., 1859, Elizabeth, widow of G. F. Dawson. One daughter, who died young.
5. Anne Alicia, b. 1830, ob. unmar. 1902.
6. Louisa Elizabeth, b. 1831, ob. unmar. 1867.

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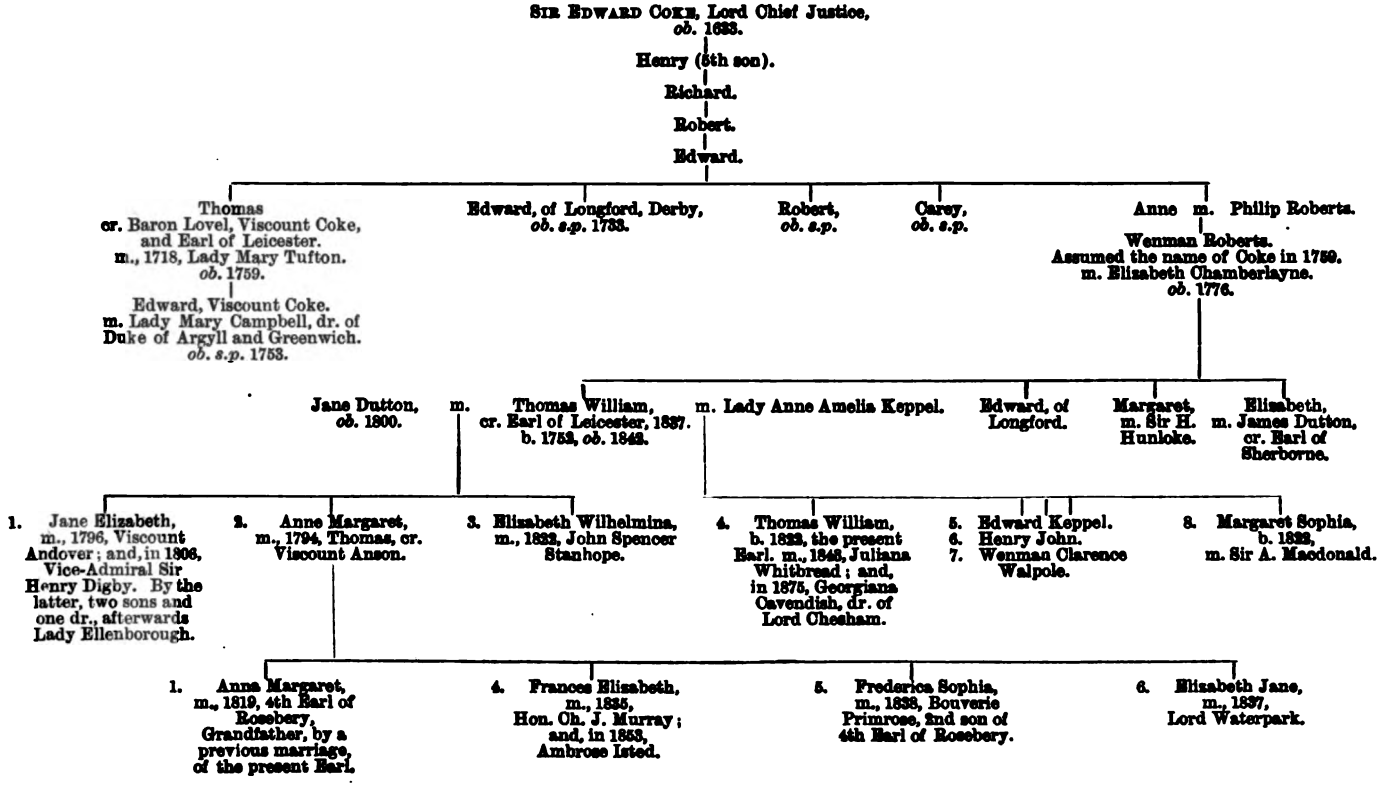
THE COKES OF NORFOLK.


Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, ob. 1633.
Henry (5th son).
Richard.
Robert.
Edward.
Thomas cr. Baron Lovel, Viscount Coke, and Earl of Leicester. m., 1718, Lady Mary Tufton. ob. 1759.
Edward, Viscount Coke. m. Lady Mary Campbell, dr. of Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. ob. s.p. 1753.
Edward, of Longford, Derby, ob. s.p. 1783.
Robert, ob. s.p.
Carey, ob. s.p.
Anne m. Philip Roberts.
Wenman Roberts. Assumed the name of Coke in 1759. m. Elizabeth Chamberlayne. ob. 1776.
Jane Dutton, ob. 1800.
m.
Thomas William, cr. Earl of Leicester, 1837. b. 1752, ob. 1842.
m. Lady Anne Amelia Keppel.
Edward, of Longford.
Margaret, m. Sir H. Hunloke.
Elizabeth, m. James Dutton, cr. Earl of Sherborne.
1. Jane Elizabeth, m., 1796, Viscount Andover; and, in 1806, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Digby. By the latter, two sons and one dr., afterwards Lady Ellenborough.
2. Anne Margaret, m., 1794, Thomas, cr. Viscount Anson.
3. Elizabeth Wilhelmina, m., 1822, John Spencer Stanhope.
4. Thomas William, b. 1822, the present Earl. m., 1845, Juliana Whitbread; and, in 1875, Georgiana Cavendish, dr. of Lord Chesham.
5. Edward Keppel.
6. Henry John.
7. Wenman Clarence Walpole.
8. Margaret Sophia, b. 1822, m. Sir A. Macdonald.
1. Anne Margaret, m., 1819, 4th Earl of Rosebery, Grandfather, by a previous marriage, of the present Earl.
4. Frances Elizabeth, m., 1835, Hon. Ch. J. Murray; and, in 1853, Ambrose Isted.
5. Frederica Sophia, m., 1838, Bouverie Primrose, 2nd son of 4th Earl of Rosebery.
6. Elizabeth Jane, m., 1837, Lord Waterpark.

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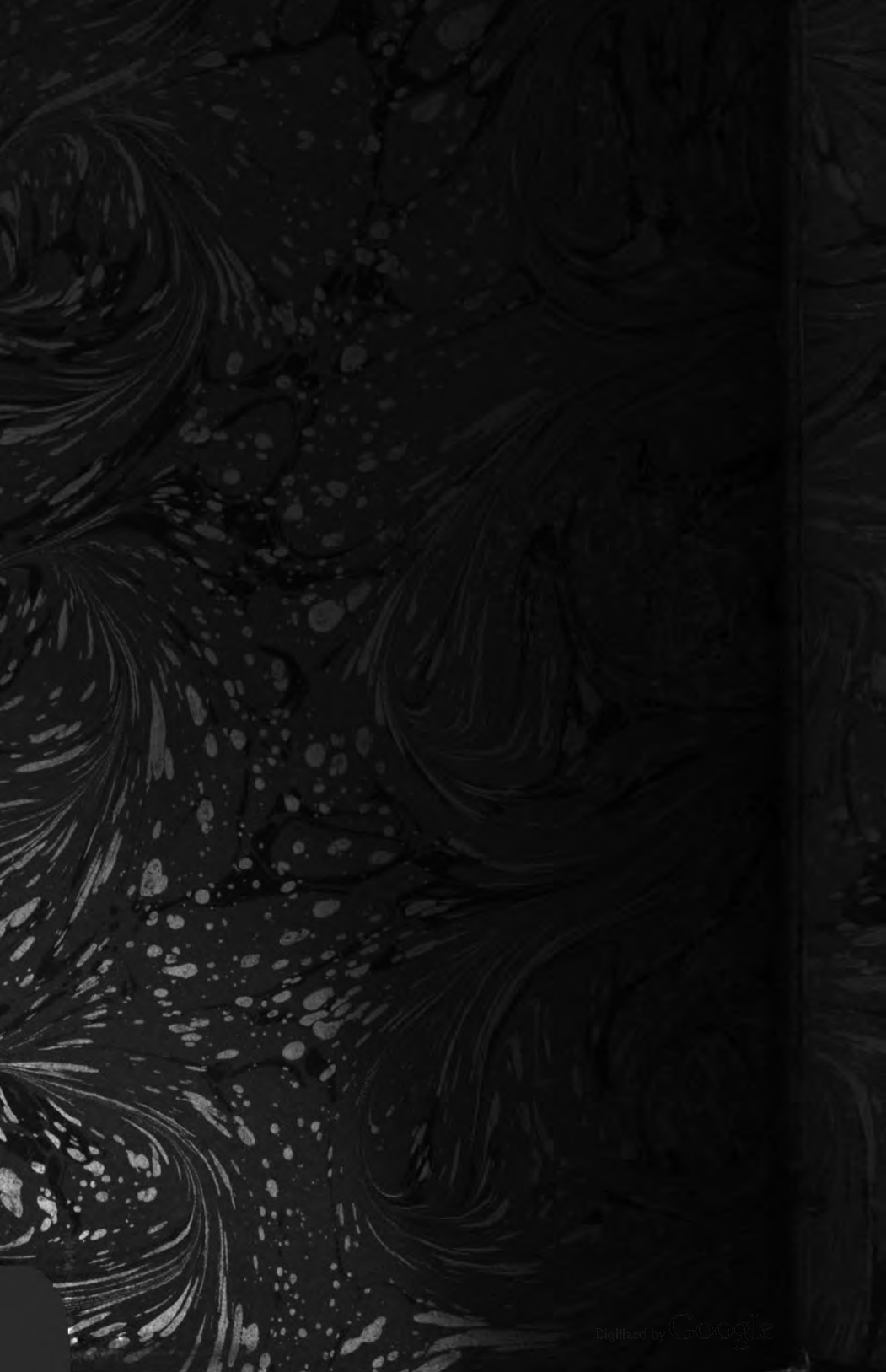
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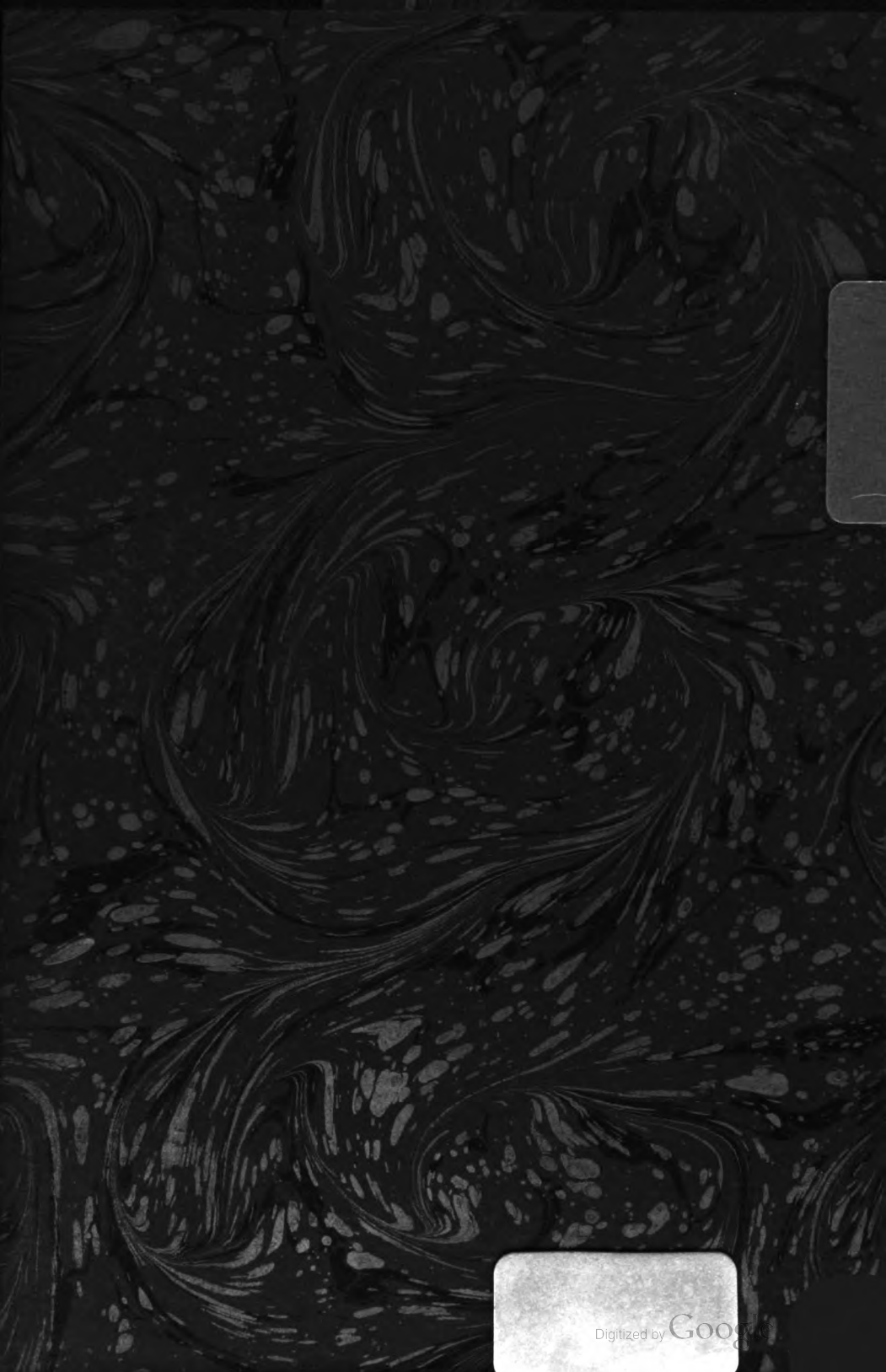
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